

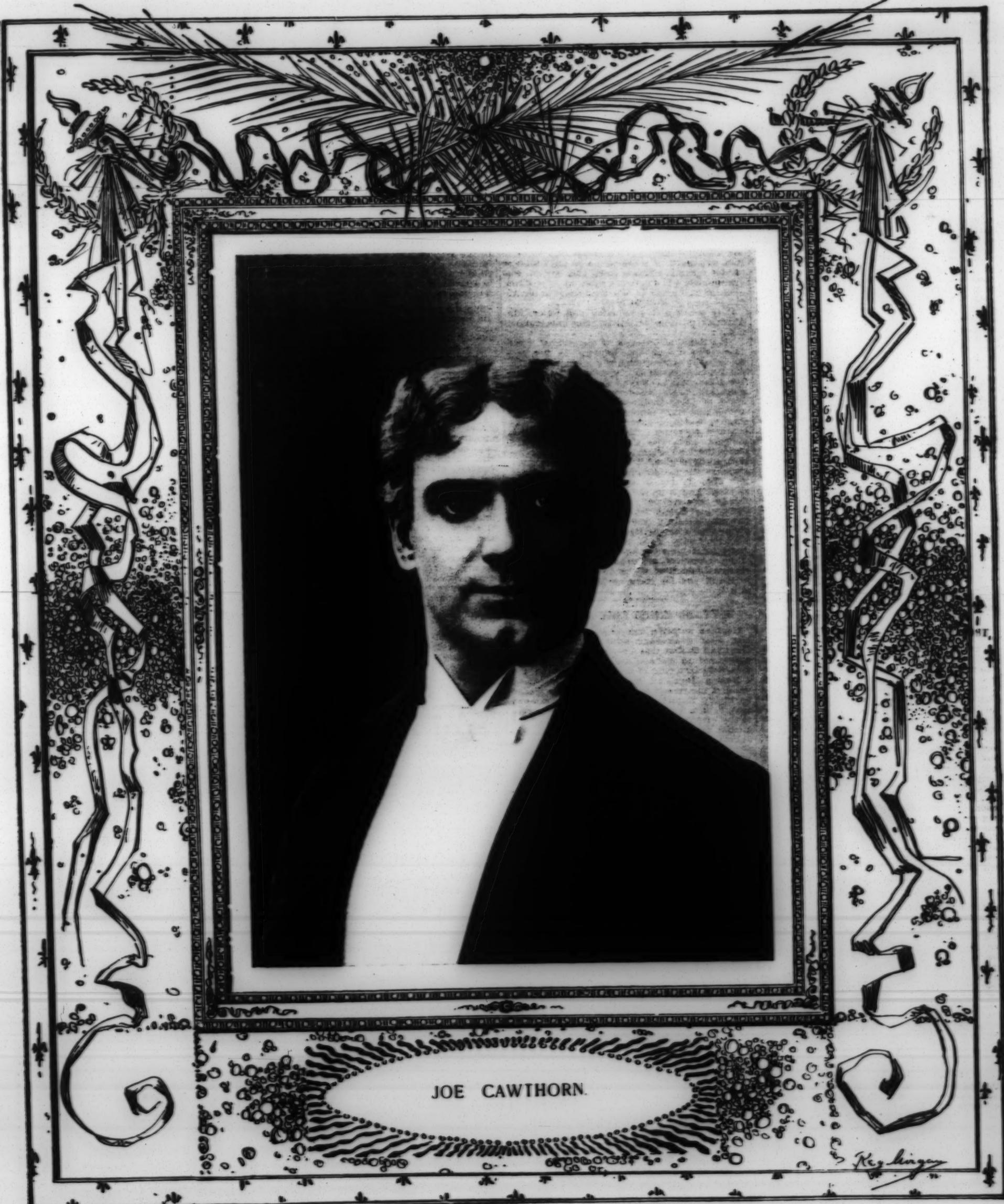
TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

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PRODUCTIONS REVIEWED.

The Late Mr. Castello.

Sydney Grundy's play, *The Late Mr. Castello*, the story of which was recited in last week's *MIRROR*, won a merry reception at the Lyceum Theatre, on Dec. 14. It is a pure farce, albeit described as a comedy in the programme, and is the lightest, airiest trifle with which Mr. Grundy has favored us. The preposterous situation, all amusing and cleverly handled, are prefaced and linked together by dialogue of most uncommon brilliancy, fairly sparkling with the rare humor that has been relished so heartily in Mr. Grundy's other farces, *Arabian Nights* and *The Snowball*.

The company gave a performance thoroughly delightful. James K. Hackett, as a resourceful young lover who won the heart of a coquettish widow in spite of herself, played with much humor and considerable tact, and was most happy in those parts of the play which might easily have proved its weakening points. Mary Manning, whose work in the previous production at the Lyceum, *The Courtship of Léonie*, won her a high place among emotional actresses, evidenced remarkable versatility as the capricious widow. Aided by unusual physical beauty, she drew the character, which at times trod the narrow path between the acceptable and the intolerable, with consummate skill. Tantalizing, provoking winsome, or drowsy by turns, her Mrs. Castello was a delicately shaded impersonation that assures Miss Manning a rank among comedians as high as that which she had already earned in the emotional class.

Felix Morris as a love-lorn old bachelor made a successful entry at the Lyceum, and Joseph Whistlock, Jr., depicted perfectly a typical young man "on 'change." Mrs. Charles Walcott was grateful as always in the part of a match-making widow with an eye to her own matrimonial chances. Katherine Florence was charming as a younger daughter, restive under the superior fascinations of her sister, and Grace Root gave a neat sketch as a maid-servant.

The mounting of the play was tasteful and painstaking.

JOE CAUTHORN.

Joe Cauthorn was born twenty eight years ago in New York city, and began his professional career at the age of four. His first engagement was as one of the end men in what was known as *The Picksninny Minstrels* at Robinson's Hall in Sixteenth Street, near Broadway. After this came several engagements at different vaudeville houses, with his brother, Herbert, the young man being known for years as *The Cauthorn Children* and afterwards as *The Cauthorn Brothers*. They were considered among the top-notchers in the vaudeville business both in this country and in Europe, where they remained with great success for four years at one stretch. Returning to this country in 1880, after playing many successful engagements, they joined Dewey's *Colossal Alli'd Attractions* for the season of 1882 and 1883. Shortly after this the brothers took out their own show known as *The Little Nugget*, starring together successfully for seven consecutive seasons, at the end of which time they separated, Herbert launching out alone to originate and play many prominent parts, three years as principal comedian with Patti Rosa, and one year in a like position with Gladys Willis during her stellar career. Then followed his own starring tour last season in *A Fool for Luck* in which play he originated the part of Schmitz Gysen, conceded by both press and public to be a most artistic bit of comedy. This season, Joe Cauthorn plays the principal comedy part, Kill von Kull, in Hendrick Hudson, Jr., making the strongest hit yet known in that part. He has made a life study of the German dialect and enjoys the distinction of being one of the only German comedians of prominence who is not a German nor of German descent. Mr. Cauthorn's greatest specialty work is with the concertina of which instrument he is indubitably a master.

TROUBLE FOR JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

According to report, trouble looms ahead for Jefferson De Angelis, whose recent failure as a comic opera star is well remembered. It appears that Mr. De Angelis, after achieving The Caliph, entered into an agreement with Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, authors of the present Broadway Theatre success, *Brian Born*, to devise a new opera in which he might again come forth as a star. He is alleged to have furnished a retainer of \$500 to the author and the composer, undertaking that the new opera should be produced next month or in February. Since this arrangement was made, however, Mr. De Angelis has signed with Fred C. Whitney to replace Richard Carroll in *Brian Born* for the season, necessitating a postponement of the new opera. Messrs. Stange and Edwards are said to regard this new condition of affairs as a breach of contract, and to have threatened to consider the agreement broken if Mr. De Angelis appears in *Brian Born* this week. The comedian has announced his intent to keep to his arrangement with Mr. Whitney.

A THEATRE WANTED.

The *MIRROR* correspondent at Brunswick, Ga., says there is an opening in that city for a new theatre. He writes: "A \$20,000 to \$30,000 theatre under a good management, would be a paying institution, beyond a doubt. This city has a large drama-loving population, which a good theatrical company will always draw out in full. Brunswick now boasts of two \$40,000 bank buildings, a \$45,000 city hall, a \$100,000 hotel, and a \$10,000 Union Railroad station. Means are now being devised to erect a \$40,000 County Court House, and strenuous efforts will be made by our Congressmen to have a \$50,000 United States building erected at this port."

SAM DE LEON'S COMEDIANS.

Sam De Leon's Comedians is not the company that has been pirating various plays, and managers should make note of this fact. The piratical organization has been trading on the De Leon reputation as a repertoire company. Sam De Leon's Comedians include Tommy Shearer, Charles Mortimer, Caro Miller, Frank K. Wallace, Oliver Labadie, Eddie Lowe, Hubert Labadie, Thomas Jordan, Sam De Leon, Harry Bolden, Gay Rhea, Alberta Roy, Gertie Somers, Erma Melville, May Loranger Labadie, and Inez Wallace.

AUGUSTUS PITOU'S NEW PLAY.

Augustus Pitou last week read to Chauncey Olcott and his company the new play in which Mr. Olcott will be seen at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Jan. 25. The play has been named *Sweet Inniscarra*, and the scene is the village of Inniscarra, on the river Lee, near Cork, one of the most romantic spots in the land of the shamrock.

SUBSCRIPTION PERFORMANCES IN BOSTON.

The movement in Boston, led by Atherton Brownell, late editor of the *Boston Home Journal*, noted in *THE MIRROR* last week, is for the production of five artistic plays during the season. The prospectus is signed by Robert M. Cushing, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Dr. William J. Rolfe, Edwin D. Head Rev. Leighton Parks, Joseph B. Moore, Murray R. Ballou, Mrs. Charles D. Humans, Louise Chandler Moulton, Alice Kent Robertson, Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, Alexander F. Wadsworth, Howard Malcom Ticknor, and Erving Winslow.

The season will be given probably at the Bijou, beginning late in January, by a company which will be specially organized and may include Ebene Plympton, John E. Kelliard, Eugene Ormonde, Henry Woodruff, William Seymour, Lewis Morrison, William Beach, Albert Bruning, William Courtleigh, Mary Shaw, Mand Horsford, May Davenport, Rachael Nash, Marie Hillyer, Emma Soeridan Frye, Maude Harrison, Ellen Burg, Grace Atwell, Kate Ryan.

The subscribers will have a varied list to choose from, and a ballot will be taken to determine which plays shall be used. Thus far the list of authors and plays is as follows: Robert Browning's *A Blot on the Scutcheon*, Jose Echegaray's *The Great Galeotto*, W. D. Howells' *Yorick's Love*, W. S. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth*, Oscar Blumenthal's *A Drop of Poison*, Mary E. Wilkins' *Giles Corey*, Fjörne Jeune Björnson's *The Bankrupt*, Coleman's *A Cure for the Heartache*, Charles Reade's *Dora*, R. L. Stevenson's *The Door of the Sire de Malétrat*, Alfred de Vigny's *Pope and Emperor*, Maurice Maeterlinck's *L'Intruse*, De Banville's *The King's Passeur*, Jacques Normand's *The Drop of Water*, and Eugene W. Presbury's *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

Arrangements are now being made which, if successful, will make it possible to present Thomas Bailey Aldrich's one-act play, *Meredith*, with Julia Arthur in the cast. The director has also in his possession several manuscripts by American authors, one of which may be given a presentation.

AN APPRECIATIVE SOCIETY.

Louis Aldrich, first vice-president of the Actors' Fund of America, last week received a letter from B. N. Jacobs, honorary secretary of the J. M. Gu'ky Hebrew Orphanage Association of Pittsburgh, Pa., inclosing a check for \$100 as a donation to the Actors' Fund, at the request of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Orphanage Association, as a mark of appreciation for the kindness of the several managements and artists who gratuitously aided and took part in a performance for the benefit of the Orphanage at the Alvin Theatre on Nov. 20 last.

In response to this donation and letter, Mr. Aldrich replied for the Fund, saying among other things:

"The Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund does not meet again until January, so they cannot formally acknowledge the sum until then. But I cannot permit so long a time to elapse before asking you to express to the ladies and all concerned the sincere appreciation of the Actors' Fund of their kindness, as well as for the trouble they have taken in the matter for our charity, which, I assure you, is of the very broadest character. The Actors' Fund aids the indigent sick, the absolutely destitute, and buries the dead without regard to age, sex, nationality or religion, of actors, managers, musicians, variety performers, singers, stage carpenters, property men or wardrobe women—in fact all concerned with the giving of amusements. It is surprising to find how little this organization is appreciated, when we consider that actors are constantly called upon and are always giving their services for every other charity besides their own. It is most gratifying to find that your Hebrew Orphanage Association is one of the exceptions, and so as chairman of the Executive Committee of the Actors' Fund I desire to thank you for them as for myself personally."

HOYT AND MCKEE TAKE MANSFIELD.

Genuine surprise was expressed on all sides last week when announcement was made by Hoyt and McKee that they had entered into an agreement to manage the affairs of Richard Mansfield for a term of years beginning Jan. 1.

Messrs. Hoyt and McKee, and Mr. Mansfield verified the rumor, which was at first regarded as highly improbable, since it was presumed that the firm was content to run its business to the direction of Mr. Hoyt's comedies and to similar farcical productions. A contract was signed last Wednesday, to go into effect next Friday, but the new management will in no wise affect the direction of Mr. Mansfield's Garrick Theatre, now managed by Charles Frohman, or the workings of the star's present business staff, who will continue as his personal representatives.

Mr. Mansfield says he has long felt the burden of business details inevitable under the former arrangement but which will now devolve upon his new managers. He looks forward to freedom from these annoyances, and hopes by more constant devotion to his art, rendered possible by the new contract, to realize the ideals of his ambition. Annual Shakespearean revivals are among his promises, and next year expects to appear as either Iago or Hamlet, or to offer a sumptuous production of *Julius Caesar*.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

Down in Dixie is being pirated through Ohio by Earle's Comedians.

Manager Charles Hogue, of the Dole Opera House, Mattoon, Ill., who recently prosecuted Moore and Livingston for piracy, won his suit, recovering damages for the full amount claimed, after the defendants had carried it to the higher courts.

The Wilson Theatre company are playing *The Wife and the Charity Ball*. They appeared at Alliance, O., last week, using the original printing. This company also pirates *Trilby* and *In Old Kentucky*.

The recently printed item in this column concerning De Leon's Comedians has developed the fact that the pirate crew referred to is not the original company bearing its title. The organization of which S. C. De Leon is proprietor and Tom M. Jordan business manager pay royalties on every copyright play used and do not present *A Straight Tip*, *The Pulse of New York* or *Rose Cottage*, which the other troupe are advertising in Ohio.

A company called "Chase's Arcadia" has been playing *Trilby*, *Jane*, and *Ole Olson* at Spokane, Wash.

The Wilson Comedy company has advertised *The Wife*, *The Charity Ball*, *Trilby*, *In Old Kentucky*, and *The White Slave* at Alliance, O.

Ion Carroll writes to disprove statements to the effect that he is playing pirate plays. Mr. Carroll says that he has never played *Trilby* or *Jane*.

ASSORTED FLAVORS.

The little true story already told in this column about a guileless young man who walked into the gallery of a Broadway theatre by way of the fire escape without giving up his ticket is paralleled by the case of a second youth who, having purchased a ticket, re-enters another playhouse, and was not required to surrender the pasteboard. He has sent me the ticket intact, but the theatre shall, of course, be nameless here lest some good man and true should get into trouble. It only serves to point the axiom that theatres, next to drums, eggs, and carpets, are about the easiest things to beat in the world.

A young actress, whose pretty face and pretty name are familiar to most of us, has written to propound a serious question. Her company is scheduled for an early New York date, and she inquires whether there is no way to prevent the publication of her picture in the *Evening Telegram* and of verses about her in the *Evening World*. Some one has sent to her specimens of the frightful results of these newspaper excursions into the realms of art and poesy, and the spirit of self-esteem has risen rebellious in her soul. I have replied to her recommending prayer and fasting, and frankly confessing my belief that she is powerless to prevent either of the dreadful calamities that portend, for, although the *World* verses have not appeared for several weeks back, they may be revived at any moment. For some time I have clipped from various newspapers strange, fantastic, alleged portraits of players, but since the *Evening Telegram* has entered into this field of enterprise, I have been unable to keep up with the pacemakers. The star features of my art-gallery had been a sc-called picture of *Clay Fitzgerald*, which appeared in a Chicago paper, and one of *Maude Adams* from a Kansas City journal, neither of which portraits bore even the remotest resemblance to the lady named beneath it. Now, however, the *Telegram*'s daily offerings have put these former winners in the shade, and I have given up the hunt in utter confusion. As for the *Evening World*'s verses, they needed to be seen to be appreciated. They were doggerel conceits, intended as compliments to the fair victims whose names were concealed by dashes, the supposition being that the rhymes would give away each hidden name. Some of the results, as readily may be imagined, were too horrible to be dwelt upon in serenity, and I can sympathize heartily with the young woman who dreads the possibility of her name being celebrated in a revival of *Evening World* verse. I wonder why the good people of the stage should be considered fair prey for any sort of cheap newspaper outbreak.

Speaking of this fair prey business recalls certain observations which I took occasion last summer to perpetrate in an essay upon Johnnie, wherein was remarked a disgusting habit of our young men of the lawyer's office-dry goods-banking house stripe who love to swaggeringly allude to actresses by their last names. I was edified in a cable car the other night by the conversation of a fudging quartette who had attended a performance of *Brian Born*, and were pleased to speak in loud voices of "Fabri," "G. Iden," and "Summerville." If either of the Misses Amanda Fabri, Grace Golden or Amelia Summerville had been within hearing, I should have hoped to see her properly resent such inordinate impudence, which is unbecoming the cheapest inhabitant of a country, one of whose first claims to distinction is the chivalrous respect which its men are supposed to accord to its women. It is customary to refer to great men, to criminals or to prize fighters by their surnames, but outside of newspaper headlines one seldom sees or hears a woman, great or small, mentioned by her last name alone. There ought to be some means by which these self-important youngsters, who would be surprised if their sisters were called Brown, Smith, or Jones, might be disciplined for the obstinate impertinence which marks their use of actresses' names whenever they are sure to be overheard. It is not mere freshness or characteristic idiosyncrasy; it is downright impudence.

On night last week, fortified by the presence of two muscular companions and a cold in the head, I descended upon the once glorious Bowery, and took in a performance of *Kansas Kit*, "the grand sensational drama of wild Western life," as given with rareunction by the stock company of the *Globe Museum*, a resort which enjoys the cordial esteem of every loyal Easterner. The price of admission, as the side show barker would say, has been placed at ten cents, and this fact, coupled with the magnetic announcement of the great drama (pronounced "drammer" by the gentlemen in charge), brought out a full house, some "patrons," as the freak-lecturer called them, being much fuller than others. The author of *Kansas Kit* was not mentioned in the programme, but I cordially recommend his genius to the consideration of our prominent managers. He scorns conventionality, he never fails of melodramatic resources, and, what is most important, he contrives to keep things whooping from start to finish. The play pictured a dizzy Mormon conspiracy at length knocked out by *Kansas Kit*, Montana Joe and the low-comedian, but the great artistic stroke was scored by the villain and the first-assistant villain in the last act. These gentle men had occasion to slyly approach the hero's cabin, premeditating arson. The border lights were gaily blazing with an effulgence incompatible to dramatic iniquity. I ran around need be feared upon the stage while the borders are lighted. Therefore, did the assistant villain come down right, reach off in front of the tormentor and turn out the lights, remaining all the time in full view of the enthralled audience. With pardonable shame I confess that no such unconventionalities has ever rejoiced my soul on Broadway. Among other wonders viewed in deepest admiration was one best described by the house bill thus: "A new exhibit is a wonderful collection of buttons, over 3,000, and no two alike. Buttons of every size and shape, from the common pants button to some elaborate affair that costs several dollars each." A wild yearning to break out in violent demonstrations of approval may well be imagined, but the programme restrained me with this injunction: "Whistling and stamping with the feet not allowed; applaud with the hands only."

Perhaps the funniest thing in *The Girl from Paris* occurs in the second act. Scene, a German spa. Enter Ed Chapman, with a copy of *New York Herald* protruding from pocket of natty jacket. Charles A. Bigelow talks about story given to local paper. Mr. Chapman produces *Herald* from first pages of which Mr. Bigelow reads his yarn. It is not *Paris Herald*, but one of this town, with familiar advertisements all over it, and the complacency of Mr. Bigelow reading a fake news story, supposed to be on the front page, beats much. He must fancy that he reads it in Mr. Bennett's "personal" column.

THE CALLBOY.

E. D. Shaw, Mgr. or Agt. at Liberty, Minn.,

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

James W. Reagan is at his home, South Bethlehem, Pa., as *The Bells of Shandon*, in which he starred, has closed.

Ion Carroll denies that his company has stranded. "Carroll's Players," he writes, "are still on the road and making money every week."

Leah Starr has recovered from a recent attack of pneumonia and has signed as soprano with Springer and Welty's *Black Crook*.

At the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees, as well as the holiday matinees, for two weeks every child entering the Grand Opera House on a ticket paid for will receive a gift. A great Christmas tree is to be put up in the rotunda of the theatre for the pleasure of young patrons.

It has erroneously been stated that John F. Ward is still with Shannon of the Sixth. Mr. Ward has retired from the company presenting that play.

Ernest Hastings, of the Lyceum stock company, is playing *Bribquet* in *The Two Little Vagrants*, replacing Edward J. Morgan, who appears in *The Wife of Willoughby* at the Lyceum.

Dennis O'Sullivan and Joseph O'Mara, engaged for *Shamus O'Brien*, will arrive from England this week. Mr. O'Sullivan will play the title part.

Isabella Cutting Courtney, wife of Harold Courtney, and daughter of General Courtney, of San Francisco, was adjudged insane by a sheriff's jury in this city last Tuesday. She is at present at the Isle of Wight.

Edwin W. Hoff has been engaged for *Lillian Russell's New York season*.

Gus P. Thomas is visiting his parents in Toronto, and expects to be in New York early in January.

Nicholas Cooley writes to *THE MIRROR* that the members of the stranded *Ashey Galey* Opera company were assisted to their homes from Hazelton, Pa., by the members of the *Burt Haverly A Trip to Chinatown* company.

John Baker, a wing shot formerly with Buffalo Bill, C. W. Daniels, author of the *Wyoming Mail*, and Ernest N. Higgins, advance agent of Daniels' play, were held in a New Jersey court last week for alleged assault upon a Hoboken bartender.

George B. McLean is reported to have placed in London Joseph W. Herbert's *Herbaceous*.

Frances Gale has been engaged to play *Jennie Nelson* in *A Fatal City*, which will be seen at the People's Theatre on Jan. 4.

Charles E. Blaney has enlarged his Boy Wanted company to thirty-five persons. Ada Vreeland, Eunice Raymond, Nellie Mallette, Irene Mallette, Moma Thurston, and Ewell Morton joined the company in Boston, and are seen in a new specialty called *The Handicap Girls*, written by Harry Clay Blaney.

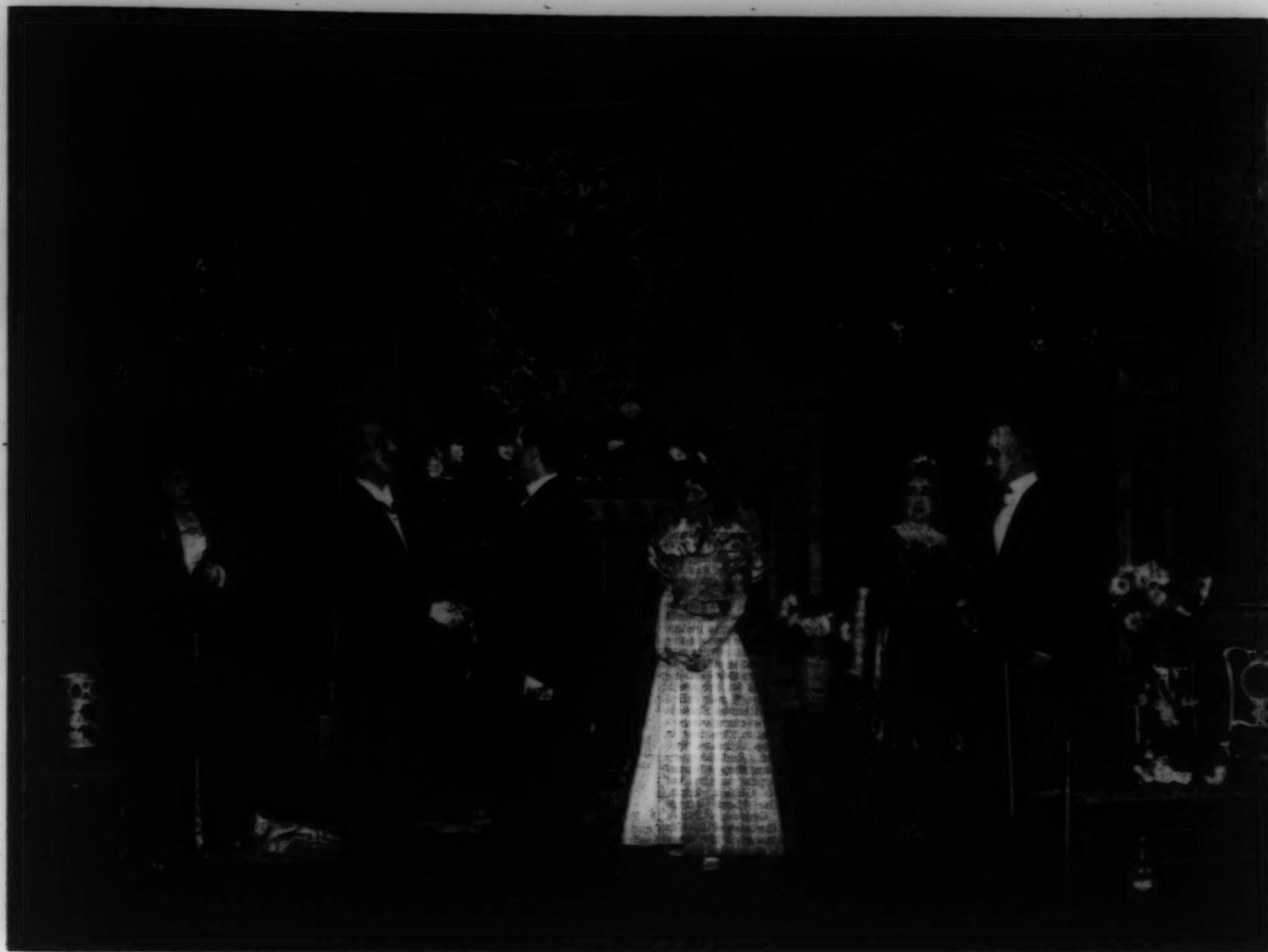
Mozie Elliott was robbed of \$125 at Omaha last week, a thief entering her room at a hotel.

The one hundred performance of *The Geisha* was celebrated at Daly's last Thursday. The souvenirs were copies of the score.

The Murray Hill Glee Club gave its annual entertainment at the Murray Hill Lyceum, last Thursday evening. J. J. Leverett and Albert Emerson, baritones, leading the bill.

The Bellingham

SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



OLGA BRANDON.

E. S. WILLARD.

OSWALD VONKE.

MAUDE VENNER.

MRS. H. CANE.

FRANK CORNELL.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. THE ROGUE'S COMEDY. ACT III.—RECEPTION ROOMS AT MR. BAILEY PROTHERO'S HOUSE, LONDON.

BAILEY PROTHERO: "Goodbye! Goodbye! God bless you!"

BOOKS REVIEWED.

"BEAUX AND BELLES," a collection of verses by Arthur Griscom. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Under the happy title of "Beaux and Belles," Arthur Griscom has gathered together a choice selection of the daintiest verses which his ready pen has given to sundry magazines and weekly papers. It is not every book of poetry that one cares to read straightway, but weariness comes not to the reader of Mr. Griscom's smoothly flowing rhymes. Only a few years ago the author of the fascinating little book came out of the West where he had put himself through the admirable scholarship of a puzzle editor, an occupation which requires an order of intellect far higher than some other kinds of editorial work, and ever since then the metropolitan periodicals have been richer and brighter for his work. If there is in this weak world a single department of artistic effort easily susceptible of improvement it lies in the range of verse contribution to current periodicals. Writers will say that the fault rests with hyper-critical editors, and editors will reply that the output of contributors is poor, indeed, but now and then something really good contrives to get away from a pen and to sneak by the baleful blue pencil, and the reading public hails it with grateful enthusiasm.

Arthur Griscom's verses are of the best of this tiny number that has reached the eager readers. The book contains the cream of his contributions to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, Town Topics, Life, Truth, The Chap Book, and other popular periodicals, selections most worthy of preservation in book form. Some delightful bits were originally printed anonymously, and many who favor themselves by a perusal of "Beaux and Belles" will find therein more than a few verses which have met their eyes before and been treasured in memory. No prettier verses than those entitled "Vivette" have appeared in this town in recent years, and yet they were first printed two years ago without signature. The writer clipped them at the time and has religiously kept them for enjoyment over and over again. To find that they were the work of Mr. Griscom is a pleasant discovery adding to an esteem already high. "Beaux and Belles" offers many another verification as pretty and clear-cut as "Vivette."

"HIS MASS LETTERS," by "P." Illustrated. American Authors' Library, No. 30. G. W. Dillingham and Company, New York.

Webster's Dictionary has it that a masher is "a charmer of women," but the accepted notion of the masher is rather one who seeks to charm than one who accomplishes the desired effect. This entertaining book, compiled by a young actress whose identity is revealed satisfactorily by one or two of the letters made public, is one that might have been put together by almost any popular player, and the writer has been privileged to read from other collections, still unpublished, many notes that far exceed in "mashiness" anything printed in the book mentioned. But it may have been the intent of the fair authoress to suppress more violent examples of the masher's work and to give us only those specimens of mildly sentimental tone, or of curiosum. A majority of the specimens are typical, regulation "mash letters," invitations to dine, stage-door appointments and accompaniments to gifts of varying importance. The rest of the notes are not "mash" affairs at all, and it is difficult to understand why they have been included in the compilation. There are requests for autographs especially its vocal interpretation. Essays on

or photographs, a petition from a female songwriter who wished her compositions introduced, a characteristic note from some school girls who begged the recipient to join them at a candy shop after the matinee, and others of like innocence which are assuredly out of place in the category of "mash letters." The collection is an amusing one, however, and all names are thoughtfully omitted.

Many graceful illustrations illumine the pages, and the book is handsomely printed. The fair compiler might have made her work vastly more interesting had she been pleased to state just how many of the supper invitations were declined, what percentage of the proffered gifts were returned, and about how often the requests to notice persons in certain seats or boxes went quite neglected.

"MY MANAGERS," By Polly Winkle. The Footlight Publishing Company, New York.

This pocket volume, written under the above nom-de-plume by an actress quite well known, is "sympathetically dedicated to my stage-struck sisters in sorrow." If there were not a ripple of humor in the name "Polly Winkle" itself, this somewhat depressing dedication would be forgotten in a casual turning of the leaves, which are marginally illustrated with droll pictures that pertinently keep pace with the amusing text. It is an aphorism that women are deficient in appreciation of humor, and women who can write humorously are rare indeed. "My Managers" is made up of a series of entertaining essays on the characteristics of some of the less admirable among the managers the author has engaged with, and for the credit of the managerial profession, it is to be hoped that "Polly Winkle" will at some future time set down her experiences with the better class of those at the head of the business branch of the theatre. While her writing is superficially humorous, it carries many a sting of satire and many a touch of contempt based on facts that no one familiar with her subjects can gainsay. The Bovine Manager, the Promiscuous Manager, the Profane Manager, the Mongrel Manager, the Sentimental Manager, and the Barnstorming Manager, of whom Polly writes, also, are truthfully depicted. They are types who have relatives recognizable in other businesses. Every branch of activity, in fact, has in it persons who discredit it, and the theatre seems to be an arena in which all of the peculiar characteristics of the kinds of men described by Polly come out strong.

"IMAGINATION AND DRAMATIC INSTINCT. SOME PRACTICAL STEPS FOR THEIR DEVELOPMENT." By S. S. Curry, Ph. D. Boston: School of Expression. The volume thus entitled embraces a study of vocal expression as the direct revelation of the processes of the mind in thinking and feeling, and as the manifestation of the elliptic relations of thought which words cannot symbolize, such as conviction, belief, interest and purpose in the speaker. Vocal expression, according to the theory in this volume set forth in detail by problems explained on bases of exemplary literature, is a significant, not a symbolic language, and is more subjective, complex and nearer to nature than words; and hence cannot be developed in the same way as a symbolic or representative language, nor be made subject to the same mechanical rule. The work is meant to furnish simple and practical suggestions. A poem or a selection is placed before the mind of the student, and the accompanying remarks are intended to assist the study of the example, and especially its vocal interpretation. Essays on

conception and imagination, imaginative attention, imagination and memory, imagination and science, the ideal and the real, and other subjects that relate to the progressive exposition of the system, precede the practical demonstrations of the author.

"EFFIE HETHERINGTON." By Robert Buchanan. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Unless they be students of psychology, the most ardent admirer of Scotch fiction are scarcely likely to find Robert Buchanan's new novel, "Effie Hetherington," very interesting or pleasing. Effie Hetherington is a beautiful, frivolous young woman who, without being subject to any powerful temptation, goes altogether to the bad. Richard Douglas, the only other important character in the book, is an extremely morbid and personally ill-favored Scotch laird, who loves Effie with a passion which continues long after her character is gone and the depravity of her nature has become evident. Notwithstanding her rejection of his offer of marriage, the result of a strong, physical repulsion she feels for him, she welcomes his society and makes him to some extent the confidant of her troubles. When, as a result of her relations with a married man, she is about to become a mother, she takes refuge in Douglas's house. In order to cover up her shame he again offers to make her his wife, which offer she again refuses, and she leaves him at the first opportunity that offers. The author devotes a good deal of space to analyzing the emotions and the impulses which move the two people. This is done with the usual ability, but is hardly likely to interest the average reader of fiction.

"TOBACCO IN SONG AND STORY." compiled by John Bum, Jr. Arthur Gray and Company, New York.

This neat little book, devoted to singing the praises of Lady Nicotine, will find many ready readers and a countless army of tobacco worshippers in soulful sympathy with its every word. The bigger share of the book is occupied in reprinting carefully collected expressions of a large number of appreciative poets and essayists, and the rest is spent in entertaining matter of historical value or anecdotal interest. The verses printed are of a high order of excellence, more than a few tributes being written by pens that have set the world to thinking, and THE MIRROR is quoted for "A Bachelor's Soliloquy," by Edmund Day. Then there is a lot of miscellany under the caption of "Puff's" wherein we read that among the "big smokers" of to-day are Sir Henry Irving, William F. Cody, Richard Mansfield, Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper, not to mention Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Prince Bismarck and the Prince of Wales.

GILLETTE'S PLAYS IN LONDON.

Charles Frohman has almost perfected arrangements for the London production of Secret Service and Too Much Johnson, and he hopes so to plan matters that William Gillette may appear in both plays. George Edwardes has been asked to arrange for a trial matinee of Too Much Johnson, when its author may be seen as the notorious prescriber, even if he may not continue regularly in the part. Many of the players now appearing in Secret Service will be seen in the London production. George Edwardes is said to have purchased the English rights to Wardle and Stephenson's adaptation of La Planchette Tommudi, the original of Too Much Johnson, in order to clear the way for Mr. Gillette's comedy.

REFLECTIONS.

Guido Marburg is at work on a new play, the central figure of which will be a character study.

The stage children's Christmas festival is progressing nicely. "Aunt Louisa" is correspondingly happy.

Vivian Bernard, who made a success as the Wench in Hilliard's Mummy, has been engaged by Manager F. C. Whitney for his new Comic Opera.

Maud Courtenay, who played Evangeline during the latter part of the run of the burlesque at Manhattan Beach last Summer, has rejoined the company in order to strengthen the cast.

George A. Schiller is visiting relatives in Boston. It is said that George W. Lederer has offered him a leading part in the next Casino review.

The roster of Tolson's comedians is as follows: Charles C. Tolson, Jack Core, Earl Dufford, Rufus W. Bell, C. P. White, C. F. Calhoun, Lorena Graven, Lillian Stein, May Austin and Lois Wentworth.

The Lannigan's Bell company is resting at St. Louis. They reopen Christmas night. Billy Link and wife have joined the company.

James R. Garey's new play, The Fatal City, will be produced in New York at the People's Theatre on Jan. 4, with George A. D. Johnson in the leading part, under the management of T. W. Miner and James R. Garey. Mr. Johnson originated his part in Pittsburg.

Harry Dool Parker, William A. Brady's booking representative, has been elected fire commissioner for three years out at Great Neck, Long Island, where he is a prominent landed townsmen and president of the Thomaston League.

Adele Aus der Ohe, the pianist, arrived from Europe last Friday. She will make her New York re-entrance, Jan. 1, at Carnegie Hall.

Will J. Block, formerly manager of the Herald Square Theatre, is devoting his attention to the new opera company in which Camille D'Arville and Richard F. Carroll will star.

Walter S. Craven writes to explain his action against Bloomingdale Brothers for false arrest. Mrs. Craven, it appears, bought some goods at Bloomingdale's, and paid for them. On delivery, however, the driver of the shop wagon declined to recognize the receipt shown, and had Mr. Craven arrested for refusal to pay twice. In court Mr. Craven was promptly discharged.

Mrs. William B. English has just had erected a stone over Helen Western's grave in Mount Auburn. It is a somewhat taller stone than that which she years ago placed over Lucille's grave, but like that, it bears on its face the name "Helen," cut deeply into the stone in very similar style to the name "Lucille" on the other memorial tablet. On the reverse are the full name and the two dates, and underneath a line commemorating the birth and death of her little daughter, Sallie, who lies buried in the grave with her mother, and whose funeral, it will be remembered, occurred at the same time with that of Lucille Western. Mrs. English has been spending nearly two months in Boston, and those of her friends who have seen her were delighted to find her looking so well.

Wanted—Shows in Columbus, the best one night stand in Mississippi. Nice break from Memphis to Birmingham, Birmingham to Meridian and vice versa. Write for time to P. W. Haze, Manager's.

standing in the production, but the former standard bearers only remained, the usual appreciation was exchanged by friends, particularly those of the upper class. Next week, Uncle Tom Sprucy, and a Black Sheep.

C. N. RHODE.

KANSAS CITY.

Counted Into Court, the new farce written by John May Irwin, after having been produced one night at Omaha, was given its real test at the Grand Opera House here 10-11, and was witnessed on the opening night by a magnificent audience, which appreciated the piece and performers to the extent of twenty thousand and eleven curtain-calls. It is somewhat of a departure from the various comedy order of plays that have been written by Mr. McNally, and comes nearer to being a straight comedy. The cast is as follows: Dottie Dimple, May Irwin; Worthington Best, Jr., John C. Rice; Worthington Best, Sr., Clara Palmer; Helen Best, her daughter; Hattie Williams; Miss McCall, Ada Lewis; General Barns; Vic-Mauri Vladostoff, George W. Barnes; Judge Josephine Goughan, Joseph M. Sparke; Pop Dooley, Jacques Kruger, and Sylvia Rosalie, Sally Cohen. May Irwin plays the part of Dottie Dimple, an actress, married to a wealthy young man named Worthington Best, Jr., whom mother, a most proper and decorous person, filled with prejudices against the stage, causes the young couple all kinds of trouble and precipitates a suit for divorce before the honeymoon is ended. The court scene in which the trial takes place is one of the most ludicrous that has ever been put on the stage. The part of Dottie Dimple suits May Irwin perfectly, and her easy and easy manner and characteristic repartee have full swing. She sings a number of new negro songs, the most popular of which is "Creppy Dan" and in the best she has found yet and destined to be a great favorite. She also makes an after dinner speech that is a taking feature. The parts provided for the other members of the co. are good, John C. Rice appearing to advantage as Worthington Best, Jr.; Joseph M. Sparke as an Irish judge also has an admirable part, and Jacques Kruger as Dottie's dubious uncle makes a hit. Ada Lewis has a good eccentric part as a German dancer, and George W. Barnes as a nervous and excitable Russian Baron is also good. Sally Cohen as Dottie's maid has a fair chance. The dialogue is clever and brisk and the play, although it needs, and probably will receive, considerable altering and cutting before being presented in New York, will doubtless prove a big success. The author, John J. McNally, was present and forced to make a little speech on the opening night. All of the principals, as well as the author, were noticeably nervous, but the performance went with great vim.

Eddie Fay in his extravaganzas, Off the Earth, played to excellent houses at the Grand 10-11. His playing and antics made him as popular as ever, and his return to Indianapolis brings him back a great share of the popularity he had while in straight comedy work. His co. is a good one, and among its members are Ada Lewis, Mary Marble, Louise Archer, and Oscar Hall. The staging and scenery are excellent. The County Fair 20-21.

Frederick Wards appeared at the Coates Opera House 14-15, presenting King Lear, and giving a performance which appealed to the intellectual and artistic appreciation of his audience. His work is fine, and stamps him as an artist. Ernest Wande, a son of the tragedian, plays The Fool with splendid effect, and Beverly Turner gives Kent excellently. Florence Williamson and Ruth Williams are also good. The business was fair. The Lady Slavey 21-22.

John C. Goodwin comes to the Auditorium 17-18 to be followed by Della Fox for Christmas week.

Saved From the Sun, an old style realistic made-drama, pleased fair houses at the Fifth Street Opera House 15-19. Henrietta Lander did good work as the heroine, and the balance of the cast is fair. The effects are thrilling and appealed strongly to the gallery. Box-ton Howard Athenaeum co. 20-21.

The Newell Brothers will bring a vaudeville co. to the Gillie Theatre.

John C. Rice and wife failed to get up in time on Sunday morning to catch the train for St. Louis and were obliged to charter a special in order to reach there in time to open with the co. on Sunday night.

PAUL B. WILCOX.

PITTSBURG.

Miss Philadelphia was the attraction at the New Grand Opera House 14, opening to a very large and enthusiastic audience. The advance sale for the entire week was good. Willie Collier, Louise Allen, and Liza McCaughan covered themselves with glory. The vocal numbers were heartily encored, and the chorus was of superior quality. The female orchestra made an impression hit. Next week Evans and Hoey in A Parlor Match, introducing Anna Held.

The Wizard of the Nile opened 14 at the Alvin Theatre with Frank Daniels as the stellar attraction, and drew a crowded house. Business continued large all week. Olympia Opera co. follows.

Hagen's Alley, with The Y low Kid highly in evidence, opened at the Bijou 14 to the capacity of the house. The performance was equal to the demands of the crowd, exciting Roysterville, the songs were good, and the dancing clever. Next week, 8 fella.

Angie the Daly's four-act play, 7-20 f., was given by the Avenue Theatre stock co. 11 to crowded houses, both afternoon and evening. The vaudeville bill was of unusual excellence, headed by John D. Gilbert, the Arabian acrobats, and other specialty performers. Next week, the stock co. will present The Singers. Charles T. Mills and Clara Moore, George W. Wood, Post and Clinton, Gertrude Haynes, the Wilson Trio, Louis Prudhont, and Emma Wood will appear in the vaudeville bill.

At Hopkins' Duquesne Theatre the Hopkins Trans-Continental Star Specialty co. opened 14 to large attendance. Next week, Hart's Boston Novelty co.

At the Academy of Music Dave Marion's Extravaganza co. opened 14 to a crowded house, and gave a good vaudeville bill. Next week, Harry Williams' co.

The Tuesday night Club, a fashionable institution of this city, will give a series of vaudeville entertainments during the winter, commencing 15. At the inaugural performance the following have been selected from the various co. in the city: John Gilbert, James Gor Le Roy, Wright and Munier, the Gleas, Tom Mack, Bryant and Holmes, Manning and Crawford, the lady orchestra from Miss Philadelphia, and Willie Collier and Louise Allen.

Lew Parker, at one time manager of the West Side Theatre, Chicago, is now at the helm of Hopkins' Duquesne Theatre. Charles P. Elliott takes Mr. Parker's place in Chicago.

At Gay Coney Island is booked for the Bijou at an early date.

The East End Theatre was closed this week.

The Casino, one of Manager Harry Davis' enterprises, situated in Schenley Park, was totally destroyed by fire at 2:15 A. M., 17. The loss will amount to about \$400,000. The insurance is comparatively small. Besides the ice-skating plant, the costumes and scenery used in the summer theatre were destroyed.

rumors were current during the week that W. A. Brady was after the Duquesne Theatre. E. J. Cook has been here looking over the ground, but nothing definite has as yet materialized.

A matine for the benefit of the Rosella Founding Association was given 17 at the New Grand Opera House. Members of all co. in town participated.

EDWARD J. DONNELLY.

OMAHA.

Palmer Cox's Brownies received a hearty welcome at the Creighton 10-11 with matinee Saturday, and Sunday. Mata Ceilene as Queen Titania was in remarkably good voice and responded to the audience as though it were a pleasure rather than merely a duty to do so. Ida Mülle acted the part of the fairy splendid much better than she looked it. Ida Brooks was cast as Prince Florinel and Sol Solomons was splendid as the Duke. The costumes and scenic effects were brilliant and the flying bullet solo and interviewing. Brownies good, the house being crowded at the matinee matinee. Nat Goodwin opened a three night engagement 15 to a large audience, appearing in Madeline Lucie Ryley's comedy, An American Citizen. As Bradford Cruger he finds many opportunities to display his dry humor, his honest nasal twang and sounding facial expressions, and the audience laughed heartily at his every wink, but he was lacking in the parts calling for a dignified reserve, and his greatest admirer could scarcely say he makes an ideal lover. Mr. Goodwin has an unusually good co. headed by Maxine Elliott; who did all things well and of course looked stunning. Nell O'Brien as Simeon makes the best valet seen here in many a day. The Rivals will close the engagement. Lady Slavey 21-22; Merry World 23-24; Howard Athenaeum 25, 26; Della Fox 25-26.

At the Boyd the Vitacope is drawing fairly well 25, and most of our theatregoers have had at least one

evening's pleasure from Edison's wonderful invention. The Silver Theatre co. furnish a large portion of the amusement. They are giving The Fire Patrol, Ivanhoe, Women Against Women, Uncle Daniel, Under the Gaslight, and one or two other plays. An American Girl 25-26; Shadow of a Great City 24-27; Saved From the Fire, week of 28.

Mordica, who was to have appeared at the Creighton 17, canceled only six days before the concert was to have been given. Considerable indignation is felt, as great preparations have been made and quite an expense incurred in advertising her expected appearance. Ida Fuller has canceled all her Western dates.

C. A. Burt has resigned as manager of The New County Fair, and D. H. Wheeler is now the sole manager.

J. E. RINGWALT.

DENVER.

It has been definitely decided to place a stock co. in the Broadway Theatre for an extended season, opening Jan. 4. The co. will be organized by and under the direction of R. L. Giffen, of the firm of Giffen and Neill, and it is promised that in every respect it will be up to the standard maintained by that gentleman during his connection with the stock system in this city. Quite a number of novelties in the way of piping grand, these will be presented, and Moxon, Harriet and Moxon, stars of the Broadway, will make every effort to further the success of what promises to be the most brilliant stock season ever inaugurated in Denver. Mr. Giffen has been identified with stock co. at Manhattan Beach, the Lyceum, and Broadway Theatre for several years, and we have yet to be disappointed in the personal or artistic achievements of the organization he has presented to us. The project has occupied a vast amount of time and energy, and local theatre-goers, and from every direction, come expressions of good will for and confidence in the new co.'s success.

At the Taber, which opened 14 the Della Fox Comic Opera co. in Flair-de-Lis, opened to the capacity of the house. It must be confessed that neither the star nor the opera set the town on fire. Flair-de-Lis does not contain a scene that will be whitewashed upon the stage, and elsewhere neither is catchily music nor brilliant dialogue. However, it is sumptuously mounted and well costumed, and the choruses consist of good voices and fairly pretty girls. Of the principals, High Children has the best voice, and one - it is considerable advantage. Harry Macdonough, in the leading comedy role, made an emphatic hit, and in account of his excellent comic dancing and humorous bit-plays with his singing. He was fairly well mounted in his fun-making florid by Frank Blair, and Trixie Fugiana, infused considerable spirit into the role assumed by her. Della Fox wears a number of stunning costumes, and in her boy parts, in all of them, dainty and pleasing. For the last half of the week, and concluding night of 17, The Little Trooper will be the bill, and excellent business seems assured. Christmas attention at the Taber, commencing 21, is Frederick Wards in repertoire, which includes a new production of King Lear.

Of the closing of the Wilber Stock co. at the Lyceum Theatre 5 Manager Fred North, of the Lyceum, makes the following statement: "The Wilber Stock co. was closed at the Lyceum for the reason that their contract for a three weeks' engagement was secured by a misrepresentation. The representative of the co., in writing for time, claimed that the organization was an excellent one in every particular; that they owned the plays they were to present at the Lyceum and that they had good paper and plenty of it. None of these statements was even in a measure true. The first play presented was The Golden Giant Mine and not a sheet of special paper was used. The next play was called (for purposes best known to Manager Wilber) The Embassy Ball. This turned out to be no more or less than A Wife's Purse, and no special paper was used for the good reason that there was none to be obtained. Audiences were disgusted, and I refused money on Tuesday night, 8, and closed the theatre against further performances of a band of poor actors." I have seen Manager Wilber of the stock co., and his version of the story is as follows: "I commenced my engagement at the Lyceum su'jact to a contract to writing, and no objection was made until after the first performance, at which time a protest was entered that the co. did not have sufficient paper. As the business was not as large as anticipated, the Lyceum management at this time desired to alter the terms of the contract, and, instead of slaying, as per contract, they wanted first money. I objected, and the matter ran along that way until the thirteenth of the second week, when the co. refused to go on until paid what was their share of the on receipt. So far as The Embassy Ball is concerned, it was a version of A Wife's Purse, but is a "b" rated play." Also, The Golden Giant Mine was by permission of George Osborne, who owns the rights west of the Mississippi River, and to whom I pay royalty."

Manager G. K. Bodes of the Orpheum, has gotten together a stock co. for a season of two weeks and the co. opened Sunday 15 in Arabian Nights. At the Sunday night performance, 15, "standing room only" prevailed and, notwithstanding that the comedy has been played in Denver by local stock co. several times, as well as by traveling co., it seemed to make a hit. The co. that Manager Bodes has gotten together includes half a dozen members of the Wilber Stock co. and in place of Alice Roseland, who was the leading lady, Manager Bodes has secured Jessie Tittell to lead the co. on the present week and Margaret Fealey my week commencing 21 when The Sea of Ice will be produced.

It is rumored that Jessie Tittell was married in this city 10 to a Denver man. She terminates her engagement with the Orpheum co. 19 and leaves for San Francisco.

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Alie Roseland left for the East 12. The Tornado co. closed in Denver 12.

Madame Nordica's date at the Broadway, which was to have been 21, has been canceled, but it is said she will come later in the season, probably Jan. 30.

A performance of Rip Van Winkle will be given at the Broadway Christmas night, the cast being made up largely of local professionals.

Hattie Ross and Albert Housner and co. will open at the Lyceum week commencing 21 in a production of Down the Slope. F. E. CARSTARPHEN.

CLEVELAND.

At the Euclid Avenue Opera House Lillian Russell and her comic opera co. were the attraction 14-15. An American Beauty is elegantly staged and was well received, being favored with large houses. Albert Chevalier, assisted by a good co., entertained an audience that filled the house 17. House dark 18, 19. Frank Daniels in the Wizard of the Nile will be seen Christmas week.

The musical skit At Gay Coney Island, with Matthews and Bulger in the lead, held the boards of the Lyceum Theatre week of 17, playing to only average business. Fanny Rice in her latest musical comedy, Order of the King will be the Christmas week attraction at the Lyceum. As a money-maker the War of Wealth is a failure at the Cleveland Theatre week of 14. A. W. Fremont in 777 opens 21 for the week.

Weber and Fields turned them away at each performance given at the Star Theatre week of 18. This co. is one of the strongest on the road, and includes besides Weber and Fields, Lottie Gilson, Bobbie Gaynor, and several other artists equally well known. The Vanderville Club, Christmas week.

Lillian Russell's manager denied the report in the papers that she had canceled her next week's engagement on account of ill-health. It is a fact, however, that Miss Russell consulted a prominent physician while here, and he advised her to see a New York specialist as soon as possible.

Will Moses, for many years the advertising agent of the Lyceum Theatre in this city, has been visiting his numerous friends for the past week, and incidentally billing Frank Daniels in the "funniest" comic opera on earth. WILLIAM CRASTON.

TOLEDO.

The Valentine Town's engagement at the Valentine 10-11 netted about \$500 for the Toledo Elks, for whose benefit they appeared.

Too Much Johnson to very poor houses 12-13. The cast, with the exception of Gillette, is about the same as last season. Anna Belmont received numerous floral tributes from her many friends in this, her home.

At the People's Charley's Aunt held forth 13-15 to light houses. Rose Hubbard, a Toledo girl, who has been with the co. for two seasons, now has a prominent part, and her work shows much improvement.

E. Burton Holmes delivered three of his interesting lectures at the Auditorium 17-19 to packed houses. The Vitacope and vaudeville are booked for Christmas week; Yale Club 20.

While Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor were resting for a week, a portion of their co. consisting of Dickie Mitchell, Frederick Murphy, Alphonse Tassie, Peter Laddie, Katherine Wilson, and Alice Parks, appeared

at the Collingwood in a benefit to the latter carriers. His Elder Brother, The Mills of the Gods, On an Island, and The Marble Arch were nicely put on before good houses.

C. M. EDSON.

ST. PAUL.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the Baldwins had good business 16-19. They give an enjoyable entertainment and not with a heavy reception. Mrs. Baldwin does some marvelous work in concert pieces to quotations and is also a pleasing vocalist. Professor Baldwin does some surprising feats in the cabinet illusions. The vaudeville performers, Edgar Ely, Louis M. Grant, Kate Russell and George Gardner were very entertainers. Chevalier 20-22; Dr. Hill on 24-25.

At Litt's New Grand Opera House a very clever co. under the management of Arthur C. Atson, produced for the first time in this city Tennessee's Farina to full houses. The large audiences were greatly pleased with the performance. The Gold Nugget Quartette sang well and were especially encores. The play was well-acted.

Lillian Nordica will appear in a grand concert at the Paul's Church 15 under the management of L. N. Scott.

Manager Phillips, of the Walker Whist-side co., has made many friends during his visits to St. Paul and over receives a cordial welcome.

Anna Eve Fay has done a large business at Concord Hall 16-18.

The patrons of the Metropolitan enjoyed a rich treat in the Walker Whist-side engagement of nine performances in a Shakespearean repertoire the past week. Mr. Whist-side delivered a lecture on Hamlet with recitations before the teachers and students of the High School 16. Some fifteen hundred greatly enjoyed the entertainment and enthusiastically applauded Mr. Whist-side.

Harry Malinoff, with Tennessee's Farina, is remembered as a favorite member of one of cigar Litt's stock co. at the Grand and met with a warm greeting from many friends.

Manager John M. Hickey, of the Baldwins co., has brought attractions to St. Paul for over twenty years and has made a host of friends here.

GEOERGE H. COLGRAVE.

ATLANTA.

Minnie Maddern Fiske was seen by a fashionable audience at the Lyceum 9, 10 in The Right to Happiness and Content. Her second appearance here has been anticipated with much pleasure, as favorable was the reception she received last year. The Right to Happiness is a strong and significant play. Mrs. Fiske is a great artist and her work in the role of Madeline was highly appreciated. Her support was very good and the audience was thoroughly enjoyed.

Dixie Bell and Lillian Fay Bell will be seen 17, 18 in Novelty & Midnight Bell. Dixie's Evangelist is booked for 20-21 and 22.

Madame Sammoneau appeared 9, 10. John E. Henshaw and the Henshaw Stock co. will present their musical comedy The Hobo 18, 19.

The Sotomayor will sing three operas 10, 19 and 20.

The Sotomayor will sing three operas 10, 19 and 20. The representative consists of Prince Aramia, Robin Hood and King Mexico. The male of ours for the second Metropolitan concert 17 has been very large and an audience such as greatest Nordica is expected.

The Buckler stock co. in repertoire opened a week's engagement 14. Between the acts an exhibition of the Biograph was given.

The White Crook drew a splendid audience at the Imperial 14 and standing-room was at a premium. The same bill will be on for the entire week.

J. V. DUNLAP.

SAN ANTONIO.

Vale's Devil's Auction did fair business at the Grand Opera House 7, 8. Rosabel Morrison in Carmen had very satisfactory business 9, 10 and made a very satisfactory impression. The Schwartz comedy co. in repertoire now has a holding forth at the Grand since 1

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALABAMA.

MOBILE.—**THEATRE** (J. Tanenbaum, manager): Richards and Pringle's Georgia Minstrels 10 to large audience; Minnie Maddern Fiske 11, 12 to large and enthusiastic audience. The local press were unanimous in praise, which was merited. The Night to Happiness and Cesare were the productions. Mrs. Fiske is quite a favorite here, and her visit always gives pleasure. The Bostonians in Robin Hood 14 to S. R. O. only at advanced rates. The music-loving people were out in numbers and enjoyed the treat.

ANNISTON.—**NOBLE STREET THEATRE** (R. St. John, manager): House dark. **THE**: A small fire causing a loss of \$500 occurred after a performance by Sip and Dolores' Pony Show. The dogs, ponies, and properties were removed without loss. A few of the animals received slight bruises.

SUFUALA.—**MORRIS OPERA HOUSE** (Jacob Stern, manager): House dark 14-15.

BIRMINGHAM.—**O'BRIAN'S OPERA HOUSE** (Dr. Charles Watson, manager): Punch Robertson in repertory 4-13 to big business; performances first-class at popular prices. The Phantoscope pictures were fine. The Bostonians 14; Nohols 17. **THE**: Charles J. Smith, assistant manager, has resigned his position.

ARKANSAS.

HOT SPRINGS.—**OPERA HOUSE** (J. W. Van Vliet, manager): McFee's Matrimonial Bureau 7 to a fair house; performance was a success. Clay Clement in The New Dominion 17. **THE**: Condon and Goodhart have engaged for their McFee's Matrimonial Bureau on No. 2. Minnie Morgan, the Ryeford Sisters, Cecilia Soto, Charles French, Fred Webb, H. B. Smith, Dan Condon, and Alice Whitney. They will tour the Western Coast while Co. No. 1 goes East.

JONESBORO.—**MALONE'S THEATRE** (W. J. Malone, manager): Sam Jones lectured 5 to a fair house. Louis James in Spartacus 7 to an appreciative audience. Performance excellent; house dark 18-20.

PINE BLUFF.—**OPERA HOUSE** (E. F. Rosenberg, manager): McFee's Matrimonial Bureau 3 to a good house and excellent satisfaction. Clay Clement 15.

PORT SMITH.—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (C. J. Martin, manager): Whitman Sisters, cushioned by being taken 7 to a temporary house. Louis Morris in Faust 10 to a fair and well-clad audience. R. E. Grimes in The American Girl 11; support very good and a better pleased audience never had the pleasure. Mr. Grimes responded to several curtain calls. King and Sawyer 12 and 13. House dark 14.

LITTLE ROCK.—**CAPITAL THEATRE** (Roy L. Thompson, manager): Hoyt's Black Sheep 6; excellent; to S. R. O. Lewis Morrison in Faust 11; new scenes effects; good co.; excellent business. Clay Clement in The New Dominion 15.

ARIZONA.

PHOENIX.—**OPERA HOUSE** (G. H. Konfer, manager): Darkest Room 14.

CALIFORNIA.

OAKLAND.—**MACDONALD'S THEATRE** (Mark Thall, manager): Eddie Baca's New 7 to good house. Julie Grant's open on its repertoire 14-20. **THE**: O'Heughan's Wedding 11 to a good and enthusiastic audience. **ST. LOUIS.**—**THE**: A. V. Farnum's co. in The Midnight Alarm to fair business 7-12; Eddie Hagen's Site 14-20.

PRESO.—**SACRAMENTO OPERA HOUSE** (Robert G. Barnes, manager): Fabio Sommi 9; fair performance to poor house. Ellerton's in repertoire 14-21.

STOCKTON.—**AVON THEATRE** (Samuel Brothers, manager): House still dark. **Yosemite THEATRE** (Adams and Newell, manager): The Gras Opera Co. closed a week's engagement 6 having done a fair business. Katie Everett 9 to poor house. Wilton Laycock 11; Yosemite Concert series 17; Old Sacramento 20.

SAN DIEGO.—**THEATRE** (John C. Fisher, manager): Darkest Room to poor house 4, 5; performance good; John Sauer 12-15. **SAN DIEGO THEATRE** (Moses, Dodge, and Stanley, managers): Spoons to fair business 7, 8.

WOODLAND.—**OPERA HOUSE** (A. M. Elston, manager): Bristol's Equinecurious to full house 7, 8. McLean's Minstrels 15.

LOS ANGELES.—**THEATRE** (H. C. Wyett, manager): Sydney R. Ellis' prod action of Darkest Room closed a week's engagement 13 doing a fair business; Katie Everett in the Walls of New York 14-16. Wilton Laycock and Marie Wainwright in Dr. Salgrave and Captain Rob 17-18. Fabio Sommi 24-25; Henny 26. **BURBANK THEATRE** (Edward Parsons, manager): A small army of workmen are overhauling and re-finishing this house and eradicating all bad marks of former management. The doors will be opened Christmas with Edwin Harcourt's Land of the Midnight Sun as the attraction. Mr. Parsons will personally superintend the production of all pieces produced at the Burbank. Manager Sydney Ellis, of Darkest Room is here.

SAN JOSE.—**HALL'S AUDITORIUM** (L. Henry, manager): Gras Opera Co. 7-12 to good house. King's CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC (F. Low King, director): Fausto Stomfeld Zinelli gave a piano recital before a large and well-clad audience 4. The San Jose Choral Society delighted a good audience 11.

COLORADO.

GRAND JUNCTION.—**PARK OPERA HOUSE** (Edwin A. Hinckley, manager): Dr. John Thompson's The Old Homestead 8 to large and well-clad audience; performance first-class. Side Traced 22. **THE**: White Black Sheep killed for 18 have canceled their Western dates. Alabama have also canceled their dates without proper notification to the various local managers.

VICTOR.—**OPERA HOUSE** (U. A. Quinn, manager): Thompson's Partner 1-10 to crowded house; good satisfaction. Tornado 4 to a fair and appreciative audience.

PUEBLO.—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (S. N. Nye, manager): The Old Homestead 8 to S. R. O. Georgia Art Tables 10 large audience. Delta Fox 11 in The Little Tropic to a crowded house. **THE**: While Miss Fox was executing a dance, the carpet slipped and she fell straining her ankle.

LEADVILLE.—**WILTON OPERA HOUSE** (A. S. Weston, manager): Duncan Thompson's Old Homestead under the management of Thompson and Washington 9 was received by a packed house. The singing was one of the pleasing features of the performance. Side Traced 22.

GRANITE.—**OPERA HOUSE** (W. A. Hinckley, manager): The Noble Dramatic Co. 14-19.

COLORADO SPRINGS.—**COLISEUM** (The Gracian Art Co.-Issue 5) 7 to good business; excellent entertainment. **OPERA HOUSE** (S. N. Nye, manager): The Old Homestead to S. R. O. Delta Fox Opera Co. 13 to large audience.

ASPEN.—**WHEELER OPERA HOUSE** (J. J. Ryan, manager): The Old Homestead to the best house of the season 10. Nevada, the Lost Mine, by home talent, 16.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.—**PARK OPERA HOUSE** (H. C. Parsons, manager): El Capitan 11, 12 to packed houses. Much interest was manifested in Nella Bergen, the soprano of the co., who, up to her engagement with El Capitan, was a church choir singer here. The opera made a great hit. It is staged magnificently, the chorus is large, well trained and handsomely costumed. Dunne's Danse was presented 14 by Miss Nathaniel, supported by Nathaniel Hartwell and a finished co. The piece was staged with all the detail characteristic of the Prohman productions, and thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. Chimes Fadiman 17, 18; James O'Neill 19; Slave Acme 21. **OPERA HOUSE** (J. Jennings and Graves, managers): The German Brothers in Gilloches Abroad 12, 13 gave a lively performance; received with much favor by large audience. The much heralded Lilliputians did good business 14, 15, presenting their gorgons and jester play. The Merry Tummers The Power of the Press 16 and their approval of large audiences matines and evenings. The City Club is as destined 17, 18. The Elks gave the second of the series of popular Sunday concerts 18 to an audience of general proportions. Anna Louise Clary, of the New York Cathedral, sang several solo's with fine voice. **WHITE HALL** (Whiting Allen, manager): Lamore's Cinematograph in drawing three large audiences daily. **THE**: The receipts for the three Hopper engagements were \$4,575. Curtains of expensive fabric sus-

pended from a brass rod have been placed over the rail of the rear seats in Parson's Theatre. A. DUNSON.

BRIDGEPORT.—**PARK CITY THEATRE** (Mary E. Hawes, proprietor and manager): Hi Henry and his followers delighted the admirers of minstrelsy 10 in a very pronounced manner. The entire performance was clever. William Barry, the great star of The Rising Generation, had a warm welcome 11, 12, and was as droll as ever. The cast never was better. Power of the Press was offered 14 to a fair house. Joe Hart supported a Gay Old Boy 15 to a goodly audience. Support good. Hanson's revivified Superb opened to a big house 17 for two days at a peculiarly appropriate season. It never has been half so good as it is this year. Charles Hopper's first visit here as Chicane Fadiman is announced for 19; the effervescent Nellie McHenry 21; Lecture on "Ireland" by Father Nihil 22; A Night's Frolic 23; Charles Prohman's co. in Boston 23; James O'Neill in Monte Cristo 23; Thoroughbred 23; Clancy Fitzgerald in The Foundling Jan. 2; H. H. Hauseman's Santa Maria 4; Octoraro Society (local); Primrose and West 6. **THE AUTOCRUS** (Mary E. Hawes, manager): The Sleeping City 11, 12 to fair business. J. W. Isham's Octobers presented 14, 15 the cleverest American entertainment of the season to good house. Laurine Ross of this city, makes his first stellar appearance here in Mr. Barnes of New York 21, 22. The Spain of Life 23, 24; Fa la Among Thieves 21; Harry Williamson's Bowery Girl Jan. 1, 2; Giga Williams' One of the Finest 4, 5; Down in Dixie 6, 7. **THE**: Lydia Barry left for a special engagement at Tony Pastor's New York house, while the remainder of the co. take a rest for a few weeks. Lauren Ross is a born-and-bred Bridgeport boy, and his many good engagements with his wife and Davenport have been watched with interest, and his new venture at the head of Mr. Barnes of New York will doubtless be another success. Recent theatre parties from this city attended Mr. Barnes' presentation at New Haven of Olga Nathorn, Da Wolf Hopper, and the Lilliputians the past week.

Bridgeport players are wondering why they were booked in New Haven and Hartford but not in Bridgeport. W. P. Horowitz.

NEW HAVEN.—**IVYWOOD THEATRE** (G. B. Howell, manager): The Elks' Minstrels 9 to a house crowded to the doors proved an artistic and financial success. Receipts about \$1,000. De Wolf Hopper is El Capitan drew a very large audience 10, and proved a success in every way. Giga Nathorn in Denison 11, 12 brought out two great houses and was without question the dramatic star of the season. The Little Merry Tramps 13, 14. **THE**: Grand Opera House (G. B. Howell, manager): Frank Bush and co. in Girl Wanted did a very good business 13, but was not so good as when last in 14, 15. Hanson's Superb 14-15 had excellent business. The co. has been strengthened. Joe Hart in A Gay Old Boy 17-18.

BRISTOL.—**OPERA HOUSE** (C. P. Michael, manager): House dark 14-15.

MONTGOMERY.—**BROADWAY THEATRE** (Jim W. Jackson, manager): Thomas G. Seehorn presented The Spanish 11 to a good and enthusiastic audience. Superb's co. is particularly fine, and performance one of the most delightful of the season. Sawtelle's Comedy co. week 21.

GREENWICH.—**RAY'S OPERA HOUSE** (J. H. Ray and Son, proprietors): Minnie Seward co. week 7 to packed house; fine co. Joe Hart in A Gay Old Boy 15.

SOUTH NORWICH.—**HOYT'S OPERA HOUSE** (L. M. Hoyt, manager): Minnie Lester to fair business 7-12; John W. Isham's Eastern Octobers 14, 15; good business.

NEW YORK.—**WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE** (John W. Wilson, manager): Professor Goodman gave a very good performance to a light business 11, 12. O'Heughan's Wedding 13 to good business; performance fair.

SOUTH NORWICH.—**HOYT'S OPERA HOUSE** (L. M. Hoyt, manager): Minnie Lester to fair business 7-12; John W. Isham's Eastern Octobers 14, 15; good business.

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NEW YORK.—**WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE** (John W. Wilson, manager): Professor Goodman gave a very good performance to a

formance. Bunch of Keys 17; Thomas W. Keene 18—
THE ALLEN OPERA HOUSE (W. S. Edmiston, manager): Wills, Collins and Wills 19.

ELKHORN.—BUCKLIN OPERA HOUSE (David Carpenter, manager): The Johnson Comedy co. in repertory 14-17; fair performance to fair business.—
PLEX'S THEATRE (George F. Haines, manager): Our German Cousin, by local talent, 11-12; good houses.

LAPORTE.—HALL'S OPERA HOUSE (W. C. Miller, manager): Young Ladies' Charity Circle presented the opera *Die Alzire* 11; 12 to crowded houses. Bacroft, magician. 22

COLUMBUS.—CRUMP'S THEATRE (R. P. Gottschalk, manager): Roberto and Douglas in *The Man in the Iron Mask* 19—
ITEM: That house is now out of the quarantine in which it was placed as result of recent diabolical care.

RICHMOND.—PHILLIPS'S OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Dobbs, manager): *Exodus*, Jr., 12; fair business. In Missouri, killed for 18 failed to appear. Jessie Mac Hall 21 for work.

NEW CASTLE.—ALCAZAR THEATRE (J. P. Thompson, manager): The Actor's Holiday by a very capable co. gave the best of satisfaction to a good house 9. A. Q. Schuyler's on, in *The Real Widower* drawn 11; co. at class. Eddie Hardy as Jane Tuesday deserves special mention. Eddie R. Sander and his splendid co presented Damon and Pythias 17. Mr. Spencer as Pythias was exceedingly good, while Frank Hennig as Damon was the hit of the evening. Isabel Pengra as Calisto deserved her part to the admiration of the good-sized audience.

BUCKVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (D. Strong, manager): Eddie R. Spencer in *Merchant of Venice* 16 to large house and best of satisfaction—
ARLIE HALL (D. Carlisle, manager): Dark 14-19—
ITEM: Will H. Murray, formerly with E. H. Sather, is stage manager for Eddie R. Spencer co. this season.

MEDFORD.—ELLIOTT OPERA HOUSE (Jap Van Matre, manager): Eddie R. Spencer 14 in *Merchant of Venice* gave splendid satisfaction to good house.

IOWA.

BURLINGTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Chamberlin, Knudt and Co., managers): Town Topics 20 to fair business. Although including two or three clever specialty people, the co. on the whole is weak, and the skirt failed to give satisfaction. County Fair 12 drew a large house, and was well received. Prisoner of Zenda 18 delighted a large and brilliant audience. It was one of the finest productions ever offered to local theatre-goers, and the co. the most evenly balanced ever seen here. Howard Goud, Walter Hall, Arthur Elliott, Louis Irving, and Maud Odell won many plaudits for their spirited and forceful work, and that sterling old comedian, W. F. Owen, made a distinct hit as Colonel Sept. Schiller Theatre Vaudeville co. 18—
ITEM: Manager Chamberlin has gone to Memphis, Tenn., for a few days' visit. It is vaguely rumored that the popular young manager has a matrimonial venture under consideration.

DAVENPORT.—BURTIS OPERA HOUSE (Chamberlin, Knudt and Co., managers): Herbert L. Fleet, hypnotist, closed a successful week's engagement 18; atten-tance fairly good. Town Topics 18. Charles K. Schilling's Minstrels gave a splendid performance to a packed house 14, 15. A very pretty floral design of a baso was presented to Billy Franklin, a lady by the Carnival City Minstrels at the performance 14. 8 circ Schiller Vaudeville, w/ Lumières' Cinematographie 17; Hopkins' Star Specialty co. 20; Schiller Vaudeville play return engagement 25; Princeton Glee Club 29.

LEAVENWORTH.—CRAWFORD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (William Bowman, manager): Eddie Foy in Off the E-12 to good business. Louis James in *Spartacus* 12. Mine Rhône in *Nell Gwynne* 14; Frederick Ward in *King Lear* 17.

ATCHISON.—THEATRE (John Sexton, manager): Louis James presenting Spartacus 11 to a large and fashionable audience. Mr. James and his supports are first-class. The special scenery carried is very handsome. Jeannette Wren Lewis, concert pianist, assisted by house talent 18. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 20—
ITEM: Dave Whipple, stage manager at the Roanbough, joined Louis James co.

JUNCTION CITY.—OPERA HOUSE (T. W. Dorn, manager): The Paiges 7-12 to fair houses; performances good. Sharpe's Lyceum Theatre co. 21-25.

LYONS.—BUTLER'S OPERA HOUSE (Fred R. Lutz, manager): House dark 14-20. Washburn Glee Club 22.

LEAVENWORTH.—CRAWFORD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (William Bowman, manager): Eddie Foy in Off the E-12 to good business. Louis James in *Spartacus* 12. Mine Rhône in *Nell Gwynne* 14; Frederick Ward in *King Lear* 17.

ATCHISON.—THEATRE (John Sexton, manager): Beach and Bowers' Minstrels at popular prices to crowded houses 14, 15.

HUTCHINSON.—OPERA HOUSE (W. A. Lee, manager): Ray Edridge's Players to good business 11-12; very satisfactory performance.—
ITEM: This co. was organized here.

LAWRENCE.—BOWERSOCK'S OPERA HOUSE (J. D. Bowersock, co-principal): Rhône in *Nell Gwynne* opened the house 10; audience large and fashionable. Louis James followed 14 in *Spartacus* to another packed house. Co. well balanced and strong; performance pleased.

KENTUCKY.

ASHLAND.—OPERA HOUSE (B. B. Elsherry, manager): Entertainment by house talent 14 to good business; Uncle Tom's Cabin 22; Remondi; Concert co. Jan. 3.

FULTON.—VERDOME OPERA HOUSE (R. Paschall, manager): Francis Jones in *Old Madrid* and *A Subject of the Star* 9 to large and delighted audience; performance excellent; Flagg's Female Minstrels 14.

FRANKFORT.—CAPITAL OPERA HOUSE (John W. Milam, manager): John Griffith, supplied by a well-balanced co., presented *Faust* to a small audience 12; Mr. Griffith as Mephisto did strong and effective work. Anna Bowe Moore filled the character of Marguerite perfectly; Eugene Moore as Faust, and Robert E. Leland as Valentine, played their part in a manner that won them merited recognition; the electric and mechanical effects were good; Emily Bancker co. in A Divorce 14.

MT. STERLING.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. B. O'Connell, manager): John Griffith in *Faust* 10 to light house; Salter and Martin's Uncle Tom's Cabin co. 20; Vanderbilt University Glee, Mandolin and Guitar club 21.

MEADVILLE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. D. Rodger, manager): Remondi 3 to large and enthusiastic audience; Fred Ward 14 in *King Lear* was well received by a good house; Donald Robertson and Brandon Douglass in *The Man With the Iron Mask* gave the best performance 11-12; the house 10, 11; and the Mask the best house 13.

DANVILLE.—DANVILLE OPERA HOUSE (Fryman and Vesta, managers): Hines and Welford in repertory; good business 10-12 and big house at Firemen's Bank 14; Violinist Remondi 15.

BOWLING GREEN.—FORTIER'S OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Robertson, manager): Edward Reveni (violinist) 10 to a large and appreciative audience; the local order of Red Men gave a pleasing entertainment to good house 10; Roswell Morrison Jan. 2; Thomas Q. Seabrook 14.

PARIS.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (D. C. Parrish, manager): Griffith in *Faust* 11 to a very small house; Remondi 14 to light business; Emily Bancker 18; Glee Club 20; The Burglar 21; Rhea Jan. 4.

LOUISIANA.

MONROE.—OPERA HOUSE (E. Predickar, manager): McFee's Matrimonial Bureau 14 to good house. Performance good.

SHREVEPORT.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Leon M. Carter, manager): McFee's Matrimonial Bureau, matinee and 12 to good business; Clara Clement 18; Roswell Morrison 20; Minnie Maddern Fiske Jan. 1; Darkest Russia 6; A Booming Town co. 18; A Midnight Bell 14.

MAINE.

PORLAND.—THEATRE (Charles C. Takesberry, manager): The Tornado 11, 12 pleased good houses.

Bertha Galland, supported by George Edgar, 18, 19 in scenes from *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *School for Scandal*, *Frou-Frou*, and *Leah*. Susie Kirwin Opera co. week of 21. Robert Mantell in *Monarchs* 28-29. Maurice Barrymore in *Roaring Dick* and Co. 1, 2—
ITEM: CITY HALL (Geo. H. Library, agent): The Couthou: C. C. Martell co. 7; big business.

BIDDEFORD.—NEW CITY OPERA HOUSE (K. W. Sutherland, manager): Lincoln J. Carter's *Tornado* 15 to fair and pleased audience; scenic effects the finest ever seen here. Jessie Coulthou 18; small house. After the concert Miss Coulthou was entertained by the Ladies' Lotos Club. Ethel Tucker 17-19; Jere Grady and Frankie Carpenter in *A Barrel of Money* 20; Robert Mantell Jan. 5.

BUQUOUE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (William T. Roth, manager): Sowing the Wind 8; good house and fine performance. George Saxe, Thomas Whiffen, Marshall Stidman, and Maud Edna Hall did excellent work. Charles H. Vale's *The Twelve Temptations* 10 to good house; scenery gorgeous and specialties excellent. Sol Smith Russell in *A Bachelor's Romance* 12 packed the house with a well-pleased audience.

CRESTON.—PATT'S OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Patt, manager): The Nibols Humpy Dumpty co. 11, 12 gave a fair performance.

OSKALOOSA.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (H. L. Briggs, manager): Van Dyke and Eaton closed a ten-days' engagement 18 to good business; co. good. Leeds, hypnotist, 18-19; F. E. Long co. 21-26.

ANAMOSA.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (C. R. Howard, manager): M. L. Kinsey in Uncle Tom's 12 to large business; good satisfaction. Frank Bristol lectured 18. House dark 21 Jan. 9.

PT. MADISON.—EMERSON GRAND (C. H. Salisbury, manager): Schilling's Minstrels gave a good performance to a big house, the ardent turn of the La Rose Brothers deserving special mention. The County Fair and its realistic horse race pleased a large audience 11. Murray and Mack in Flinigan's *Contingent* 15 kept a fair-sized audience in an uproar.

EDDORA.—WISNER OPERA HOUSE (G. E. Gilman, manager): Walter Whiteside in *The Merchant of Venice* 1 to good house; performance excellent. Boston

Opera co. 13 to poor business; performance good. Hoyt's National Attractions 14-19.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.—CRAWFORD OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, circuit manager; O. T. Crawford, local manager): Palmer Cox's *Brownies* 7 to S. R. O.; scenery and costumes attractive. John W. Dunn's *Amer can* to *Trans-ent* co. in *Off the Earth* drew a good house 10. Scenery, costumes and music first-class. The performance was one of the best ever seen here. 12-14 in N. G. Evans drew a fairly good house 11 and gave the best of satisfaction. Co. strong. Edmund L. Brooks as the King and Josep O'Meara as Fairfax were the best. Louis James in *Spartacus* drew a fair house 13, and gave the best rendition of that piece ever seen here. The support of Gay Lindsey proved so strong as to win the most favorable comment. Florence Everett and Anna Kruger also deserve mention. At the matinee *My Lord* and *Sons* 14 was presented. An American Girl 14.—
ITEM: CROWFIELD'S OPERA HOUSE: Dark.

WICHITA.—CRAWFORD GRAND OPERA HOUSE (E. L. Martling, manager): House dark week ending 12. Armer and Logan's co. in *Confusion* 17; Louis James 23-25; Sharpe's Lyceum Theatre co. week of Jan. 4.

PORT SCOTT.—DAVIDSON THEATRE (Harry C. Erich, manager): Louis James in *Spartacus* the Gladiator had a good house 12. Performance good. Frederick Ward Jan. 4; Lannigan's *Ball* 11; Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 20, 21; Murray and Mack 20.

WELLINGTON.—AT DUNROIN (Charles J. Hembury, manager): Sam Jones 7 in a crowded house. Lecture by N. D. Hill 11 to a full house.—
Wright's OPERA HOUSE (Ave. M. Black, manager): Wright's Minstrels 8, 9 gave poor satisfaction to fair business. The Comedy Idea's in reprise, Christmas week.

OTTAWA.—THE ROSE CUGH (Charles H. Ridgway, manager): Louis James presenting Spartacus 11 to a large and fashionable audience. Mr. James and his supports are first-class. The special scenery carried is very handsome. Jeannette Wren Lewis, concert pianist, assisted by house talent 18. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 20—
ITEM: Dave Whipple, stage manager at the Roanbough, joined Louis James co.

MAINE.—NAVRE DE GRACE—CITY OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Owens, manager): Fitz and Webster's A Comedy Time 12.

SHAWNEE.—COLUMBIA THEATRE (W. A. Owen, manager): The Wilber-Kirwin Opera co. 7 to small but big pleased audience; co. good and the scenery and costumes very fine.

BELFAST.—OPERA HOUSE (F. E. Cottrell, manager): Dark week of 14.

BATH.—COLUMBIA THEATRE (W. A. Owen, manager): The Wilber-Kirwin Opera co. 7 to small but big pleased audience; co. good and the scenery and costumes very fine.

AUGUSTA.—MASSON HALL (Frank A. Owen, manager): The Wilber-Kirwin Opera co. 10-12 canceled the latter date on account of poor business. House dark 13-31.

BANGOR.—OPERA HOUSE (Frank A. Owen, manager): The Wilber-Kirwin Opera co. opened a week's engagement 14 to good audience, full satisfaction. Edward Harrigan 21. The Gilligan Edgar co. 22.

BATH.—CASINO OPERA HOUSE (C. A. Shultz, manager): Kirwan (local) 15 to full house. A Convict's Daughter 22; A Green Goods Man 23; The Yellow Kid Jan. 7.

SHAWNEE.—CITY THEATRE (R. A. Harrington, manager): Local G. A. R. Post presented the spectacular Parade, to crowed houses week of 14.

AMHERST.—OPERA HOUSE (J. D. Oldfield, manager): Hoyt's Crowd Dramatic co. to crowded houses 9-13.

BALFOUR.—MUSIC HALL (H. E. Morgan, manager): Primrose and West's Minstrels gave a pleasing entertainment to a large audience 14. The Germans in *Galloping Abroad* 17. The Tornado, with matinee, 25.

NAVERHILL.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (James F. West, manager): Water Comedy co. 7, two weeks, to crowded houses at every performance; splendid co.; orchestra first-class.

PIERSBURG.—WHITNEY OPERA HOUSE (Stephen Bennett, manager): The Spa of Life 10; good business; play well presented. Mr. Barnes of New York 10; good business.—
ITEM: Owing to the closing of the Opera House at Worcester, Mass., the Barnes of New York co. stayed to 14.

GLoucester.—CITY HALL (Lothrop and Tolman, manager): House dark 10-12.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.—ELMWOOD OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Dinsbridge, manager): G. S. Minstrels gave a good performance 10; business fair. Non-Jellies in Kodak 21-22.

NEW BEDFORD.—THEATRE (William B. Cross, manager): 18-20; Mrs. G. S. Minstrels in *The Spectator* 12; fair business; good co. The Germans in *The Galloping Abroad* 13; small audience; fair co. Primrose and West's Minstrels 15; large audience; performances excellent. Bennett and Boston Comedy co. 21, for two weeks.

LEWISTON.—TOWN HALL AND OPERA HOUSE (G. E. Sandercock, manager): The Spa of Life 10; good business; fine production. Charles Hopper in *Chimney Pudding* 14; large audience. Play well received. George Nash and Marie Bates are prominent in the ex scenes supporting co. The Tornado (return) 20—
ITEM: The Barnes of New York co. laid off at Fitchburg 16, and the members enjoyed Chimney Pudding on their way.

WELLYVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (W. E. Kendall, manager): Conroy and Fox 14; a fair audience was much pleased with the performance. Primrose and West's Minstrels 17. Shore Acres 24—
ITEM: Eddie Empire (F. F. Murray, manager): Dan M. Cathy 10-12; large and well pleased audience.—
ITEM: Daniel A. Kelly 14-15, and Midnite Special 17-18.

SALEM.—MACRANIC HALL (Andrews, Weston and Johnson, managers): Primrose and West's Minstrels 14; a large audience.

ADAMS.—OPERA HOUSE (H. G. Hicks, manager): Conroy and Fox co. in O'Flaherty's Vacation 15; crowded house. Robert Dowling 21; Sowing the Wind Jan. 5.

LAWRENCE.—OPERA HOUSE (A. L. Grant, manager): Priate and West's Minstrels, without Billy West and George Wilson, gave an unsatisfactory performance to a packed house 10. Pack's Bad Boy 12; good and well pleased audience.—
ITEM: Daniel A. Kelly 14-15, and Midnite Special 17-18.

PLUMSBURG.—GRADUATE OF MUSIC (Maurice Callahan, manager): Conroy and Fox in O'Flaherty's Vacation 15; good satisfaction. Primrose and West's Minstrels 19.

PITTSFIELD.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (William J. Wiley, manager): The Sawtelle Dramatic co. began the second week of their engagement 15. They are appearing in a repertoire of *Lear* plays, and are giving two performances a day; business light. Hi Henry's Minstrels 20; the Germans 20; Mr. Barnes of New York 20—
ITEM: Eddie McCarthy co. 10-13 did a small business. Minco's City Club 14-16 to large and delighted audiences. Fair Sex Burlesque co. 21-22; Al Reeve's comb. 24-25; Black Crook Burlesque co. 23-25—
Ward's DARDEN THEATRE (E.

Robert house, giving a very fine entertainment. Bob Nov 19.

CHARLOTTE—**THEATRE**—**OPERA HOUSE** (Purcell and Bicker manager): King's Dilettantes, biography. 16; good house—Vagabonds 17-19; Ward Melville Extravagance 21-22.

LAWRENCE—**RAVEN'S OPERA HOUSE** (James J. Baird, manager): Ferguson and Kierick in "Mickey's Tonic" 4-6; fair to well 11; Bannick, magician, made his initial appearance here before his house 14. The "Mickey" Opera co. in Bob Nov had good business 15. A "Believe" Ticket 19—**STAR THEATRE** (Fred A. Ward, manager): The Castle Co. art on opened 14 to big crowd; 1st 100 given for each and did good business—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (F. W. Moore, manager): A "Candy Girl" 16, was given by the "Candy Girl" Co. The "Candy Girl" 16, 18 did fair business.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (E. W. Davis, manager): House dark 5-13.

ST. PETERSBURG—**NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Harry and Rose, managers): F. L. Vinton 10-12, small house—**Old Opera House**.

PERUSSIA—**LYRIC THEATRE** (W. R. Smith, manager): Anna Murphy to **Opera House** 10; pack & break and fair satisfaction. The Spider and the Fly 17.

CROOKSTON—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (T. H. Spain, manager): Joseph Murphy in **Opera House** 12; largest house in two years, and best of satisfaction. Spider and Fly 21—**THEATRE**: The Elks gave a social meeting after the performance in honor of Joseph Murphy and his co.

WINONA—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (J. Steppuhn, manager): Charles H. Yel's "Guitar" 10-12, good house. The work of Gus Davis, Jr., and the Elks' troupe, good satisfaction. Editha Vinton and the **Elks** 13; word of 14.

MINNEAPOLIS—**THE LYRIC** (L. H. Scott, manager): Marie Victoria 16; fair business; general satisfaction—House dark 15-21; the **Elks** 22-23.

MISSOURI.

JACKSON—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (R. L. Sampson, manager): McFerrin's **Martiniello** 16. In **Old Opera** 19.

GREENVILLE—**OPERA HOUSE** (Harry March, manager): F. L. Vinton's **Minstrels** 15 to fair house. Eddie Fox 21; French Extravaganza opened a week's engagement 22 to crowded house. French Jones 23, audience did right.

MISSOURI.

ST. JOSEPH—**THEATRE** (C. U. Phillips, manager): The **Elks** by a good on. **Elks** three days 9, 9, 9 of advanced price; **Elks** Smith Russell's **Opera House** 10; of course 10, presenting A "Babylon's Return." House will be "dark till after Christmas," according to **Elks** very connected now—**Opera House** (E. S. Johnson, manager): Eddie Fox, with pack to go to **Opera House** 11; 12 to 14 to fair business; E. S. Johnson 15; French and **Elks** 16-17.

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WARRENSBURG—**MAGNOLIA OPERA HOUSE** (Harry and Mary Ward, managers): House dark 15 Jan. 2; Lincoln J. Carter's **Fast Mail** 7. **ITASCA**: **Hagan's** **Lost in Egypt** on, discontinued after their performance in **Itasca**; part of co. returned home to remain until they receive new engagements.

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SHREWSBURY—**LYRIC THEATRE** (William Black, manager): The **World** 10-12 to very good business. Showings of the **Sixth** 16-18 delighted large audiences. The **Yellow Kid** to a good house 17. Durchsprangene Weiber 20; Wyoming Mail 21-22; Naval Cadet 24-25.

NEW YORK—**THEATRE** (J. S. Wardwell, manager): Robert Mantell in **Markham**, **Conrad**, and **F. C. Cox** in the **Moonlight** 20, 21 and 22—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Charles J. German, manager): Omes 10-12; passing performances to good houses—**PEOPLES' THEATRE** (William C. Cribb, manager): House dark 14-19. **ITASCA** (F. C. Cribb, manager): Uncle Tom's Cabin 14, 15 and 16 failed to appear.

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ELIZABETH—**LYRIC THEATRE** (A. H. Simonds, manager): Kennedy's **Impresarios** a fairly successful engagement 12, co. good. Lee, hypnotist, drew fairly well-filled houses 14-19. **FAIR 20**: **PRINCESS** and **WELL** 20—**PEOPLES' THEATRE** (Col. W. M. Morgan, manager): John Parson's C. C. co. on, closed a successful engagement 12, co. excellent. The **Yellow Kid** to well-filled houses 15, 16, and perfect satisfaction. The place is full of clever specialties, of which the **Spanish Sisters**, McFerrin's **Artie**, **Jack Angier**, **Flor** and **Silvia**, and the **Chapel** **Sisters** are deserving of mention. Margaret Fuller 21; **The New Girl** 22—**ITASCA**: Since the over-saturation appeared in **The Minstrel** in the **Peoples' Theatre**, C. C. M. Morgan has brought with application for dates—**Ed. C. C. Cribb**, **Uncle Tom's Cabin** 22, and **Fitz** and **Webster** 23 have been canceled.

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"CASPER THE YODLER"

With An Exceptionally Strong Cast.

EVERYTHING BRAND NEW.

Address KLAU & ERLANGER, Broadway and 40th St., New York.

opened for a week to fair business 14. The White

Chair 25. For Her Sake 24.

NEWTON.—DICKSON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Henry Dickson, manager): Charles Gardner in Fatherland 12; A Bowery Girl 21.

LOUISIANA.—WAGNER'S OPERA HOUSE (C. M. Russell, manager): See Brothers' Vaudeville co. 21, 22.

FREIGHT.—OPERA HOUSE (Hahn and Haynes, manager); F. H. Johnson Smith lectured 11 to a large but disappointed audience. Whitney Opera co. in Rob Roy 22.

NEW LEXINGTON.—SARNO'S OPERA HOUSE (T. J. Smith, manager): Lincoln J. Carter's Fan Mail 12 to a good audience; co. very poor. Walter and Walter's U. T. C. co. 12 to a large and well pleased audience. Spectre very clever.

WAGNER.—OPERA HOUSE (Elliott and Geiger, manager): Hennegan's Leroy's Other People's Money to a poor house. Spenser Comedy co. opened to a good west of 14.

HELLSFONTEIN.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (G. W. Gay, manager): Lincoln J. Carter's Fan Mail 8; good audience. De La's Comedians 14, 15.

GALLIPOLIS.—AZZARI OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Clark, manager): Holmes and W. Ford 12; good audience; fair attendance. Billy Van's Minstrels 9. Frazee's De Mille, lecture 10.

MORWALK.—GARDNER'S MUSIC HALL (L. C. Bradley, manager): Wilson Theatre co. 7-13 to good business. A Bowery Girl 18.

HILLBROOK.—SELLS OPERA HOUSE (Frank Ayres, manager): Sowing the Wind 17; The Beggar 29.

ZANESVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (R. D. Schultz, manager): Zaner's Band 15; business good. 8 miles 15. Post Hall 21. —MEMORIAL HALL (T. F. Spangler, manager): Holmes's V-bouche and Concert co. 21.

HAMILTON.—GLORY OPERA HOUSE (Connor and Smith, manager): The Mystic Midgets, given by house talent for the benefit of the Children's Home, 10. It was a decided success. Rich and Meader's The Man-in-War packed houses; co. and play well received. —DAVIS'S THEATRE (George E. Davis, manager): Charles A. Loder 10-12 in Midway to a large business and pleasing all. Sam F. Jack's co. in The Bull Fighters 16-18; large business; co. fair.

JOHNSTOWN.—CAMERIA THEATRE (Mishler and Myer, managers): Miss Philadelphia 10 was given a hearty welcome by one of the largest and most pleased audiences ever seen here. Willie Collier was admirably supported by Louis Allen, John Hyatt, Taylor Williams, Little Collins, B. D. Jones, and a host of others almost as clever. Gus Williams in One of the Few 11; and very appreciative audience. Daniel R. Ryan 10-12 in The Love Parade and Perils to moderate business. —SHAWNEE OPERA HOUSE (James G. Ellis, manager): Anna Wallace Villa in The World 4-9; Her 10 to a good house; universal satisfaction. —TOMAS: Ida Blaik of the Miss Philadelphia co. was the guest of Arthur George of this city 10. —Gus Williams and part of his co. was escorted to E. H. Ross' rooms after the performance 11 and given a hearty welcome.

PHOENIX.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (E. S. Robinson, manager): My Dad the Devil to a fair audience 8. Billy Van's Minstrels to 11 houses 11, 12.

PIQUA.—OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Cook, manager): John's Callahan in The Lost Paradise 9, 10; return engagement, to only fair business. —The Clara Schumann's Orchestra gave an entertainment in V. M. C. A. Auditorium 13 to a good house. —TOMAS: Callahan's co. disbanded here 11 as a result of poor business. —The S. S. Van-ee co. also closed here. Part of the co. left for Chicago with ex-members of reorganization.

EARL LIVERPOOL.—NEW GRAND (James Morris, manager): De G. urey and Mack's Comedians 8-10 at popular price to a good audience. —Hennegan's Leroy's, in co. presented Other People's Money 11 to fair business; good co. —Barker and Parrot's Players 14; full house; performance failed to please.

PHOTONIA.—ANDAS OPERA HOUSE (Campbell and Vane, manager): Cotton Spinner 8; good house. —Gillmore's Band 11; well-filled house and appreciative audience. —Marie Connelly, soloist, was well received. —A Bowery Girl 17; M. E. Concha (home talent) 18; Rock Comedy co. 21, 22; For Her Sake 20.

LIMA.—FAIRY OPERA HOUSE (W. A. Livermore, manager): A. M. Palmer's 17-18; delighted a packed house 9. A Bowery Girl, pleased a fair house 10. 8 Bell 18; good house; satisfactory performance. A Railroad Ticket 19.

Mr. VERNON.—WOODWARD OPERA HOUSE (Grant and Stevens, manager): Gilmore's Band drew a fair house 14.

TIFFIN.—HOBLE'S OPERA HOUSE (Charles L. Bratt, manager): Rich and Meader's The Cotton Spinner 11 to fair business; performance go-to satisfaction. Harry Williams's A Bowery Girl 16 to fair business; audience much disappointed.

HANFIELD.—MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE (E. R. E. D. manager): Post Hall 10; small house; good performance. —Charles Gardner 14; pleased a good audience. —Other Man's Wife 22; South Before the War 23. A Trip to Chinatown 21.

STUBBENVILLE.—CITY OPERA HOUSE (Charles J. Voga, manager): Mrs. Tom Thumb 10-12; fair business. The Cosmopolites 14; good house. Tim Murphy in Old Innocence and Sir Harry Hypnotized 15. The audience called him as the "certain three times" —TOMAS: Manager J. C. Cully, of Mrs. Tom Thumb's co., took the receipts and left the co. on their own resources. Mrs. Tom Thumb assumed the responsibility, and the, concluded their route after a few days delay.

PAULDING.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. P. Geary, manager): South Before the War 15 pleased a good house. Smith Sisters' Concert co. 19.

MARION.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Stoltz, manager): Lillian Russell in An American Beauty 12 to a very large and enthusiastic audience at advanced prices.

ELVIRA.—OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Pack, manager): A Baggage Check 12; A Straight Tip 21.

MARIST.—AUDITORIUM (M. G. Seipel, manager): Hennegan's L-roye in Other People's Money 22; A Baggage Check Jan. 8; The Beggar 18; Vain's Twelfth Temptation 20.

LANCASTER.—THEATRE STREET OPERA HOUSE (Clara Martin McNeil, manager): Mike Murphy in O'Dowd's Neighbors 11 to S. R. O. Splendid performance and delighted audience. —Sather and Martin's U. T. C. 15; good business; good performance. Slaves of Gold 17; Other People's Money 23.

LOGAN.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Fred A. Koppe, manager): Olivette, local, 14 to the biggest business of the season. Post Hall 22; The World Against Her 21.

NEWARK.—MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM (Foreman and Readbrough, manager): —Gumane's Band gave a splendid concert to a fair house 14. 8 Bell 17 —TOMAS: Fazie's Theatre (Walter Bell, manager): The Lyceum Theatre co. opened 14 for a week of repertoire to popular prices.

PORTSMOUTH.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. S. Grimes, manager): James Mac Hall 10-12. Co. and business good. —Sather and Martin's U. T. C. co. 21 and 22; —Agnes Wallace Villa 23 and matinee; the Vitascopco 1 Jan. 1 —TOMAS: Pier Dornan, late of Boston, 1 in Dugby 8; his co. —The paper used by the U. T. C. co. was the best ever seen here.

PITTSBURGH.—MARVIN OPERA HOUSE (W. C. Marvin, manager): A Bowery Girl 18 to fair business. Sowing the W. 21; Gus Hill's Novelties 24.

MAGGIE LON.—NEW ASSEMBLY (G. C. Havestock, manager): Tennessee Jubilee Singers 12; fair house; good concert. Military Band concert 10; good house; first-class concert. —A Baggage Check 18; Lola Pomery 21-22; Bay Tramp Jan. 8; Charles A. Loder 11.

OREGON.

BAKER CITY.—BUSH'S OPERA HOUSE (Phil V. Nebergall, manager): Julie Walters in Side-Tracked 10-12; good business; audience well pleased.

PENNSYLVANIA.

MANAYO CITY.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. J. Quirk, manager): Marvel, local hypnotist, drew a fair audience 12 and gave a good performance. Madge Tischer co. in repertory 13 opened a week's engagement 14 in The World to a crowded house; performance satisfactory. —Brook and The Singers 21, 22; For Fair Virginia 22; dreams of the Sixth 23 —TOMAS: The Sly Fox (John H. Hart, manager): Judge Aspinwall of Philadelphia lectured to a large audience 13. J. Z. Lester's World 18 —TOMAS: Hopkins's Vaudeville co. located in this region, have canceled all dates. W. H.

Gashell, who pays \$100 a year royalty to play The World once a week in Pennsylvania towns, was greatly surprised to find that during his co.'s engagement here, I. Z. Li himself would present The World in the rural theatre 14. Mr. Gashell found out that although he was paying for the right to produce the piece, that Mr. Little still reserved the right to produce his piece when and where he pleased. Carl Miller, of Parsonsburg, happened to bring actress, N. Y., where he will join the Charles Loder Minstrels 14, as pianist. —R. W. Ingersoll has been appointed dramatic editor of The Daily Record of this city. —Charles K. Kier, producer of the Grand Opera House, will go to Florida this month to spend the Winter. His health is bad. A house train has been placed on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, leaving the place about 12 m. and returning the passengers to the winter points.

R. W. SCHAFFER, PHA.

SCRANTON.—THE FROTHINGHAM (Weller and Reis, managers): Chauncey O'Court 10 in Movements to very large business; audience delighted. Frank Damon's Damon Opera co. 11 in The Wizard of the Nile to go business; co. and opera well 11; Mr. Daniels received many encores. —ACADEMY OF MUSIC (M. H. Burgunder, manager): Holmes's E. S. 14, 15 in The Man-in-War 11 to packed houses; co. and play well received. —DAVIS'S THEATRE (George E. Davis, manager): Charles A. Loder 10-12 in Midway to a large business and pleasing all. Sam F. Jack's co. in The Bull Fighters 16-18; large business; co. fair.

JOHNSTOWN.—CAMERIA THEATRE (Mishler and Myer, managers): Miss Philadelphia 10 was given a hearty welcome by one of the largest and most pleased audiences ever seen here. Willie Collier was admirably supported by Louis Allen, John Hyatt, Taylor Williams, Little Collins, B. D. Jones, and a host of others almost as clever. Gus Williams in One of the Few 11; and very appreciative audience. Daniel R. Ryan 10-12 in The Love Parade and Perils to moderate business. —SHAWNEE OPERA HOUSE (James G. Ellis, manager): Anna Wallace Villa in The World 4-9; Her 10 to a good house; universal satisfaction. —TOMAS: Ida Blaik of the Miss Philadelphia co. was the guest of Arthur George of this city 10. —Gus Williams and part of his co. was escorted to E. H. Ross' rooms after the performance 11 and given a hearty welcome.

EARL.—ARLON OPERA HOUSE (Dr. W. K. Detwiller, manager): Fanny Rice in At the French Hall was enjoyed by a small audience 7. Shore Acres 10-12; big business. George W. Wilson in the role of U. S. 11 was well received. W. A. Brad's Cotton King 10 to poor business; capable scenic effects well managed. Ned Burgess 19 in Old Miss Pudd; Margaret Foller in A Princess of Bagdad 22. Ward and Vokes 23 —TOMAS: Eddie Miles and Bobby Mack, who for several successive months have given a fine performance to a select audience 12. Trip to Chinatown 10-11; and very appreciative audience.

COLUMBIA.—OPERA HOUSE (James A. Allison, manager): Jessie Calef, booked to appear 17-19, canceled. —GARDONDALE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dan F. Dan F. manager): Chauncey O'Court in Movements 11 gave a fine performance to S. R. O. S. C. 11; singing received repeated encores. The Sage opened 14 to good business.

ASHLAND.—GRAND NEW OPERA HOUSE (Frank H. Wane, manager): M. Fadden's Reception 12 to good business; no performance.

JEANNETTE.—OPERA HOUSE: dark —TOMAS: The house is now without a manager. Mr. Kassell having resigned.

MCKEEPORT.—WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE (F. D. Hunter, manager): Miss Philadelphia pleased a large and fashionable audience 11. A Baggage Check amuses a packed house.

SELLERSVILLE.—GRANM'S OPERA HOUSE (Al Gardner, manager): James Young 10-12, mid. gave a fine performance to a select audience 12. Trip to Chinatown 10-11.

BRADFORD.—WAGNER OPERA HOUSE (Wagner and M. L. manager): Tony Parcell in Ga Ry Owen 10; 12, 13, 14; 15, 16, 17, 18; 19, 20; 21, 22; 23, 24; 25, 26; 27, 28; 29, 30; 31, 32; 33, 34; 35, 36; 37, 38; 39, 40; 41, 42; 43, 44; 45, 46; 47, 48; 49, 50; 51, 52; 53, 54; 55, 56; 57, 58; 59, 60; 61, 62; 63, 64; 65, 66; 67, 68; 69, 70; 71, 72; 73, 74; 75, 76; 77, 78; 79, 80; 81, 82; 83, 84; 85, 86; 87, 88; 89, 90; 91, 92; 93, 94; 95, 96; 97, 98; 99, 100; 101, 102; 103, 104; 105, 106; 107, 108; 109, 110; 111, 112; 113, 114; 115, 116; 117, 118; 119, 120; 121, 122; 123, 124; 125, 126; 127, 128; 129, 130; 131, 132; 133, 134; 135, 136; 137, 138; 139, 140; 141, 142; 143, 144; 145, 146; 147, 148; 149, 150; 151, 152; 153, 154; 155, 156; 157, 158; 159, 160; 161, 162; 163, 164; 165, 166; 167, 168; 169, 170; 171, 172; 173, 174; 175, 176; 177, 178; 179, 180; 181, 182; 183, 184; 185, 186; 187, 188; 189, 190; 191, 192; 193, 194; 195, 196; 197, 198; 199, 200; 201, 202; 203, 204; 205, 206; 207, 208; 209, 210; 211, 212; 213, 214; 215, 216; 217, 218; 219, 220; 221, 222; 223, 224; 225, 226; 227, 228; 229, 230; 231, 232; 233, 234; 235, 236; 237, 238; 239, 240; 241, 242; 243, 244; 245, 246; 247, 248; 249, 250; 251, 252; 253, 254; 255, 256; 257, 258; 259, 260; 261, 262; 263, 264; 265, 266; 267, 268; 269, 270; 271, 272; 273, 274; 275, 276; 277, 278; 279, 280; 281, 282; 283, 284; 285, 286; 287, 288; 289, 290; 291, 292; 293, 294; 295, 296; 297, 298; 299, 300; 301, 302; 303, 304; 305, 306; 307, 308; 309, 310; 311, 312; 313, 314; 315, 316; 317, 318; 319, 320; 321, 322; 323, 324; 325, 326; 327, 328; 329, 330; 331, 332; 333, 334; 335, 336; 337, 338; 339, 340; 341, 342; 343, 344; 345, 346; 347, 348; 349, 350; 351, 352; 353, 354; 355, 356; 357, 358; 359, 360; 361, 362; 363, 364; 365, 366; 367, 368; 369, 370; 371, 372; 373, 374; 375, 376; 377, 378; 379, 380; 381, 382; 383, 384; 385, 386; 387, 388; 389, 390; 391, 392; 393, 394; 395, 396; 397, 398; 399, 400; 401, 402; 403, 404; 405, 406; 407, 408; 409, 410; 411, 412; 413, 414; 415, 416; 417, 418; 419, 420; 421, 422; 423, 424; 425, 426; 427, 428; 429, 430; 431, 432; 433, 434; 435, 436; 437, 438; 439, 440; 441, 442; 443, 444; 445, 446; 447, 448; 449, 450; 451, 452; 453, 454; 455, 456; 457, 458; 459, 460; 461, 462; 463, 464; 465, 466; 467, 468; 469, 470; 471, 472; 473, 474; 475, 476;

Wood, manager): Remenyi 9 to good business. This was his third appearance here and the enthusiasm was so great he was forced to respond to seven encores. —COURT HOUSE AUDITORIUM: Eleanor Maude Haynes gave a recital 16 before a fashionable audience.

TEXAS.

WACO.—THE GRAND (Sid H. Weis, manager): Barlow Brothers' Minstrels pleased fair audiences 7, matinee and night, and rendered a first-class performance; everybody pleased. Professor Laska, hypnotist, 9-11; fair business. R. Abel Morrison presented Carpenters 12, matinee and night, to fair-sized audiences, and gave general satisfaction. "The Bull Fight" by the wonderful El Dorado, in the last act, brought down the house. Edward Elmer, leading man, proved very well, while the remainder of the cast was only fair. Hoyt's A Black Sheep 14; The Berry Pickers, local talent, 16; Frank Jones 17; An Innocent Sinner 21; Minnie Maddern Fiske 21; Lannigan's Ball 25; Darkest Russia 28.

PALESTINE.—TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE (Dilley and Smith, managers): The Shipp Brothers, English Hand Bell Ringers, assisted by May E. Shipp, reader, 7 to very large and select audience. A splendid entertainment, and everyone well pleased.

GREENVILLE.—KING OPERA HOUSE (J. O. Tengden, manager): Carnival and trades display 11; S. R. O. at popular prices.

DALLAS.—OPERA HOUSE (George Ansey, manager): Lewis Morrison 8, 9, and matinee; good business. Barlow Brothers 11; topheavy house. Hoyt's A Black Sheep to one of the best houses of season; audience disappointed. Professor Lee, hypnotist, 16-17; Rosabel Morrison 18, 19; Minnie Maddern Fiske 25.

CLARKSVILLE.—T. ILLING'S OPERA HOUSE (R. M. Weaver, manager): McCabe and Young's Black Trilly to crowded house 9; performance very good.

EL PASO.—MYAN'S OPERA HOUSE (J. Godwin Mitchell, manager): Darkest Russia 17, 18; Fast Mail 19; Dr. Seign's 22.

NAVASOTA.—COLUMBIA OPERA HOUSE (M. Gabert, manager): House dark.

ORANGE.—GATE CITY OPERA HOUSE (P. Lusson, manager): House, dark.—S. R. O.'s OPERA HOUSE (H. Brown, manager): House dark.

TYLER.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (T. W. Parks, manager and manager): McFet's Matrimonial Bureau 8; good business; performance satisfactory. Rosabel Morrison 21.

MARSHALL.—OPERA HOUSE (Johnson Brothers, managers): McFet and McGuire 11; good business. Clay Clement 15; Minnie Maddern Fiske 21.

PORT WOOD.—GREENWALL'S OPERA HOUSE (Phil W. Greenwall, manager): Lewis Morrison presented Faust 7 to well-filled house. Hoyt's A Black Sheep was presented 11 to S. R. O.; on good. Barlow Brothers' Minstrels 12, matinee and night, to small houses.

HILLSBORO.—LEVY OPERA HOUSE (Shields and Marshall, managers): Barlow Brothers' Minstrels 8; topheavy house and well-pleased audience. Rosabel Morrison in Carmen 15.

TEXARKANA.—CHIO'S OPERA HOUSE (Harry Kirch, manager): McFet's Matrimonial Bureau 9 to only fair business. McCabe and Young's Black Trilly 10; fair house. Blind Bouie Concert Co. 11 drew an appreciative audience, though small. Morrison's Faust Jan 4.

TERRELL.—BRINS OPERA HOUSE (Samuel L. Day, manager): Barlow Brothers' Minstrels 10; large and appreciative audience. Minnie Maddern Fiske 20.

PLATONIA.—ARMIN AND LAW OPERA HOUSE (A. Bransford, manager): Schubert Stock co. 7, 8, matinee; co. fair, but short of people. Uncle Josh Sprachy 16.

SULPHUR SPRINGS.—MAIN STREET OP. HA HOUSE (J. L. by 6, manager): Rickey and Williams' A Lyceum Entertainment 7, 8; good business. Mand Robertson, assisted by local talent, gave a musical and recital 3 to good business.

SHERMAN.—CON'S OPERA HOUSE: Hoyt's A Black Sheep to a full house 10. An American Girl 8 had a good house.

DECATUR.—OPERA HOUSE (Milton L. Eppstein, manager): Black Trilly co. 6; topheavy house; performance only fair. An American Girl 8; well-filled house and well-pleased audience. Barlow brothers' Minstrels 15.

SEGUIN.—ELKHORN'S OPERA HOUSE (H. Friedlander, manager): Uncle Josh Sprachy 18.

CORRIGAN.—MERCHANT'S OPERA HOUSE (L. C. R. Price, manager): Barlow Brothers' Minstrels 9 to topheavy house.

INDUSTRIAL.—SWENSON AND COOK'S OPERA HOUSE: Henry Greenwall, lessee; E. Bergman, manager: Rosabel Morrison in Carmen 8 to satisfactory business. The Devil's Auction drew a fair house 10. Uncle Josh Sprachy by afternoon and evening 11 to only fair business. House dark 12-13; Hoyt's A Black Sheep 15.

VOAKUM.—FROM STANZER THEATRE (8-by and Marshall, managers): George W. Bailey lectured on "China and the Chinese" to extremely small audience. Uncle Josh Sprachy Comedy co. 22; Frank P. Jones Jan. 6.

VICTORIA.—HAMILTON'S OPERA HOUSE (Hauschild, S. others, managers): Uncle Josh Sprachy 25.

CALVERT.—CASIER'S OPERA HOUSE (J. P. Casier, manager): House dark 14-15.—THE: Lannigan's Ball booked for 16 canceled without notice.

BASTROP.—OPERA HOUSE: The Swartz Stock co. 5 to poor business; co. only fair. Uncle Josh Sprachy 8 to last house of season; play well received. Hempel Quartette booked for 11 failed to appear.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.—SALT LAKE THEATRE (C. S. Brown, manager): "Hanging Delta Fox in Fleuret" and Little Tropier 7-9 to full houses.—THE: The season at the Grand 25—Much dissatisfaction is expressed on account of Madame Nordica can't bring her engagement to sing in The Tabernacle Christmas night.

CHICAGO.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Joseph Clark, manager): Pirates of Penzance co., composed of Salt Lake City local talent, pleased to a packed house 10 and was a magnificent success. Louise Savage as Mabel scored a great hit. Deacon Thompson's Old Homestead co. to big business and a satisfied house. Julie Walker's Side-Tracked 15.

VERMONT.

BURLINGTON.—HOWARD OPERA HOUSE (W. E. Walker, manager): Wang 12, matinee and evening to S. R. O.; Span of Life 15; U. V. M. Concert 17; Robert Mantell 22; Hoyt's The Soldier 25.

BENNINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE (T. M. Tiffany, manager): Wang to a 400 house; on first-class and audience well-satisfied.—THE: Rockwell's Theatre co. opened for a week at Free Library Hall 14 in the Great Diamond Room; to S. R. O.

BELLOWS FALLS.—OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Blakley, manager): House dark 10-17.

MONTPELIER.—BLANCHARD OPERA HOUSE (G. S. Blanchard, manager): Robert Mantell in Mouhers 22; A Tin Soldier 22; Lillian Kennedy Jan. 25.

BRATTLEBORO.—AUDITORIUM (G. E. Fox, manager): House dark 10-17; Conroy and Fox 18.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Thomas G. Lester, manager): "Hanging Delta Fox in Fleuret" and Little Tropier 7-9 to a large house. The work of Mr. B. and L. Joyce Bell was much enjoyed. Stuart Robson and a very good co. presented Mrs. Ponderbury's P-14 to a fairly good house. Mr. Robson is quite a favorite here, but his audience seemed much disappointed in the play. Rickey's E-angeline, owing to a violent storm, was greatest 15 by only a small audience, but the warmth of their reception stoned to a large extent for their number. The costumes were fresh, choré pretty and specialities well done. Viola Fortescue and Mae Baker

were both in excellent voice and answered to numerous encores and George K. Fortescue was excellent.

ALEXANDRIA.—NEW OPERA HOUSE (Roy D. Hanger, manager): The Ideals in repertoire 7-14 to S. R. O. and two large matinee audiences. M. B. Street and Bertrice Earle deserve special mention. A Breezy Time 21; Little Trice 29.

LYNCHBURG.—OPERA HOUSE (F. M. Dawson, manager): Woodword and Howell co. opened a week's engagement 14 in repertoire.

PETERSBURG.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC: House dark 14-19.—THE: The Academy will be sold at public auction 23.

CHARLOTTESVILLE.—JEFFERSON AUDITORIUM (J. Leterman, manager): Woodward-Warren co. closed a week's engagement 13 to fair business; co. first-class. Eugene Blair 20; A Private Secretary 20; Little's World Jan 1; Sona's Band 1; Our Flat 7; Powell's magician 11.

ROANOKE.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (C. W. Beckner, manager): In G.-N.-W. York 10; good performance to nice business. Lost Paradise 28.

WASHINGTON.

NEW WHATCOM.—LIGHTHOUSE THEATRE (J. G. McNamara, manager): Katie Puiman 4; excellent performance; house fair.

TACOMA.—TACOMA THEATRE (S. C. Heilig, manager): La Loie Fuller 9 to light attendance. Her special work was heartily enjoyed, even though a tiresome performance preceded her. Katie Puiman 9 in The Old Lime Kiln; good performance. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiser gave a piano recital 10 which pleased the audience.

SEATTLE.—THEATRE (Cal Holz, manager): Katie Putnam The Old Lime Kiln and Love Finds a Way to good business 5, 9. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiser, pianist, to good house 9, 10. La Loie Fuller and her vaudeville co. 11.

SPOKANE.—AUDITORIUM (Harry C. Hayward, manager): An American Citizen and The Rivals by Nat Goodwin and co. 7, 8 to S. R. O. Ursie Tom's Cabin presented to a large audience 11.—THE: Harry C. Hayward, manager of the Auditorium in this city, has been appointed manager of the Grand Opera House at Wallace, Idaho, and also of the Roseland Opera House, at Roseland, B. C.—Nat Goodwin made a speech before the curtain during the presentation of The Rivals, in which he stated that he was about to add to his repertoire a new American play, written by an American author, and American actors only would be engaged to present it.

WALLA WALLA.—OPERA HOUSE (John Paine, manager): Jules Walters and Co. in Side Tracked 7; good house and general satisfaction. The Messiah by Whitman College Oratorio Society 18.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING.—OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Finster, manager): The New York theatre co. in repertoire 8-13 to poor business owing to misconduct of disgruntled members of co. performance fair. Lizzie N. Wilson, Mortimer Martin and Harry F. Dixon made a very favorable impression. Home talent 23.—THE: J. M. Wall, director, manager of above co., attached house receipts and the talents of Maurice George H. Abbott between third and fourth acts of Castle Morris, night of 12, for \$100 salary alleged due him and wife who had been rejected in the attempted reorganization of the co. Other actors then refused to render the last act, and asked the audience to demand the return of their money. Better judgment prevailed, however, and the performance was concluded.

CLARKSBURG.—TRADERS' GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Barne and Horner, managers): The Players' Club, of Wheeling, to fair business 11; performance excellent and well received. Edward B. Francis' 11 and A. Linn Hennig were exceedingly clever. The Mikado presented by Professor Gus Smith, ably assisted by local talent, was enthusiastically received by a large audience. Performance very good. House dark 16-24.

CHARLESTON.—BURLIN OPERA HOUSE (N. S. Burrow, manager): Shipp Brothers Concert co. 18; fair business. Agnes Wallace Villa in The World Against Her 24; Harmony Lovers in Other People's Money 25; Clinton G. Glee Club 1.

HUNTINGTON.—DAVIS THEATRE (B. T. Davis, manager): John Griff in Faust to poor business 8; Nancy Hanks to the largest house of the season 11 and deserved it. Word Against Her 23; Lost Paradise 25; Other People's Money 26.

CHARLESTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Sca's, manager): Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wayne had a very fair week's engagement 7; excellent co. Toronto 10. J. Reynolds is seeking damages from the Dominion Express Co. here for non-delivery of paper. If the co. is not satisfactorily arranged an action will be entered.

CHATHAM.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Sca's, manager): The bill week of 14-19 comprises the Aninstograph, the La Morte, Otto Lyon, Bessy and Hogan and Mystic Translators to good business.—AUDITORIUM THEATRE (John W. Carter, manager): The Verona, the Accalatines Brothers, the Mills, Charley Case, Charles Diamond and Komo and Welsh to good business 14-19.—THE: The Metropolitan Opera co. stranded here 7-12. The co. was under the management of Henry Gran, and came here some \$200 in debt to the Grand Trunk Railway for transportation. On Tuesday or Wednesday Mr. Gao left for New York, but neglected to make arrangements for the continuance of the performances. Manager Shepard made a proposition to the members of the co. for the carrying out of the programme, which was accepted, and the co. filled their engagement to the end of the week. The co. consisted of about twelve principals, twenty-four chorus singers and eighteen in the orchestra, with Mr. Nasonoff as conductor. The solo singers were Madame Von Janischewski, Nini Bertli Humphreys, Lizzie MacNichol, Simon Monte griff, Payne Clarke, Edward Knight, T. Dudley and Kirc. The receipts for the week were estimated at \$1,000, and the largest business was done at the representation of Carmen.

ST. THOMAS.—DUNCOMBE'S NEW OPERA HOUSE (T. H. Duncombe, manager): Prof. Reynolds, mezzos, 7 and went to light business; bright and pleasant entertainment.—NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. Thomson, manager): House dark week of 7.—THE: Prof. J. Reynolds is seeking damages from the Dominion Express Co. here for non-delivery of paper. If the co. is not satisfactorily arranged an action will be entered.

CHATHAM.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Sca's, manager): Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wayne in Sive to See, The Plunger and other plays 16-19 to very light business; on good and prices popular. Myra Collins canceled 21-22. Wang Cline 7.—THE: Thomas Ellwood and Lettie Shepard joined the Wayne co. here, replacing George Goll and Rena Trumbull.

BERLIN.—OPERA HOUSE (G. O. Phillips, manager): Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wayne in Sive to See, The Plunger and other plays 16-19 to very light business; on good and prices popular. Myra Collins canceled 21-22. Wang Cline 7.—THE: Thomas Ellwood and Lettie Shepard joined the Wayne co. here, replacing George Goll and Rena Trumbull.

WOODSTOCK.—OPERA HOUSE (Charles L. Pyne, manager): House dark 14-19. Fred C. Whitney's Comedy co. in a Domestic Skirmish 22. Son's Before the War Jan. 7; Wang 8; Walker Whiteside 13.

KINGSTON.—MARTIN'S OPERA HOUSE (W. C. Martin, manager): Harry Lindley played a four nights' engagement opening 10 to big business. Albion 18.

VANCOUVER.—OPERA HOUSE (Robert Jamison, manager): La Loie Fuller delighted a packed house 10. Corinne Extravaganza co. 15, 16.

HAMILTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (F. W. Stair, manager): The Mikado 10-14, by local talent, gave five very creditable performances, which were enjoyed by large audiences. The Harry Lindley on 16 in 19 in repertoire to fair business at popular prices. A Domestic Skirmish 21; Gus Hill's New York Stars 22.

HALIFAX.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. B. Clarke, manager): W. H. Lytell produced A Dark Secret 16; S. R. O. Francis Drake was new honors as also did Mr. Drunier. Eva Randolph made a hit in her songs.

QUEBEC.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Parent and Maguire, managers): Stock co. in The Two Orphans and A Citizen of the World 7-12; good business. They were assisted by Carrie Ross, Zelma Reinhard and Alonso Hatch. The stock co. opened the fourth week of their engagement 14 in The Private Secretary to a very good house.

ROCKVILLE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (F. I. Ritchie, manager): Madame Albani and her excellent co. 14 delighted the largest audience ever in this house. Al Hart in Wang 23.

BARRIE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (John Powell, manager): Victoria University Glee and Mandolin Club of Toronto 10; fair house and good performance. Barrie Operatic Co. in Iolanthe 25.—THE: The Opera House is now completed and is one of the handsomest and best equipped theatres in the Dominion.

LINDSAY.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Fred Burk, manager): Wilson Comedy co. opened for week of 7-12 to fair business. Wilson's Minstrels 20.

LONDON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. E. Root, manager): Orient Minstrels, local 14; creditable performances good house. Toronto University Glee Club 10; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wayne 21-26.—MUSIC HALL (Alex Harvey, manager): John Reynolds, mezzos, 14-19; fair business. Marks Brothers' Comedy co. 21-26.

CHARLES A. GARDNER (Del S. Smith, manager): Columbus 1, D. C. 21-24; Indianapolis, Ind., 24-26; Baltimore, Md., 25-Jan. 2; Brooklyn, N. Y., 25-Jan. 2.

CHIMNEY FADDEN (George Bowles, manager): Brooklyn, N. Y., 25-Jan. 2; Philadelphia, Pa., 25-Jan. 2.

CHINCHIN O'COTT (Augustine Piton, manager): Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 21-22; Marion 23; Springfield 25.

CURTIS COMEDY: Pacific, Kansas, Dec. 21-22.

CROW DRAMATIC: Carrollton Mo., Dec. 21-22.

CHURCH DRAMATIC: Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 21-22.

CLARA TURNER (Baker, Lorenz and Co., manager): Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 22-23, 25; Little Rock, Ark., 24; Hot Springs, 25; Paris, Tex. 26.

CLAY CLIMENT (Ira J. La Motte, manager): Bryan, Tex., Dec. 24-25; Houston 25, 26; San Antonio 27, 28; Austin 29; Dallas 31, Ft. Worth Jan. 1, 2; Gainesville 4; Paris 5; Ft. Smith, Ark., 7; Springfield, Mo., 8; Joplin 9.

COON HOLLOW (Al Caldwell, manager): Dover, N. J., Dec. 24-25; Reading, Pa., 25, 26; Pottsville 26; Shenandoah 26; Mahanoy City 26; Hazleton 26; Wilkesbarre 26; Jan. 1, 2.

CORSE PAYTON (W. E. Dennison, manager): Sa. Norwalk, Conn., Dec. 21-22; Holyoke, Mass., Jan. 2.

CRIMSON FADDEN (George Bowles, manager): Brooklyn, N. Y., 25-Jan. 2; Philadelphia, Pa., 25-Jan. 2.

CRIMSON DRAMATIC (W

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

CHICAGO.

Christmas Week Attractions—Notes of the Theatres—“Biff” Hall’s Holiday Chat.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 21.

Not long ago I was somewhat shocked when one of my prairie-actor friends informed me, confidentially, in “*The Dzine*,” that the show business was “on the bum.” And now I believe him. Last Thursday I was forced, against my will, into the toy precinct of one of our big department stores, and there I encountered a white-bearded Santa Claus who was patting “kids” upon their heads and ostentatiously entering their Christmas orders in a big book he carried. I looked on for only a moment or two and then I started to crowd my way through the packed aisle, when, much to my surprise, the Santa Claus tapped me on the shoulder and said: “Hello, ‘Biff’! I tried to pierce the cotton beard, but in vain. However, I recognized him, when he whispered in my ear, as the pessimistic actor of “*The Dzine*,” and I readily agreed with him that the show bus’ness was “on the bum” when a repertoire comedian, recognized in Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, and Oklahoma, should be forced to appear as Santa Claus in a 10 to 30 store during the holiday season for a salary “small but sure.” What are we coming to?

The big hit of the theatrical season here has been scored by Mr. Sothern in his new play, *An Enemy to the King*, which started in upon its second week at Hooley’s to-night. It is magnificently mounted, capitally acted and the theatre has been packed to the doors at every performance. It could be continued indefinitely to a great business, but the engagement is limited to one week here, after which N. C. Goodwin comes in his latest play, *An American Citizen*.

Should I ever publish my sourette album in book form I would endeavor to secure for a frontispiece a speaking likeness of Johnstone Bennett in her role of the “chorus sourette,” in the sketch, *A Quiet Evening at Home*, in which she is appearing with Miller Keat at the vaudeville houses. It is one of the most faultless character bits I have ever seen on the stage, and in itself it tempts Miss Bennett as a great comedienne. If she ever has “her picture took” in the part, I want one.

I cannot tell you how greatly shocked we all were to learn of the sudden death of Herrmann last week. He was a talented artist, a royal companion, and a good husband. He had accepted an invitation to the Forty Club’s Christmas dinner Dec. 29 and he will be greatly missed there. He never failed to greet the good fellows of the Forty when here.

Herrmann’s death left two vacant weeks at the Great Western, but they will be well filled by Frank Tannehill and Ignatio Martineti’s comedy company in their new skit, *Nancy Hanks*, which opened well to-night. Besides Tannehill, who is very funny, and the amusing Tannehill, there are Anna Boyd, Tom Burns, pretty Carrie Radcliffe, and other clever people, and the farce is very funny.

I have heard many hard luck stories in my time, but the tale of W. H. Thompson this season beats them all. First he spent two weeks here as a guest of typhoid pneumonia, then he broke his arm in *Under the Polar Star*, and now I see he has been accidentally scalped in a new play. In all his wildest dreams I don’t think Billy ever thought of such an unfortunate sequence.

After smashing all of McVicker’s time-honored records, Mr. J. H. Sonne has closed his Fall season and disbanded his company until Spring, and this week he is followed by his son Tom’s show, *Pudd’nhead Wilson*, with Theodore Hamblin in Mayo’s role and the same old company. The play was well comed by a large audience last evening.

I have this very enticing letter from my friend “Punch” Wheeler:

“Come over to the Revere House and I will introduce you to the Cherry Sisters. The hotel is all excitement. Last night, after the show, they went to their rooms and sent down to the clerk for some writing paper and a dictionary. John Cort went out on a Lake Shore train to meet them, with the keys to Chicago. He looked all through the sleepers and couldn’t find them. Thought they were sidetracked. Then he finally discovered them in the smoker, with their wardrobe and scenery in a hat rack. Their press work here is not a marker to the elaborate work of John Harley in New York. As he couldn’t say anything regarding their ‘acting,’ he confined himself to ‘High Life on the Farm’ stories, and the best one was to this effect: One day they were hauling a load of hay to town, when the rope that binds the long pole down on the load broke. Two of the sisters said that as they did not have a long distance to go they could manage it by straddling the pole, which they did all right enough until one of the wagon wheels struck a rut in the road, and the air was filled with Cherries for fifty feet, when the girls finally landed in a creek.”

Roland Reed’s new play, *Broadhurst*, has made a big hit at the Grand Opera House, and large crowds are rushing to see *The Wrong Mr. Wright*, with Roland’s eccentricities, Coote’s oddities, and Miss Rush’s wonderful gowns. The second and last week of the engagement opened well last night, and Sol Southwell will open his annual engagement New Year’s week.

I notice that my friend Bob Hilliard has been fighting again. Robert is more active in this line than Corbett or Fitzsimmons.

Good old May Irwin came here to the Columbia last night to fill in Mapleton’s second week with her new play by McNally, *Courted Into Court*, and she was greeted by a large audience, who enjoyed her work immensely. She has a number of new negro dialect songs which she sings in her own inimitable way, and her excellent company is well cast.

Carl A. Hassin is presenting Shirley and Landecker’s new dramatic drama, *The Lion’s Heart*, over at the Lincoln this week. This play has no connection with the one about the same animal’s mouth from the pen of Henry Guy Carleton, but it is very interesting.

F. M. Richardson, dramatic editor of the *Omaha Daily Bee*, has discovered Miss Lydia Fiore, who does a “turn” in the London production of *The Geisha*.

The Christmas week attraction at the Alhambra is *8 Bells*, while over at the Academy of Music Murray and Mack are seen in Flinigan’s *Courtship*.

The drama this week at Hopkins’s South Side house is *Boucicault’s* old-time favorite, *After Dark*. Madame Neuville and her son, Augustus Neuville, are at the Hopkins’s West Side house in *A Boy Tramp*.

Brooke’s Chicago Marine Band crowds the Columbia every Sunday afternoon, Theodore Thomas turns away music lovers at the Auditorium Friday afternoons and Saturday nights,

and Gustav Luder’s new Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra is filling the Galvin every Sunday afternoon. The Turner Hall Sunday concerts draw well, and we seem to like music here.

Katherine Kidd is to follow *Pudd’nhead Wilson* at McVicker’s, opening Jan. 1 in *Madame Sans Gêne*, and May Irwin is to be followed at the Columbia by Robert Taber and Julia Marlowe Taber next week.

Barrett Eastman, formerly dramatic critic of the *Chicago Journal* and *Chicago Tribune*, is now writing editorials on the New York *Journal*.

George Irish, with Carter’s *Tornado*, writes all the way from Laconia, N. H., to send Edith Coyote McClellan. He does not think she is a bird because she could not fly far with that name.

Major McKinley, of Canton, O., was here during the week looking after attractions for his Washington season.

THE MIRROR must have a very wide circulation in England. Recently I have had letters from Oswald Teesle and others regarding material in its columns, and I now have a line from Bristol, England, from an old friend, Thomas E. Murphy, who used to amuse us as a member of the team of Murray and Murphy. He encloses me a unique card reading as follows: “Jim Pymer, comedian, Glee Singer, Comic Singer and Father Vocalist, Shakespearean Jester, Clown and Comic Singer, Author, Age 21 in Advance, Ring Master, Stage Manager, Ballet Master, Chairman, Lecturer, Foreman of Bill Posters, Bill Inspector, Licensee and Manager, Licensed Victualler, Treasurer, Petty Cash Manipulator, and now at the Folly Theatre of Varieties, Peter Street, Manchester. Will you kindly pass me to see the entertainment? Yours respectfully, J. Pymer.” His card was inscribed “To Mr. Thomas E. Murray,” and was presented to the comedian while he was playing at the Princess Theatre, Manchester, recently. “I gave him a box,” writes Murray, “as I consider him entitled to more than one seat. I learned that he has really filled every position he mentions, and is now playing the music halls though over seventy years old.” Mr. Murray is now playing the British provinces with a musical comedy called *On the Marsh*. His musical director is George Bung. Good name.

Two young men had a street fight in my district the other night, and the next morning found them before me in the police court, together with a very pretty young woman, who it appears had been at the bottom of the quarrel. You know a woman always is. One of the young belligerents testified that when he was on the ground the young woman had “kicked him in the eye.” I looked at her inquiringly, and she said, indignantly: “No, your honor; I want you to know that I am a lady. I would not kick any gentleman in the eye, unless,” she added, “I saw that he was getting the best of a friend of mine.” And I felt like exclaiming: “Noble girl!”

I wish all of you a merry Christmas. You all deserve it.

BOSTON.

Fair Business at the Hub—Current Attractions—Benton’s Gossip.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BOSTON, Dec. 21.

Christmas week has been looked forward to with no happy anticipation by any of the managers in this city, but the business here has been far better than that reported in other cities.

Few changes of importance take place at the different houses this week. At the Tremont De Wolfe Hopper comes back with E. Capitan, and the success which that opera made on its original presentation here promises to be more than duplicated, as the present season is at its height. Hopper was fonder than ever to-night, and the house was crowded.

At the Castle Square *The Lily of Killarney* was revived to-night with a cast differing in many respects from that which marked its original production at this house a year ago. I am sorry to hear that Oscar Girard is going to leave the organization to go to Philadelphia, but the programme for the next two weeks is so arranged that he would not be seen to advantage, and therefore the change is made.

There are thrills of all sorts at the Bowdoin Square this week where the noted *ama*, When London Sleeps, keeps everybody awake.

Brother Against Brother opened at the Columbia to-night with the same cast which marked its presentation in New York last week; therefore, there is nothing new for me to say about it to-night with the exception that Manager Samuels’ cosy theatre was packed.

This is the last week of Maurice Barrymore in *Spring Dick* and Co. at the Boston. I understand that the company has received its two weeks’ notice and that the season will close with the Boston engagement. The War of Wealth is to be the last week of Sue at the Museum.

The engagement has been a perfectly satisfactory one from a monetary point of view, and Annie Russell and Guy Standing go away from Boston greater favorites than ever. The offer of Charles Frohman to give a \$15 prize for the best non-professional criticism sent to the Boston *Journal* aroused a great deal of interest, and that paper was deluged with amateur critics.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen continues to fill the Park at each performance, and the various members of the company are making themselves decidedly at home in Boston. Louis Harrison is wonderfully well fitted in his part, and has made everybody laugh. I wish that Irene Verona only had more opportunities, but she is so clever that everything that she does appears to advantage.

The Heart of Maryland has two more weeks at the Hollis, and that theatre has yet to see an empty chair during the run of the play. Mrs. Carter has set all the critics of Boston making glorious prophecies for her future dramatic work, and Herbert Kelcey and Frank McDowell have also won much praise.

There was a presentation at the Bowdoin Square last Friday night, when W. J. McDowell was made happy that he had come to Boston.

Fannie Bulkeley retires from the stage after this season, so as to go to Paris to study for grand opera.

Henry Woodruff, who is now a junior at Harvard, returned to the stage last week for the sake of appearing at a special matinee, which was a fashion show function. Three plays were presented, *Mars’ Van*, by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Emma Sheridan Fiv, in which Mr. Woodruff, Grant Stewart, Maud Horford, Mabel Disney, and Portia Albee appeared; *Susie*, a one-act play by John Ernest McCann, in first performance, in which Guy Standing, Theodore Roberts, Malcolm Williams, and Mrs. Grant Stewart appeared; and *Chattenton*, the Dreamer, a new version of this story not before produced, in which Mr. Woodruff, Katherine Walker, Horace Lewis, Rachel Noah, Guy Standing, and W. C. Mason took part. While no name was given on the programme it was understood that Chattenton was the work of Mrs.

BARON HOHENSTAUFFEN in “THE NEW DOMINION.” TOUR OF MR.

MATHIAS in “THE BELLS.”

CLAY CLEMENT

Houston, Tex., Dec. 25, 26, San Antonio 27, 28, Austin 29, Waco 30, Dallas 31.

In preparation, “A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN,” an original romantic comedy.

Management IRA J. LA MOTTE, KLAU & ERLANGER’S EXCHANGE.

Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, whose skill as a dramatist was admirably shown in this bill. I have rarely witnessed a more effective one-act piece than this, the success being equally divided between the effectiveness of the dramatist and the artistic impersonation of the boy poet by Mr. Woodruff.

Local views have been added to the Cinema tour at Keith’s, and a great success has been achieved.

I said last week that they were going to pirate in Old Kentucky for the sake of sweet charity Wednesday. They did not. The audience gathered, and upon reaching the theatre found that a sudden change of bill had been made, owing to the interference of the authorities in behalf of those who owned the play in New York. As a result, Aunt Betsy was the play.

The Hasty Pudding play at Harvard is nearing completion. It is the work of Herbert Schurz, of 97, and J. A. Carpenter, who wrote the music for last year’s performance.

Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland could not attend the meeting of the *Players* Club last week, as it was expected. In her place H. L. Southwick spoke on “Hamlet.”

A proposition is made to make a benefit in this city in memory of Alexander Salvini. Salvini’s start as a star was made here, and here were hosts of his best friends.

Louis C. Benton, one of the *Cadets*’ best stars, is recovering from his illness, and will play the Queen of the Fairies in *Simple Simon*.

Wabel Disney, the pretty sister of Henry E. Disney, made a certain hit in the performance of Mars’ Van given by Harry Woodruff last week.

Joseph Haworth was ill last week, and out of the performance of Sue a part of the time, but he is back in the cast now, and is well enough to start for the West to support Modjeska for her brief tour.

My Friend from India is to be the next attraction at the Park, all efforts to continue the run of *Lost, Strayed or Stolen* having failed, as engagements in other cities cannot be bought off.

Isabel U. Quhart has been in Boston on a visit to her husband, Guy Standing.

A testimonial concert to Colonel J. H. Mapleton is to be given at the Boston.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to give her Christmas dinner in the Star dressing room at the Hollis. The room is a perfect boudoir, and is wonderfully well equipped.

Pauline Carrington Rust, a novelist from the South who has made her home in Boston for the past few years, has written *An Exchange of Identities*, a theosophical comedy, with Dave Davidson.

Charles E. Blaney’s new play, *The Electrician*, will be produced at the Bowdoin Square Jan. 18. When I saw an advertisement of *The Ancients in London* by Medora R. Crosby, I was mystified, but then it occurred to me that the author was Mrs. E. H. Crosby, who is the wife of the dramatic editor of the *Post*, and whose receptions to prominent actors are brilliant social events.

William Seymour celebrated his forty-first birthday last week. May he have forty-one more before he leaves Boston!

Hugh McNally is doing the preliminary press work for *A Polar Star*.

Katherine Walker, who appeared at Harry Woodruff’s matinee, is the eldest daughter of Mrs. James Edmonton Walker, once one of the Boston *Idols*.

Tommy Ruessell is spending the holidays in Boston with his sister Annie. JAY BENTON.

WASHINGTON.

Production of Hoyt’s *A Contented Woman*—Other Attractions—A Successful Suit.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.

The beginning of the starting tour of Eugenie Blair (Mrs. Robert Downing) was heralded to night by an outpouring of personal friends and the public that crowded R. P. & Co.’s Academy of Music to the doors. The star’s selection of *East Lynne* as the opening play was a happy one. Clever and always artistic as the heroine in classical representations, she surprised everyone by her assumption of the parts of “ady” Isabel and Madame Vane, giving characterizations that at once stamped her as an actress possessed of rare emotional power. An excellent company was seen in support. Edwin Ferris, who heads, was a capital Sir Francis Lovison. Mrs. Ella Green a capital Miss Corrie, Carlyle. Other that deserve note are William Brannell, W. B. Downing, Louis Froholt, Stuart Robertson, Joseph Williams, Linda Downing, Cora Wells and Walter Wells. The play was given under personal direction of Robert Downing. The Flying Jordan follows.

In Gay New York enjoys an excellent send-off on its opening at Albaugh’s Lafayette Square Opera House. A large and well-pleased audience strongly demonstrated their approval of the many good things offered, and the excellent way they are done by Walter Jones, David Warfield, Louis Harrison, Jeannette Lind, Christine Nilsson, E. S. Tarr, Arthur V. Gibson, Lucy Dahl, Gilbert Gregory, William E. Rich, and the dainty little dancer, La Lise. The Gay Parades is the next attraction.

Hoyt’s *A Contented Woman*, seen here for the first time, attracts a very large audience to R. P. & Co.’s National Theatre. Caroline Minot Hoyt received a cordial greeting on her appearance and was honored for a most praiseworthy performance of the leading role. The play was adequately staged and interpreted by a talented company, including William H. Currie, Frank Lough, Max Freeman, Rose Sander, Amy Ames, Madeline Lester, Eddie Gervis, George O’neill, Tom Horrigan, Adelicia Ober, Sallie Michel, Emma E. Van, and Margaret McDonald. The *Madame* follows.

The Great Northwest, which opened to night at Kornman and Rife’s Grand Opera House, proves a strong and stirring melodrama that greatly pleased the very large audience present. The special scenery and mechanical effects were praised. Capital and careful delineation of the leading parts were given by Joseph J. Dowling and Myra Davis, Sheridan Black, Charles H. Phillips, Joseph Cawley, Elizabeth Holloway and Jessie Rosenthal. On the Mississippi comes next.

Little Tricia, with the clever little soprano, May Smith Robinson, in the title role, is the magnet that draws the full house both matinee and night at Whitcomb’s Bijou Family Theatre. The

satisfaction was complete, and the star and surroundings were praised for good work. The Sporting Crane next.

Neil Burgess failed to open to night at the Columbia on account of failure of getting mechanical effects ready.

John W. Isham’s Octopus play a return engagement at Kornman’s Lyceum Theatre this week. Already an established attraction here, a large house is naturally in attendance. The same high class performance was given. Sam Devere’s Own company follows.

The suit instituted here last winter by Mary Sanders against Richard Mansfield in the District of Columbia Courts to recover the balance of salary due on an unfulfilled contract was tried before Judge Bradley in Circuit Court No. 1 last Thursday, and a verdict awarding Miss Sanders \$1,250, the full amount of her claim, was rendered. The Choral Society will sing “The Messiah” at First Congregational Church Dec. 29 and 30. The principal solos will be rendered by Ericson Bushnell, of New York, bass; Sophia Church Hall, of Baltimore, contralto; Mrs. Nellie Wilson Shir Cliff, soprano; and W. D. McFarland, tenor.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

[ESTABLISHED JAN. 4, 1879.]

The Organ of the American Theatrical Profession

1432 BROADWAY, COR. FORTIETH STREET

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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Twenty-five cents for agent line. Quarter-page, 80¢; Half-page, 875¢; One-page, \$1.50.
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Back page closes at noon on Friday. Changes in standing
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1896

The Largest Dramatic Circulation in America

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

AMERICAN—A MAN OF HONOR.
BROADWAY—BRIAN BORU.
DALY'S—ADA REED.
EMPIRE—JOHN DREW, 820 P.M.
FOURTEENTH STREET—THE CHERRY PICKERS.
GARRICK—RICHARD MANSFIELD.
GARRICK—SECRET SERVICE, 820 P.M.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—SUPERHERO.
HAMMERSTEIN'S OLYMPIA—VAUDEVILLE.
HOYT'S—MY FRIEND FROM INDIA, 820 P.M.
HERALD SQUARE—THE GIRL FROM PARIS.
KEITH'S UNION SQUARE—VAUDEVILLE.
KOSTER AND BIAL'S—VAUDEVILLE, 820 P.M.
KNICKERBOCKER—H. BEERSHORN TREE, 8 P.M.
LYCEUM—THE LATE MR. CASTILLO.
MURRAY HILL—TRUE TO LIFE.
STAR—THE LILIPUTIANS.
TONY PASTOR'S—VAUDEVILLE.
WALLACK'S—E. S. WILLARD.
WEISHER AND FIELDS'S—VAUDEVILLE.
BROOKLYN.
AMPHION—HOYT'S A MILK WHITE FLAG.
COLUMBIA—FANNY DAVENPORT.
MONTAUK—CHARLES HOPPER.
PARK—DORCAS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Patrons of THE MIRROR are notified that all advertisements for which "preferred" positions are desired will be subjected to an extra charge. Space on the last page is exempt from this condition. Terms for special or "preferred" positions following reading matter or at the top of page will be furnished upon written or personal application at the business office. Advertisements intended for the last page, and changes in standing advertisements, must be in hand not later than noon on Friday.

THE anti-holiday period has naturally been a dull theatrical period, and this has followed a long term of poor business for the stage. There is a feeling, however, that after the holidays all kinds of business will show encouraging activity.

A SAGINAW, Mich., clergyman, the Rev. BENJAMIN T. TREGO, has resigned his pulpit to become an actor. THE MIRROR is as much in the dark as to this gentleman's usefulness in the church as it is to his promise of usefulness in the theatre. It is enough to remark, however, and this saying may pertinently be reversed—that it is much better to be a good player than it is to be a poor preacher.

THE dramatic spirit always finds expression. When shut from any channel, it will enter from another direction. The Harvard amateurs cannot, as has been usual with them, present a farce in this city this season. But the Smith College amateurs will perform *A Midsummer Night's Dream* here. The Harvard young men are clever entertainers. It is hoped that the Smith young women are just as clever. At any rate, they are ambitious and poetical in their medium.

A YOUNG man in an audience at East Liverpool, O., began to laugh at an amusing scene in a comedy the other evening, and was for a time violently insane, the services of half a dozen persons being required to restrain him from doing injury to those about him. This may have been due to the funny nature of the play, or to the comic abilities of the actors in it; or it may have been merely a culminating moment in individual insanity. At any rate, the manager of the play in question would probably hesitate before enlarging upon the incident in an advertising way. Erratic as public taste may be in the matter of amusement, there is a limit to the risk that even those most recklessly inclined would take in the hope of pleasurable excitement.

THE VAUDEVILLE.

In another column of THE MIRROR this week a correspondent takes an editorial paragraph that recently appeared in this paper as the text for an argument that the vaudeville is deteriorating. The editorial paragraph in question referred to the increasingly numerous accessions to the vaudeville from various departments of the regular stage, and added: "This is a fact which may be regarded with varying opinions from various viewpoints, but it seems to indicate that the vaudeville is growing much better."

The argument of the correspondent referred to, as may be seen from a reading of his letter, is evidently from the viewpoint of a person who believes that there is nothing of artistic or other value in vaudeville that does not bear a mark of foreign acceptance. It is true that a majority of the more sensational of the features that have characterized the vaudeville stage in New York during the time that this branch of amusement has held sway in this city have been importations, but there have been many native features of artistic note on the vaudeville stage here all the time, and it is safe to say that to-day the American vaudeville artists who are successful in Europe largely outnumber the European vaudeville artists who are successful in America. In this branch of amusement, if in no other branch, this country has more than held its own, and the assumption that the American vaudeville stage depends solely for success upon foreign artists is absurd upon its face.

As to the general proposition that the vaudeville stage in this country is growing better, no mere glance at the performances of to-day can determine the question. Take the bills presented at the vaudeville theatres in this city two years ago, compare them with the bills presented one year ago, and then analyze the bills of to-day with reference to the former offerings, and matter of proof will result. THE MIRROR, in the paragraph referred to by this correspondent, merely suggested, on the theory of the accession of actors from the more consistent walks of amusement, that the vaudeville stage was growing better; but it now asserts that a progressive comparison of the offering of the vaudeville stage for the past three seasons, leaving the work of recruits from the regular stage out of consideration, will show that a higher plane in vaudeville performances now prevails. There is more of refinement and less of vulgarity, and more of art and less of coarse eccentricity, on the vaudeville stage than ever before. There may be too much of the vaudeville, and too many theatres devoted to this form of entertainment. But that is another matter.

A word should be said at the moment about the newer phase of native vaudeville—the putting forward upon its stage of players of reputation from the regular theatre. It may be admitted that this experiment has not been as successful as it should have been. This is not the fault of vaudeville audiences. It is the fault of the actors transplanted from more ambitious fields. Several of these actors have won remarkable and deserved success in the vaudeville, because they took pains to provide themselves with proper mediums, and fitted themselves for sympathetic expression in their new field. Others, who did not succeed, were perhaps puffed up with the idea that they were doing their new audiences a favor by simply appearing before them; or they imagined that any vehicle would answer their purpose. This being so, they deserved to fail. It is becoming more and more a requisite that those who appear in vaudeville shall disclose some artistic right to occupy that field; and earnestness as well as a suitable medium is necessary for success in it.

ENGLISH.—Dr. Thomas Dunn English, the aged author of the immortal "Ben Bolt," was assaulted at his Newark home last Wednesday by an intoxicated snow shoveler of the name of Kelly. There was a difference of opinion between the author's daughter and Kelly concerning recompense for removing snow, and Dr. English interfered with disastrous results. Kelly was held for trial.

ULMAR.—Geraldine Ulmar is expected to arrive from England this week for a brief vacation in America.

MILLER.—Henry Miller resumed his old part in Bohemia, with the Empire Theatre company, at the Harlem Opera House, Friday evening, owing to the sudden illness of William Faverham.

YEBBA.—Madame Ruth Yebba, the Californian singer, will make her metropolitan debut at the opera musical at the Waldorf this (Tuesday) afternoon.

CLARKE.—Mr. and Mrs. Creston Clarke (Adelaide Prince) have returned from Europe, where Mr. Clarke completed a new romantic drama for production this season.

CRAIGEN.—Maida Craigen has returned from Boston, whither she went to attend the funeral of her brother, Henry Adams Craigen, who died recently in Mexico.

GERRY.—Elbridge T. Gerry has sent \$100 to the Rose Coglian Trust Committee, making the total amount of the fund \$6,000.

CAUTLEY.—Lawrence Cautley, a leading member of H. Beerbohm Tree's company, was made delirious last week by medicine taken to relieve a cold. He recovered in a few days.

NORDICA.—Madame Lillian Nordica, accompanied by her husband, Zoltan F. Doeme, is resting in this city during the holidays. Her concert tour will begin in Maine after Christmas.

PERSONALS.



MCINTOSH.—Nancy McIntosh has been cast for the part of Hero in Augustin Daly's forthcoming revival of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

JARDINE.—Henry Jardine, who has been in this country for several seasons with prominent attractions, sailed for England on the *Majestic* on Wednesday, Dec. 16. Mr. Jardine, who is a cousin of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, will spend several months in London in the interest of American playwrights.

KIMBALL.—Grace Kimball has been engaged by Charles Frohman as leading lady for Henry Miller's company.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport was unable, because of a neuralgic attack, to appear at the American Theatre, last Tuesday evening, and the house was dark.

HERBERT.—Joseph W. Herbert fell down stairs just before appearing in the first act of *The Girl from Paris*, last Tuesday, and the performance was interrupted until his strained ankle received attention.

WILLARD.—E. S. Willard will probably appear this season as Robespierre in a new play by William Young, and as Tom Pinch in an adaptation of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

ARCHER.—Belle Archer, the charming widow in *A Milk White Flag*, has been re-engaged for next season by Hoyt and McKee.

ABBEY.—Mrs. Henry E. Abbey (Florence Gerard) sailed for Europe last Wednesday under engagement to appear in one of George Edwardes's London productions.

BELL.—Charles J. Bell arrived from London last week for a three-months' sojourn hereabouts on business. Mrs. Bell (Eleanor Lane) made a successful London debut at the Novelty Theatre last Friday evening.

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A BIRTHDAY TOKEN.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The entrance of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR upon its nineteenth journalistic year offers an opportunity for congratulation that must not be overlooked. THE MIRROR to-day is not only the best example of the theatrical journal on this side of the Atlantic, but compares favorably in ability, interest, and enterprise with the foremost of its foreign contemporaries. It is a living proof that the theatrical newspaper can be profitably conducted in this country on legitimate lines of dignity and decency, and felicitations are, therefore, due not only to its management, but to the managers and players of America.

A TRIBUTE.

Hail Evolution! which turns antithesis into new form to rasher filth express, And when in vice romance a blackguard falls, Supplies a critic who the stage amuses With ruffian puns, whose venom candies ink And makes each word a stab, each thought a stink. Well may old Albion blush that such as he Lays alias claim to be her progeny, And shifts the satiric burden of the shame To which unhappy Israel gave a name; Leperous apostasy, so vilely mean.

All Jordan's waters could not wash it clean. On all the stage there is but one who draws The curse of his unqualified applause, And somehow holds him in seductive spell, Which thrives her goddess of his slimy hell. And, O! 'tis truly pitiful that she

Miranda to this Caliban should be, For as an artist she is fairly great, And being such deserves a better fate Than to be laured by the dirty paws,

Whose claws make festers of the slightest flaws, And serve the snake-crowned Lucifer, in their will To strangle hope and honest effort kill.

The critic copperhead of all the press. There is no antidote and no redress For those who find him called along their way To ruthless poison and to hissing slay. Tax legless reptile, writhing, may declare Comparison with such a wretch unfair;

For it is merciful unto its kind, And does not crawl to fang them from behind. Ye gliding, deadly terrors to all men,

The critic snake would drive you from your den; A thing so gangrened fatal 't were to smite, For your own death would follow your own bite; And if you strike it is by instinct urged;

In him the mind is in the viper merged, Drink for his soul the tears from woman's eyes; He wounds the more, the more his victim writhes. Paid by the line to aout and vivify,

He coils cheap slings to clothe each brutal lie, Voids snarling badinage in gutter chaff; His humor voicing the hyena's laugh.

Hog of a race that clatters pork ducras;

Wallowing in swill but that one paper buys;

While Circe slept escaping from her sty,

Art to bedaub and artiste vivify.

His name? Which one? His father's or his own

Well, in a day for a cent 'tis shown.

MELPOMENE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A CARD FROM "PUNCH" WHEELER.

New York, Dec. 17, 1896.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*: Six.—After trying nobly to lead an upright life in this great city for nearly two days, it is very gratifying to a man of my sensitive nature, who would rather have \$6 than see his name in print, to have my dear friend, Judge Hall, circulate the report in Chicago society that I came on here to put a load of coal on Mrs. Wheeler's new fit. The report that this fit has stems best, and we only wanted the coal to throw at the neighbors, seems unreasonableness. The price of coal, now by the quart, will stamp that story as very reckless press-work. However, I will say this much for myself: The Lake Shore Railway has over 14,000 employees, and there is not one amongst the whole crowd who speaks more highly of himself than I do. Our pay roll of \$60,000 monthly represents more money than the Crawfords & others' Minstrels opened to in Englewood last season. And another thing, that show positively did not take the landlord with them, because we had no uniform to fit him. His wife said the last time he went away with a troupe she had to go and bring him home. He wouldn't leave town with a minstrel show, no matter how much he liked money, so he said.

When George Dickson wired me, asking how the show was, I answered, "Stronger than ever; seven more niggers just joined us." He at once telegraphed us forty-three tickets, saying, "Never mind the wardrobe, as we have plenty of burst cork in Indianapolis." He treated us royally. Al Field and Billy Van had the time all tied up in the West, so we could not book any one-nighters, which compelled us to play the cities. When Charley Crawford, at Cleveland, left instructions one afternoon not to be disturbed, because he was busy running up a bill with a new barkeeper, who didn't know him, he was strictly obeyed, and, in fact, jealously congratulated, even if he did show up after this highly successful engagement in an confined condition. It is a very unpleasant duty to be compelled to recall these strolling incidents, but, for the sake of history, it must be properly quoted.

You all know how particular Colonel Brown is in these matters. One little figure or slip will render an entire book valueless. Some historians would have us believe that Charley paid for this scenerie in lithograph passes. The Crawford Brothers have made the greatest kind of a hit in Liverpool, and I am now on my way to appear at their benefit, after which I will go to Johannesburg, South Africa, to attend the famous Nichols Sisters' premier at the gorgeous Empire Theatre of Varieties. Bon voyage.

I would respectfully request all companies now playing Chicago to please remain there until my return.

Yours merrily,

(By kind permission of Marshall P. Wheeler,

"PUNCH" WHEELER.

A VAUDEVILLE QUESTION.

New York, Dec. 18, 1896.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:

Six.—In your issue, dated Dec. 13 you headed your editor's column with a paragraph commenting on the fact that the vaudeville "has of late been drawing to its thespian players who have been prominent in the sober and more formal walks of amusement," which fact "seems to show that the vaudeville is growing much better." To this latter assertion permit me to take exception. So far from showing that the vaudeville is growing much better, it is—such at least is my opinion—a sure sign that either the vaudeville is declining or that the same enterprising and energetic managers to whom the present "vaudeville fit" owes its existence have lost what made them successful—their faculty to find and to present to their patrons "variety acts" of sufficient merit; and to prevent the dying out of the interest in their programmes they have been forced to make a hold instead into the "legitimate," borrowing not only "legitimate actors" but putting them forward in "certain-raisins"—as much out of place in a variety performance as a knuckleduster would be during the production of a standard drama.

Not being able to secure "variety acts" of sufficient novelty to exercise any drawing power,

THE USHER.



On Saturday the Christmas MIRROR made its appearance, to the delight of the thousands who awaited its coming with eager anticipations.

The notable character of its literary features and the beauty of its illustrations have never been excelled by a dramatic publication, and hearty congratulations poured in yesterday by every mail.

The general tenor of these expressions indicates a unanimous acknowledgment that in its 1896 holiday issue THE MIRROR has more than fulfilled preliminary promises and has satisfied the highest expectation.

Reports received by the wholesale news companies from the newsmen of this city show unprecedently quick sales, many having exhausted their first supplies within a few hours after they were placed on the stands.

Information reached New York on Saturday which led to the departure of Bronson Howard and Daniel Frohman for Washington on the Sunday midnight train.

Their mission is to seek an audience with the President regarding the Cummings anti-piracy bill, which was passed recently by the Congress. It is believed that the Executive is fully in sympathy with the aim of this enactment; but it is known that certain notorious Western dealers in stolen plays, desperate at the prospect of the almost immediate suppression of their dishonest traffic, are making a determined effort to induce the President to veto the bill.

Of course the dealers in stolen plays have neither moral nor legal status. They are not lineage enough to suppose for an instant that the President will withhold his signature upon the strength of any arguments they can bring to bear in behalf of an evil which has been for many years a national disgrace.

The tactics they are employing are of another sort. I am told that they have secured the promise of aid from three or four representatives and senators of anarchistic tendencies who are expected to urge the President to give his veto on grounds of technical objection. They will represent that the penalizing of the offense of play piracy has no legal precedent; that the bill's enlargement of the operative powers of a United States district court injunction is an unwarranted excursion beyond the constitutional limits of Federal power, and more to the same effect.

They seem to rely upon their supposition that Mr. Cleveland as a lawyer will be influenced by these appeals. But I think they are reckoning without their host. All these objections were raised in the House by the meagre dozen of friends of the pirates that opposed the measure during the debate, and they were answered so satisfactorily that when the vote was taken the bill had an overwhelming majority.

Messrs. Howard and Frohman, however, will place the matter before the President in its true light, and there is every probability that he will give the *coup de grace* to play piracy before Thursday.

By the way, the pirates are already running to cover. Secretary Charles Barnard, of the American Dramatists Club, tells me that since the passage of the bill his mail has been heavy with inquiries from managers of hitherto shady repertoire companies for the names and addresses of owners of plays.

This suggests that under the new order of things numbers of companies that have belonged to the piratical category will endeavor to continue business on a basis of honesty. The resultant increase of revenue to authors and playworkers consequently will be considerable.

Another prospective change will be the employment of the security and protection afforded by the amended copyright law by authors that formerly preferred to retain simply the manuscript or stage right. Our dramatists, too, will be able to print their plays and enjoy the additional profits of publication, as is the case among their brethren in France and Germany. This will greatly enrich the literature of the American stage.

Improved facilities in recording plays and indexing titles at the office of the Librarian of Congress will follow naturally.

Indeed, the far-reaching benefits of the new law (provided President Cleveland approves it) can scarcely be estimated.

Sarah Bernhardt has written a characteristic letter to the Paris *Figaro*, in which she explains why she considers herself worthy of the celebration recently held in her honor.

"I have interpreted one hundred and twelve roles, and created thirty-eight personalities," she says. "I have struggled as no human being has ever done. Of an independent nature, and a foe to all falsehood, I have created inveterate enemies. I have traveled oceans, bearing with me my dream of art, and the genius of my coun-

try has triumphed. I have planted the French language in the heart of foreign literature, and it is now the current language of the rising generation. I know this, because the professors over there have told me so, and the ladies of New York have confirmed it."

Without wishing to detract from Sarah's claims to consideration I am compelled, nevertheless, to suggest to her that the professors and the ladies in question were addicted, perhaps, to that diverting but misleading practice vulgarly called "stringing."

Aunt Louisa Eldridge says that the stage children will have no reminder at their festival that times are not what they ought to be. The Christmas tree will be loaded heavier than ever with gifts.

Yvette Gullbert has sent Aunt Louisa a great quantity of toys, and Lotta has contributed \$100 to the Christmas fund. Other donors are George Gould, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, W. R. Hearst, William C. Whitney, Elbridge T. Gerry (!), J. Pierpont Morgan, William H. Crane, May Irwin, Agnes Ethel, Andrew Mack, George G. Haven, Robert Dunlap, Colonel O'Brien, Madame Melba, and Jean de Reszke.

A cheque from the late Professor Herrmann was received by Aunt Louisa on the day of his death.

A misprint made me refer in a recent article to a series of "benefits" in force at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia. The arrangements in question apply to the Chestnut Street Theatre.

The Opera House and the Broad Street Theatre occasionally use the scheme, and the Walnut Street Theatre employs it the season through, except in cases where contracts with combinations are so worded as to prevent it.

A Philadelphian, referring to my observations regarding the "benefit" business, writes: "Did it ever occur to anybody that if a theatre can afford to take 75 cents in sharings for a \$1.50 seat, it would be better both for management and public to reduce the price to \$1, and do away with the system altogether?"

THE MERRY BENEDICTS.

A new comic opera, *The Merry Benedict*, was produced for the first time on any stage on Friday evening, Dec. 18, at the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn. The composer, librettists and cast live in that strange locality known as East New York, which is one of the suburbs of Brooklyn. The music of the work, which the programme stated is "partly from the French," is by Maurice Arnaud, and the book is by La Touche Hancock and Robert Elm. The composer led the amateur orchestra and had a very unhappy time. The cast was composed almost entirely of very raw amateurs, who knew nothing whatever about singing or stage business. Their attempts at times were even worse than those made by the famous Cherry Sisters. The one redeeming feature of the performance was a girl named Sophia M. Levens, who played a small part in a delightfully ingenuous manner. She would make a hit in any production. The house was filled with friendly folks who applauded everything. The calcium light must have been hired by the hour, as it was in use all the time, even between the acts.

MISS MATHER'S PRODUCTION.

All the preliminaries for the production of *Cymbeline* at Wallack's Theatre, in which Margaret Mather is to appear as Imogen, are finished, and next week the rehearsals will begin. Miss Mather promises one of the finest Shakespearean productions ever seen in this city. In the cast will be E. J. Henley, who will play Iachimo, H. A. Weaver, William Redmond, William Courtleigh, and Mrs. Thomas Barry. The scenery is well under way, as are the costumes, the latter being the work of Dadian, and the former of Richard Marion, H. F. Emens, John H. Young, H. Logan Reid, Harley Merry, and W. W. Burridge. Eugene W. Presbrey is staging the play, John G. Magic is looking after the business interests, and Edgar Mels, the former dramatic editor of the New York *Morning Advertiser*, in acting as press agent and will go in advance. After the New York production, *Cymbeline* will be taken to Philadelphia and other large cities, the season ending in Chicago.

MR. CHEERSWRIGHT'S RECITAL.

F. H. Cheeswright gave a piano recital at the Waldorf last Saturday afternoon before a large and fashionable audience. The programme, admirably arranged to display unusual versatility of command and mastery of every phase of the pianist's art, was performed with rare distinction, thorough understanding and exceptional facility. The selections offered plentiful opportunity for evidence of delicacy, strength, intuition and technical skill, amply proving the intelligence and authority of the player. No piano recital of the season has been more delightful nor rewarded by such discriminating and spontaneous applause. Mr. Cheeswright is an artist of great talent and remarkable promise.

MARION ABBOTT MAKES A HIT.

Mrs. Agnes Booth was out of the cast of *The Sporting Duchess* at Providence, R. I., last Friday and Saturday owing to a slight indisposition. Her part was played at short notice by Marion Abbott, who scored a real success by her admirable performance of the role. Miss Abbott's services were given to Manager Frank J. Perley for *The Sporting Duchess* by William H. Crane, of whose company she is a member. Mrs. Booth was able to resume her part last night. The *Sporting Duchess* will play in and about this city during the next two months, and is meeting everywhere with phenomenal success.

DAVID BELASCO AND MAX BLEIMAN.

It was rumored about last week that a split between David Belasco and Max Bleiman, over *The Heart of Maryland*, might be in store. Manager Bleiman has signified his wish to continue his managerial contract at the expiration in the Spring of the present agreement, and has already booked time for next season, but David Belasco, author of the play, has expressed a fear that Mr. Bleiman may seek to engage a company cheaper than the present one, and desires therefore to manage the attraction himself. But this was all gossip.

DOLLS AND DOLLARS AT THE CASINO.

After the play at the Casino last Saturday afternoon there was an auction of dolls, dressed by the principals of Jack and the Beanstalk in imitation of themselves, and all in aid of the Woman's Professional League. The fair dress-makers sold the work of their own pretty hands, and the bidding was sharp and decisive. Harry Kelly, who plays the giant's wife, was master of ceremonies, interpolating no end of impromptu low comedy, and forcing restless auditors to remain until the bitter end by promising that beef tea would be forthcoming after the ball. Trusting souls are said to be waiting yet at the Casino for beef tea. Carrie Perkins started the fun by offering a Mother Hubbard doll, with the dog thrown in. Bids opened at \$5, and the prize went for \$10 to a lady who was so pleased with her bargain that she paid \$20 for it on delivery. Then Merri Osborne put up a Little Miss Muffett in miniature that brought \$15, a tiny Hubert Wilke that was good for \$3, a Marie Smith in small that went for \$7, a microscopic Nellie Stewart bringing \$2 and a diminutive Olga Nethersole going for \$5. Harry Kelly sold a John Philip Sousa doll for \$9 and a little Miss Columbia for \$4.50. Madge Leasing got \$10 for a replica of herself as Jack Hubbard, and Maudie Hollins sold her image as Princess Mary for \$11. Merri Osborne and one of the eight pretty midgets took in \$7 more for a tiny likeness of one of the charming eight. That brought the total up to \$85.50, and every one was happy except those who were looking for Harry Kelly's beef tea.

A LONG-NEEDED LAW.

Wilmington, N. C., Messenger.

The bill for providing better protection for the property of American dramatists, in the way of plays, operas and musical productions, which was introduced in Congress at the instance of the American Dramatists Club and passed by the Senate at the last session of Congress, was passed by the House of Representatives on Thursday of last week and concurred in by the Senate on Monday.

By this act theatrical piracy will be subjected to a punishment possible of enforcement anywhere in the United States, and it will make the stealing, vending and use of dramatic or musical property as unprofitable, disgraceful and penal as the theft of more tangible yet not more valuable property long has been.

Now that this act has become a law, to Harrison Grey Fiske, the able editor of THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, the recognized journal of the American stage, much praise is due for his untiring efforts in pushing the crusade of thirteen years against this species of dishonesty.

A NEW THEATRE IN OTTAWA.

Arrangements have been completed for the construction of a new opera house in Ottawa, Canada. It will be built on a vacant plot of land adjoining the Russell House, the principal hotel in that city, from which there will be a special entrance to the theatre, besides the ordinary entrances on the main street. The plans have been prepared by J. B. McElpatrick and Son, who state that the building will be strictly up to date and second to none. It will have a seating capacity of nearly 1,500; the depth of stage will be about 40 feet; width 61 feet; opening, 32 feet; height at opening, 32 feet, and to rigging loft, 64 feet. There will consequently be ample room for the display of any ordinary spectacular scenery.

The name will probably be the Russell Theatre and it will be ready for opening on Oct. 18 next.

BRADY SECURES ELIASON.

Manager William A. Brady believes that he has discovered the only legitimate successor of the late Alexander Herrmann in a young Wester named Elias. Mr. Brady and Edward W. Stevens, manager for Lole Fuller, have engaged the new magician to accompany La Loie on her Oriental tour, after which he will return to America for a circuit of the States. Mr. Stevens arrived in this city last week from a trip to China and Japan, and has perfected arrangements for Lole Fuller's Australian debut at Melbourne in April.

SIR HENRY IRVING AS RICHARD III.

Sir Henry Irving revived *Richard III* at the London Lyceum last Saturday evening, and cable advices pronounce the production brilliant throughout. Irving's *Richard* is said to have realized with remarkable fidelity the sardonic, murderous, yet picturesque tyrant drawn by Shakespeare, but to have failed of the display of physical force necessary in the closing scene. The great actor was visibly nervous. Genevieve Ward, as Queen Margaret, shared the evening's honors, Elsie Terry being out of the cast.

NEW BRUNSWICK THEATRE BURNED.

The Masonic Hall building, containing Allen's Theatre, at New Brunswick, N. J., was burned last Sunday night, entailing a loss of nearly \$250,000. The McAuliffe and Greene company, which played at the house last week, had removed all their property excepting the musical instruments, which were destroyed. The cause of the fire, which started on the roof of the theatre, is yet to be ascertained. The theatre was owned by Frank B. Allen, of Newark, N. J., and was first opened twenty-four years ago.

THE BOGUS DAVE WOODS AGAIN.

Daniel Frohman received last week a letter from a Baltimore transfer man, enclosing a card reading: "Dave Woods, general agent, Frohman's *Gloriana* company," and stating that money had been loaned to Woods, who had given an order on Manager Frohman. The matter was referred to the office of Charles Frohman, controlling *Gloriana*, and Woods was promptly pronounced a fraud. He has recently been reported as victimizing Connecticut theatrical men by the same process.

THE BOSTONIANS' NEW OPERA.

Frank L. Perley has contracted with Walter Burdett, Ernest Albert and Alfred Williams to provide the mountings, scenic and otherwise, for the new opera by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, which will be produced by the Bostonians at the Knickerbocker Theatre, soon after the holidays. The question of a title for the new work will not be decided until next week, although *The Serenaders* has been suggested, as the name probably to be selected.

SAVED FROM THE MINE—New comedy-melodrama. To lease on reasonable royalty. Small cast. Supernumeraries optional in explosion scene. No special scenery required; 26 sheet and 24 sheet stands supplied by Donaldson Litho. Co. Address BERG AND KENNEDY, CAREY MIRROR.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.



Eulalia Bennett, whose picture is shown above, has been playing Alice, the leading female role in *The Burglar* company, since the opening of the present season, but has just resigned from that company, and has not yet settled upon what she will do. Miss Bennett made her first appearance at Cordray's Theatre, Portland, Ore., about five years ago, and was a member of the stock company for a year or more, when it included Aubrey Bourcicault, W. H. Lytell, David Murray, Bert Coote, Victory Bateman, and Lillian Andrews. She also played the leading female role in *Lady Binarie* under Annie Ward Tiffany, and it was principally through the encouragement and encomiums of Miss Tiffany that Miss Bennett came to New York to seek a wider field. Last season she played leads in *The Player*, and such Shakespearean parts as are used as a prologue to that play, with Lawrence Hanley, and won high praise from press and public. Miss Bennett is very ambitious, and her ambition is coupled with an indomitable will and untiring perseverance and energy—qualities which go a long way in the profession towards carrying one on to success.

James F. Crossen has been engaged by Dave Hayman to manage the stage for the No. 2 Pioneer of Zenda company, which opens on Christmas Day. The scenery is all new and was built by L. W. Seavey.

Alfred E. Aaron has gone to Pittsburgh to look after the interests of Santa Maria for Mr. Hammerstein. He will be in New York, however, from time to time to attend to the bookings for the Olympia Music Hall.

William Barry will shortly produce his new play, *John Bradley's Money*, from the pen of Charles Lamb, of Brooklyn. It is an Irish-American comedy and the action takes place in and around New York and Brooklyn. Mr. Barry has a congenial part. Eleanor Carey has been engaged for leading support.

Under the lease and management of Colonel W. M. Morton, extensive alterations are to be made at the People's Theatre, Elizabeth, next March. The name of the house will be changed to the Star Theatre, entire new furnishings will be put in, and popular prices introduced.

Ruben and Andrews have engaged the Franko Festival Orchestra, Naham Franko, conductor, to play at the New England Society dinner at the Waldorf, this (Tuesday) evening.

Theodore Moss has arranged for the appearance at Wallack's Theatre, Jan. 4, of the new Carroll Kerker Opera company, headed by Camille D'Arville and Richard F. Carroll.

The Gay Parisians will be seen at the Garden Theatre for a week, beginning Jan. 4.

S. B. Waddington, a London musical director, will be imported to conduct for Shamus O'Brien at the Broadway Theatre.

In the Supreme Court, last Friday, a jury awarded \$70 to Elizabeth Leslie in her suit brought against Charles Dickson for that amount, being salary unpaid while she was a member of Mr. Dickson's company two years ago.

Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davies will be seen next season in a new play.

Fifteen hundred players applauded the professional matinee of *Secret Service* last Friday.

The Seventh Regiment attended in body the Saturday night performance of *The Girl from Paris* and literally owned the theatre.

Christmas and New Year's Day matinees are announced at many of the theatres.

A matinee performance in aid of the fund for endowing hospital beds for militiamen was given at the Academy of Music last Thursday. Rose Coghlan appeared as Nance Oldfield, and scenes from several current successes were offered.

A series of recitals is being planned for Moritz Adler, the blind pianist.

Madame Scalchi and Baron Berthold have engaged for the Nordica concert tour.

The Central Labor Union has reconsidered its order requiring the Fourteenth Street Theatre stage hands to strike.

The annual entertainment in aid of the German Polyclinic was successfully given at the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday, under August Daly's direction.

The Lilliputians will give daily matinees at the Star Theatre next week.

Arthur Hornblow's adaptation of *Catulle Mendes'* tragic play, *The Wife of Tartarin*, will be performed at Carnegie Lyceum this (Tuesday) afternoon, with George Fawcett, Emma V. Sheridan, Campbell Gollan, Alice Fischer, Jessie Mackaye, and Joseph Adelman in the cast. Mr. and Mrs. Taber have just put the play in rehearsal for early production in Chicago. A pantomime by Edwin Star Belknap and Harvey Worthington Loomis will also be seen at Carnegie Lyceum to-day.

Boston Lodge 2, Theatrical Mechanics' Association, enjoyed a banquet Dec. 13 in honor of its fourteenth anniversary. The year's officers are: President, Edward J. McCarron; vice-president, P. W. Maloney; recording secretary, C. E. B. Tyler; treasurer, Moses P. Pickering; financial secretary, P. T. Barry; assistant financial secretary, Daniel T. Hurley; trustee for three years, George Lee; delegate to Grand Lodge, John M. Davis; alternate, W. J. Blair; physician, Edward M. Harding.

Manager Russell, of the Third Avenue Theatre, Seattle, declined to permit a piratical performance of *Trilby* by the Orris Ober company at his house recently. W. A. Brady's representative warned Manager W. J. Fife, of the Ninth Street Theatre, Tacoma, against this company Dec. 2, and the Seattle manager did not care to risk a lawsuit.

AT THE THEATRES.

Garden.—*Castle Sombras.*

Romantic comedy in four acts by H. Greenough Smith. Produced Dec. 16.

Sir John Sombras	Richard Mansfield
Hilary Dare	Henry J. Watt
Philip Vane	Francis Kingdon
Father Fiorian	Joseph Weaver
Munro	Wilkes Steward
Host of the Inn	Henry Allen
Matilda	Alice Butler
The Lady Thyra	Beatrice Cameron

A new production by Richard Mansfield is an interesting event, since his ideals are invariably high and his purposes earnest. That he should have mistaken in H. Greenough Smith's play, *Castle Sombras*, a doubtful literary merit, and certain plainly marked possibilities for true dramatic worth, is not strange. The work has missed somewhere the note of sincerity and the suggestion of glamour absolutely essential to the success of its theme, and there appears no hope of its redemption. The story is one of gloom and blackness.

Sir John Sombras, lord of the Castle Sombras, or "the lion's den," is a person of exceeding bad repute. His deeds, following the precepts of a long and dreadful ancestry, have inspired the country side with dire respect for him and his castle which, perched upon a lofty mountain, is besieged by the troops of Charles I., commanded by Captain Hilary Dare. Dare is about to abandon an apparently futile siege when Sir John, disguised as a minstrel, appears in camp and is to be shot as a spy. A search of his person, however, reveals a miniature of the captain's long-lost sweetheart, Thyra. The supposed minstrel upon being questioned explains that the portrait was given him by a lady who lives unhappily in Castle Sombras, and suggests that the captain by assuming the minstrel's cloak might gain access to the castle. Bent more upon love than war, Dare leaps at the bait, and is easily trapped in the lion's den, where his lovesmaking is rudely interrupted by Sir John who, in his heavy handed way, loves dearly his fair ward, Thyra. The captain is menaced with instant death, but the lady's pinnacles prevail upon Sir John to stake the soldier's life upon the hazard of the die. She throws and loses, but Sir John decides to give his prisoner another chance and they begin a knife duel while blindfolded. Thyra, of course, rescuing her lover. Sombras realises that the lady loves him not, yet forces her into a promise to marry him by arranging to drop the captain into a cistern 100 feet beneath the castle unless she consents, and to kill himself at the same moment. Preparations for the wedding are completed, Sir John announcing that the captain must be tortured by witnessing the ceremony, and then, relenting, he joins the hands of the young pair, sending them away happy while he recons his solitary life in the dark and dismal castle.

There are many possibilities in the story, but very few in the play. The lines, while often well worded, are stilted, seldom effective, and never pregnant with melodramatic inspiration. The atmosphere of dark mystery, obviously courted, is not attained in a single scene, and the construction of the first and second acts is crude and lagging. One or two incidents in the later scenes are cleverly conceived, but come too late to exercise the saving grace no doubt expected of them.

Mr. Mansfield was properly lugubrious as the bafiful Sombras. He spoke in studied monotones, poised and walked with admirable dejection, and looked the picture of utter blackness and hopeless melancholy, mental, moral and physical. But he wrought out the character with such delicacy that one was irresistibly moved to sympathise with the uncanny Sir John and to wish that the Lady Thyra might have smiled upon him instead of upon her soldier lover. Beatrice Cameron was sweetly ingenuous as the Lady Thyra, and Alice Butler played an old serving woman with truth and simplicity. Henry J. Watt as the captain was pleasing at the outset, but later rendered his work ineffective through boisterousness and vulgarity. Joseph Weaver was a conventional friar; Henry Allen, a capital inn-keeper; Wilkes Steward, a careful man servant; and Francis Kingdon, an impulsive soldier. The scenery was well painted and appropriate.

Bijou Theatre.—*The Gay Mr. Lightfoot.*

Comedy in three acts by DeLange and Arthur. Produced Dec. 16.

Mr. Lightfoot	W. H. Thompson
Mrs. Lightfoot	Agnes Stone
Mr. Jerome	Wright Huntington
Mrs. Beaumont	Michael Astor
Miss Hellen	Frederick Conger
Mr. O'Rafferty	Bijou Fernandez
Mrs. Dan Day	R. D. Allen
Mr. Te Jim	Anna Findlay

The Gay Mr. Lightfoot, which, under its original title, *When the Cat's Away*, was first produced at the Bijou Theatre one quiet afternoon in August last, and under its present name has recently been played in a few New England towns, reappeared at the Bijou Wednesday evening before an audience which, despite the snow-storm, fairly filled the house.

If the amount of laughter a farce-comedy creates in any indication of merit or future success, then De Lange and Arthur's new play will be a winner, as its numerous comical situations seemed to appeal strongly to the audience's sense of humor. The dialogue is lame, but not more lame than the plot, which has apparently been constructed for the sole purpose of stringing together the series of impossible incidents which go to make up the play.

The programme announces that the action of the piece occurs at one of the newer hotels in New York. This may be a matter of advertisement, but if it produces an impression that the folly in which the various characters indulge would be tolerated at any first class hotel, then the play is likely to repel rather than attract the patronage of average persons at that house.

Mr. Lightfoot is about to spend a few weeks in the country. With the assistance of Mr. Jerome, his friend, Mr. Lightfoot leads her to believe that the exigencies of business demands his continued presence in the city, and she, therefore, consents to his remaining behind. When his wife has gone, Lightfoot prepares for an anticipated good time by shaving off his whiskers and donning a wig and false moustache, all of which he accomplishes in full view of the audience. Lightfoot then leaves the room, which according to the programme is Mrs. Lightfoot's nursery, to make a few additional changes in his make-up, and during his absence Mrs. Beaumont, a pretty young widow who occupies rooms on the same floor, calls to make Mrs. Lightfoot's acquaintance, and finding Jerome there assumes that he is Mr. Lightfoot. This inspires the two men to impersonate each other during the rest of the play.

For several months Jerome has been in correspondence with and is engaged to marry a lady whom he had imagined was a Miss Hellen, but had already discovered was none other than

Miss Opie, a regulation farce-comedy aunt. In the second act the aunt and niece arrive on a long-promised visit to the Lightfoots to whom they are related. They are accompanied by Lieutenant Farley, between whom and the niece an affection has apparently sprung up. Their arrival causes Jerome, who has fallen in love with the widow, considerable tribulation and he becomes extremely anxious to escape from his entanglement with the aunt, who being led to think Lightfoot is Jerome proceeds to treat him as her future husband. This increases the distress of the real Jerome, before whose eyes a breach of promise suit begins to loom up. Lightfoot, however, relieves his friend from this danger by arranging a scheme whereby the aunt is married to an Indian under the impression that it is Jerome. This Indian has been imported from the West by Mrs. Beaumont, who intends to introduce him to the members of an anthropological society she belongs to. Before all this occurs, however, Mrs. Lightfoot suddenly returns, and does not recognise her husband until the Indian in attempting to scalp him deprives him of his wig and moustache.

In the third and last act the Lieutenant, who has been sent East by the Government to take the Indian back to the reservation from which he has escaped, proposes to the niece and is accepted, and Mrs. Beaumont consents to marry Jerome.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the company. Such a clever set of actors should make any play go. In the title role W. H. Thompson's work is as excellent as to cause regret that he should waste his talents on a part of that character. The same may be said of Wright Huntington, whose impersonation of Jerome is a clever piece of acting. As the young widow Mabel Amber looks ladylike and pretty, and fills her role with grace and ability. Frederick Conger as the Lieutenant could not possibly make more of the part. His work is satisfactory in every respect. Bijou Fernandez, as Helen, Agnes Stone as the aunt, Agnes Stone as Mrs. Lightfoot, and Charles Bradshaw as the Indian are all excellent in their roles.

American.—*A Man of Honor.*

Melodrama in five acts by Mark Price. Produced Dec. 21.

Eugene Conlan	A. S. Lipman
Lawyer Milton	Edmund D. Lyons
Leo Dusen	William Courtleigh
Everett Lambert	Charles Riegel
Charles Morgan, M. D.	Ben R. Graham
James Knox	J. W. Hague
Johnie Dolan	R. F. Sullivan
Doctor Hanson	Walter Craven
Little Ned	Master Arthur Elkins
Bill Cooper	John F. Detzer
Jack Gaston	Harry F. Devore
Edward Dixon	William Spencer
Frank Gordon	Joseph Cawick
Mrs. Rosalie	Louise Rial
Kate Lambert	Helen Macbeth
Mrs. Dolan	Annie Ward Tiffany
Eleana Dowdall	Blanche Rice
The Matron	Belle Pierce

A Man of Honor, a melodrama of the old-fashioned type, received its initial performance at the American Theatre last evening. To judge from the enthusiastic applause that greeted the vigorous denunciation of villainy on the part of the hero, the play proved a popular success. Dramatic situations follow each other in quick succession, and if continuous action were the sole requirement of a good melodrama Mark Price, the author, has certainly solved the problem of keeping things moving.

The plot deals with the dramatic experiences of Duncan Romaine, an Englishman who deserts his wife, and takes his young daughter Kate to America, where he assumes the name of Everett Lambert. His various investments turn out well, and he becomes a rich man.

Believing that his wife has died in England he remarries, but the report of his first wife's death proves to be false, as she reappears in his house ostensibly to fill the position of housekeeper. Then in order to get rid of wife No. 1 he has her incarcerated in a mad-house. After the customary agony, without which no melodrama of the Mark Price brand would be complete, she is rescued in a most thrilling manner. The young hero who has stood by her throughout receives his matrimonial reward by being mated to the charming daughter of wife No. 1, and everybody is happy except the villain who has been duly dumbfounded.

The cast was exceptionally strong. A. S. Lipman as Eugene Conlan, Edmund D. Lyons as Lawyer Milton, William Courtleigh as Leo Dusen, Charles Riegel as Everett Lambert, Ben R. Graham as Charles Morgan, and Walter Craven as Doctor Hanson, may be said to have found it an easy task to interpret these elementary roles.

Nor did the roles assigned to Louise Rial, Helen Macbeth, and Annie Ward Tiffany call for any special dramatic exertion so far as subtle conception and interpretation were concerned. But the play pleased the gallery contingent. *Quantum sif.*

Murray Hill.—*True to Life.*

Drama in four acts. Produced Dec. 21.

Philip Garth	McKee Rankin
Stephen Baldwin	Frederick Paulding
Benjamin F. Fenton	Richard Shober
Judge Thaddeus Mott	John K. Ince
Elmer Jenkins	Charles Cawick
The Bishop	William Robins
Peter Billard	H. Hagen
The Clerk	Edward Wright
Patrick Stoneman	Ledley Devore
Little A. Thor Dunning	Nance O'Neill
Annie Dunning	Louise Mackintosh
Olive Smith	Annie Leonard
Madame Carlton	Mary Eliza Higgins
Mary Eliza Higgins	Jennie Gilbert
Mollie Smith	Helen Lee

True to Life, produced for the first time in New York, at the Murray Hill Theatre, last evening, tells a tale of much and complex woe. A young woman, abandoned by her mother, grows up to be a typewriter; and the forgetful mother, abandoned by her husband, who lingers in Sing Sing, becomes a great operatic artist.

The play begins just as Philip Garth's term of imprisonment expires, and he sets out to find his wife, who is seeking her daughter. The opera singer finds her child, only to be spurned by the young woman, who, it is ascertained, is not only a typewriter, but a widow and a mother. The rest of the play narrates the efforts of the ex-convict to regain his forfeited social position, along with his wife's affection, and the operatic artist's struggle to win back her estranged daughter. All this is accomplished at the end, and happiness and reunion are depicted at the fall of the curtain.

The play is chiefly talk, unrelieved by brightness or movement, and the interpolated specialties, such as a song and dance in the opening act, jarred harshly upon the solemnity of the story and its surroundings. McKee Rankin played the old convict with true tenderness and pathos, and realised to their fullness the possibilities of his part. Frederick Paulding made a manly and energetic young business man. Nance O'Neill showed real melodramatic ability as the deeply afflicted daughter. The rest of the company

were equal to the requirements of their parts, but

John E. Ince introducing a capital make-up as Magistrate Mott.

The play was fairly well mounted except in the first scene, an office, wherein floral decorations seemed hardly appropriate.

Savoy.—*Society Shadows.*

Play in four acts. Produced Dec. 21.

Rodney Gray	W. A. Whitecar
Willard Blair	Paul Everett
Gerald Clayton	George Sprague
Billy Bly	Joseph Le Brandt
Joseph	Frank Sutherland
Gregory	James McCloskey
Alameda Clayton	Maud Winter
Minnie Clayton	Nora Mack
James	Lillian Space
Mrs. Brandt	Selma Harriman
Mabel	Grace Sheridan
Martin Moulton	Jaffrey Lewis

After a period of darkness the Savoy Theatre, which until recently was known as the Ga. sty, reopened last night with *Society Shadows*, an American-made play, as the attraction. The author of the drama was not named in the house bill. The piece is in four acts and is melodramatic in its character.

Rodney Gray, an impudent American inventor, while desperate from the knowledge that his mother is ill and destitute, is offered a fortune on condition that he shall marry the daughter of a retired banker, who as a result of her relations with a wealthy married man is about to become a mother. After an inward struggle the inventor consents, and the various incidents which transpire as a result of this go to make up a fairly interesting play. The problem presented is solved finally by the honorable happiness of the pair thus brought together.

The company includes actors of talent, particularly among the women members. Maud Winter as Alameda Clayton is as clever as she is pretty. As Martha Moulton it would have been impossible for Jaffrey Lewis to have given a better impersonation of the role. Of the men, W. A. Whitecar as Rodney Gray had the principal part, which he filled in his usual excellent style. In the character of Billy Bly equally good work was done by Joseph Le Brandt. Paul Everett as Willard Blair, George Sprague as Gerald Clayton, and Frank Sutherland as Joseph

are all acceptable.

Irving Place.—*Der Weg Zum Herzen.*

Comedy in four acts by Adolf L'Arronge. Produced Dec. 10.

Franz Kern	Max Hässler
Mathilde	Laura Dotschy
Marta	Franziska Hoss
Ferdinand Kern	Adolf Link
Anna	Gusti Foist
Hans von Schott	Robert Reusch
Pritz Neuhauer	Justus Strobl
Julie	Ell. Colmar
Paul Sanders	Rudolf Senius
Babette	Poldi Plisch

Der Weg Zum Herzen (One Way to the Heart), which was revived at the Irving Place Theatre last Thursday, was ably acted by Manager Conried's competent stock company.

The plot hinges on the domestic incompatibility arising from a woman of aristocratic birth marrying a successful manufacturer of humble origin. A level-headed brother finally brings the noble dame to a sense of her domestic obligations, resulting in a conciliatory understanding between her and her plebeian husband.

There are numerous comedy complications that are not especially amusing in themselves, and that only proved entertaining on account of the clever work of the interpreting cast.

Grand.—*Superba.*

Superba, the Hanlon Brothers' spectacle, which pays New Yorkers a visit annually, seems always to be clothed in new garments, material changes being made each season. The popularity of the piece appears to be as marked as ever. On Monday night a good sized audience was attracted to the Grand Opera House, where Superba opened a two weeks' engagement.

Superba is mounted with the same elaboration that has characterized all the Hanlons' spectacular productions, no expense evidently being spared on the scenery, effects and the costumes.

The old panel tricks play a prominent part in the acrobatics of the clowns and still win applause. Many new tricks have been added and the action of the piece pleases as usual. For a production of this kind, where so little is left to the actors, the company is really a strong one, Sarony Lambert being particularly deserving of mention. He is a comedian of originality.

"Sweet Molly Morin," a pretty ballad by E. Clark Reed, is one of the musical hits. The air is catchy, and is destined to become popular.

The theatre itself bears a truly holiday aspect. Christmas trees and wreaths are seen in abundance, in the foyers, corridors, and auditorium. In Manager Murray's office thousands of toys are waiting to be presented to the children at the matinees this week. Mr. Murray advertised for women help in yesterday's papers to deal out the toys at the matinees, and up to the time of going to press he had received nearly two thousand applications.

Star.—*Merry Tramps.*

A more appropriate holiday attraction could not have been offered at the Star Theatre than the *Liliputians*, who began a return engagement at this house under very promising auspices on Monday night. The play presented was *The Merry Tramps*, which was seen here earlier in the season. The work of these little artists elicited much applause, and the ballets, important accessories to all their productions, were not neglected. The costumes and mounting as usual are deserving of particular mention. That comical trio, Franz Ede, Zelma Goerner, and Adolf Zink, as the merry tramps, are most amusing. Louis Merkel as the man ape, Pinocchio, kept the house in roars of laughter. Bertha Jaeger, Herman Ring, and Elsie Laut gave the principals excellent support. Next week the *Liliputians* will give a matinee performance every day.

People's.—*Darkest America.*

The upper two of Thompson Street and Minetta Lane joined last night with the white-faced Eastlanders in according rapturous greeting to *Darkest America*, which introduced real negro players, minstrels and dancers. Elaborate scenery assisted the work of the clever darkies, and a steamboat race on the Mississippi was pictured with so much realism that the gallery was with difficulty restrained. Some buck and wing dancing of a very high order of excellence was interpolated by artists to the color

curtain.

Columbus.—*Fallen Among Thieves.*

Frank Harvey's popular melodrama, *Fallen Among Thieves*, made a favorable impression last evening. The play, like other works by the same author, abounds in sensational episodes and spectacular features, but boasts perhaps more of continuity and consistency than appears

in the average melodrama. The scenery was adequate and abundant, and the cast generally capable.

At Other Houses.

ACADEMY.—The Two Little Vagrants is making a memorable record, and drawing armies of children.

BROADWAY.—Brian Boru is in its last week. Jefferson De Angelis replacing Richard Carroll in the cast.

CASINO.—The closing week of Jack and the Beanstalk opened last night with souvenirs.

DALY'S.—Much Ado About Nothing will be revived, Wednesday, to alternate with *The Geisha*.

EMPIRE.—The last week of John Drew and Rosemary crowds the house. The stock company follows in

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

Friends of the Measure in Washington—Congressman Cummings's Pica.

Bronson Howard and Daniel Frohman, representing dramatists and managers, at midnight on Sunday for Washington to appear before President Cleveland in favor of the Cummings bill to amend the law relating to dramatic and musical copyright—a measure to prevent piracy—which was passed by the Senate late in the Spring and by the House of Representatives on Dec. 10, as recorded in *THE MIRROR* last week.

The history of the bill has been given in this paper as it has progressed. When the measure came in the House of Representatives on Dec. 10, upon the report of Mr. Draper, the chairman of the Committee on Patents, unanimously recommending it for passage, the tactics of the few members of the House who had opposed it in committee with a seal as remarkable as their apparent misunderstanding of the ethics of the measure were renewed, and a long debate preceded the final action of the House. The votes on various amendments offered by the opponents with a view of nullifying the object sought in the bill, were conclusive of the honest sentiment of that body in its favor. There were but nine votes in favor of an amendment offered by Mr. Lacy to strike out the penal provision in the bill, while the opposing vote, to leave the bill in its reported form, was fifty-two; and the other divisions on nullifying propositions showed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of the measure as it had been perfected in committee after exhaustive examination of every phase of the subject presented by the ingenuity of those opposed to this most just enactment.

The objections raised in the debate by opponents of the bill had all been met and considered in former debates and hearings on the proposed law. Amos J. Cummings, who had championed the measure from the first, made the only speech of length during the controversy, and he was spurred to his remarks by the apparent ignorance or worse of several of the members who opposed the bill. Mr. Cummings's objections were invariably pertinent and convincing, and the following abstract of his remarks will be read with interest by every person concerned in the measure:

There are 5,000 theatres and opera houses in the United States. They cost from \$10,000 to \$200,000 each. These theatres employ 50,000 persons outside of actors and actresses. There are upward of 400 manuscripts and written or owned by citizens of the United States, played nightly in our cities. There are given approximately from 5,000 to 6,000 actors and actresses. The total of plays produced is over 1,000. The cost of producing these plays ranges from \$1,000 to \$25,000 each. This enormous aggregate is entirely dependent upon the right to perform these plays.

The law of the United States recognizes the right to perform a play as the exclusive property of the author or owner of the play. The copyright law imposes severe fines for the punishment of all persons who perform a play without the consent of the owner. The Federal courts provide facilities for preventing, by injunction, the unauthorized performance of plays. It would, therefore, seem that the right to perform a play was thus fully protected.

But the law does not protect this class of property. There is under the copyright law no real protection against the unlawful performance of a play. An injunction obtained against the unauthorized performance of a play is of comparatively limited value. A man who steals a valuable play can sell a copy for a few dollars, or perform it every night for months in practical impunity, upon arrest, fine or imprisonment. There are innumerable companies in all parts of the country engaged at all times in the unlawful performance of plays to which they have no legal or moral right. The theft of successful new plays and the sale of stolen copies of the manuscripts have become a regularly organized business. There is one firm in Chicago who advertises the manuscript of hundreds of plays to not one of which it has any right whatever.

These stolen plays are performed by irresponsible parties without means, local habitation, or reputation. An injunction obtained in one Federal district is ineffective in any other, and by crossing an imaginary line the person conducting the unlawful performance may do the United States law and continue to perform the play until its commercial value is completely destroyed. Entire cities of the country, East, West, North and South, are now so over-run with these unlawful producers of plays that reputable companies are completely debarred from entering them. The local managers and owners of theatres are nowhere in sympathy with these unlawful producers of plays, but it has now become almost impossible for them to detect a fraudulent product when contracting for performances in their houses.

No man can defend this great wrong. Look at it more closely. The man who is robbed of the work of his intellect is told to go to the courts. He goes to the circuit court in the district where the play is being produced and gets an injunction. The pirate skips into another circuit and disappears, his stolen goods. If followed with a second injunction he goes into a third circuit, and the chase continues. The owner of the copyright might spend all his p's if he has any, and if not, might spend his entire fortune, before he could secure a conviction of the thief.

I know of one case myself. A play was being produced in Denver. It was being performed in the opera house there. I say "performed"—I should say "butchered." The owner went before the judge. He secured an injunction against the performance, and the man who was running the show promptly turned the company over to another pirate, and that gentleman produced the play in that very opera house in that very city on the next day. If he had been followed up he would have turned the company over to a third pirate, and the performance would have been continued indefinitely.

Mr. Speaker, this is not the first time this bill has been before the House of Representatives. It was here in the last Congress. As a remedy it was proposed to give any Federal court jurisdiction over the entire country. I am not a lawyer and I shall not attempt to use legal phraseology. I shall try to make it as plain that even a common hooligan can understand it. Savanah author has copyrighted a play and sold it. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been spent in the city of New York to produce it. Somebody out in Chicago, or New Orleans, or San Francisco mangles it and sends out piratical troupes to perform that mangled play without authority from the author. The author or purchaser can go to a Federal judge—say the circuit judge of the New York district—and get an injunction which would hold in every circuit in the United States. Such was the bill proposed in the last Congress. The House voted it down, because they did not think it proper to give a Federal judge in New York complete jurisdiction over a matter in Texas. I do not say that the House was not right, although I must say that if the force bill had become a law it would have given the Federal courts far more jurisdiction than that proposed in the last Congress.

Now, Mr. Speaker, this bill attempts to correct what the House thought was wrong in the bill then. As I understand it now, it gives a Federal judge in New York the power to issue a mandamus or an injunction or power to punish for contempt, and that power can be exercised in any other judicial district in the United States if it is endorsed by the judge ruling in that district. If he refuses his assent, that ends the whole matter, and the man who owns the copyright remains unprotected. But if the judge believes that the pirate was at work in his district, by a simple indorsement he could pen the pirate and stop the robbery. Here, for instance, is a man who spends \$10,000 for a play, which is produced in the city of New York. It is a failure. He loses his \$10,000. He picks his fangs and tries again. He spends \$15,000 more for a second play, and that also proves a failure, and his money vanishes. Finally, after repeated efforts, he procures a play that is a great success. It is "ringing in" money enough to more than repay him for all losses he has incurred. Now, the moment that play is successful, ten or a dozen, or perhaps twenty pirates seize it. They send their stenographers into the theatre to copy the words. They can buy them, if they wish, from a company organized in Chicago, which sends its stenographers and its musicians to

several words or music. Next, these ten or twenty piratical companies spread themselves all over the Union. They do not give the play as it was written by the author. It may require thirty or forty performers to present it properly; but they mangle and mutilate it so that it can be performed by half a dozen people. They damage irretrievably the property owned by the author, or by the man who put up the money to produce it originally. The author receives his copyright from the United States, and the thief of his play is a robbery of his brain. Yet he remains unprosecuted. The Government virtually receives a fine in "under false pretenses" if the thief was at the South and stole a hog he would probably be shot or hanged, but he can steal the product of another man's brain and be virtually protected by defective laws.

There seems to be no doubt, at this writing, that the bill will become a law. A despatch to *THE MIRROR* from Daniel Frohman last night was to the effect that the measure had not reached the President, and Mr. Frohman and Mr. Howard will remain in Washington until some prospect of executive action is made known.

MRS. HERRMANN'S PLANS.

Adelaide Herrmann was so grief-stricken in consequence of the sudden death of her husband, Professor Herrmann, that she isolated herself in his husband's private car in the Erie Railway depot at Jersey City until after the funeral, when, at the urgent solicitation of her friends, she was prevailed upon to make her home for the present at the New York residence of one of these friends in West Seventy-second Street.

Mrs. Herrmann's legal representatives are Charles Henry Butler and Howe and Hammel, and she was in consultation with A. H. Hammel yesterday when a *MIRROR* representative called in regard to the settlement of Professor Herrmann's estate. As Mrs. Herrmann was unprepared to talk on the subject, Mr. Hammel stated that the general supposition that Professor Herrmann had left a large amount of life insurance for Mrs. Herrmann's benefit is erroneous. The professor had two life insurance policies, one of \$30,000 in the Equitable and another of \$10,000 in the A. & M. which, in order to satisfy some of his creditors, he had hypothesized. Mrs. Herrmann had guaranteed the payment for her husband of all his past indebtedness, and this would more than eat up the whole of the amount of insurance. Mr. Hammel added that the prevalent belief that Professor Herrmann owned the mansion and grounds at Whitestone, L. I., is, unfortunately, a mistake. That property belongs to the estate of William Wetmore Story and was merely leased by the Herrmanns.

On being questioned in regard to the continuation of the tour mapped out for this season, Mrs. Herrmann stated that her husband's constant wish was that his nephew, Leon Herrmann, now residing in Paris, who was his pupil, should be his successor, and that in accordance with that wish she had cabled to Leon Herrmann, who would take her husband's place on en

"In regard to the question of succession," said Mrs. Herrmann, "I wish to state that nothing was more annoying to my husband than the insinuations emanating from a certain magician to the effect that he (Alexander Herrmann) was not a brother of Carl Herrmann. As I was married to Alexander Herrmann for twenty-two years, I ought to know something about the relationship. They were bona-fide brothers, and all statements to the contrary had their origin in hatred, jealousy and malice."

"To what do you attribute your husband's sudden death?" was asked.

"My husband was an incessant smoker, and when he was taken ill several seasons ago the doctor informed him that he had smoker's heart, and ought to give up tobacco, but he wouldn't heed his advice. Whenever I would caution him about it he'd say: 'O, it won't hurt me, I only take a puff of a cigarette now and then.' We were such a happy couple and so inseparable that his sudden death was a terrible blow to me. However, I am trying my best to bear up under my affliction, as it is my duty to continue the tour in order to act honorably by his creditors. He would have been completely out of debt at the end of the present season, and accordingly I intend to resume the tour in about three weeks, and fill all the bookings with Leon Herrmann at the head of the company."

After the *MIRROR*'s representative had finished his interview with Mrs. Herrmann, she left the city for the Surrogate's Court of Queens County, L. I., in company with her counsel, where letters of administration were applied for and secured. The application to Surrogate Weller shows that the entire estate, including all debts, is valued at no more than two thousand dollars.

A. M. PALMER'S SOUTHERN VISIT.

A. M. Palmer visited New Orleans last week, where Minnie Marden Fiske, who is under his management, played an engagement in *The Right to Happiness* at the Grand Opera House. It was Mr. Palmer's first trip to the Southern metropolis, and during his stay he received largesse of hospitality from the clubs, the press and prominent citizens. He was greatly impressed with the city, the beauty of its avenues, the picturequeness of its French quarter and the bustling activity of its commercial interests. From New Orleans Mr. Palmer proceeded to Chicago, where he will remain several days on business connected with the Great Northern Theatre.

MELBOURNE MACDOWELL'S SUCCESS.

The recent engagement of Fanny Davenport at the American Theatre was especially noticeable for the series of fine characterizations given by Melbourne MacDowell in the various plays presented. As *Loris Ipanoff* in *Fedora*, *Marc Antony* in *Cleopatra*, and *Baron Scarpia* in *La Tosca*, Mr. MacDowell has opportunity to display his versatility in three widely opposite characters. His success in these roles proves that he has not neglected the chance. An actor of Mr. MacDowell's abilities might easily enter the starring field, but he believes that he can best shine in the support of Miss Davenport, and it is everywhere conceded that he is an admirable foil to that distinguished actress.

HARRY BERNARD TAKES FOR HER SAKE.

Harry Bernard has secured from Edwin Gordon Lawrence all rights and title to *For Her Sake*, with costumes, scenery, properties and printing, and will at once reorganize the company to play chiefly three-nights and week stands. C. M. Montgomery has signed as stage-manager, and James E. Jackson has been engaged.

MRS. DREW HOMeward BOUND.

Mrs. John Drew, with Mrs. John Drew, Jr., and May Gallagher, is homeward bound from Europe. She is expected to arrive on Thursday. Mrs. Drew has been engaged to succeed Agnes Booth in the title role of *The Sporting Duchess* on tour.

A REMEDY APPLIED.

It was communicated to the public through the columns of the *Journal* the other day that Alfred Cohen, who writes for that paper under the signature of "Alan Dale," had been denied admittance to the Lyceum Theatre by Daniel Frohman on Monday night of last week. Cohen bought two tickets for the first performance of *The Late Mr. Castello*. When he presented them at the gate he was informed that he could not go in. Cohen subsequently published an abusive article concerning Mr. Frohman in the *Journal*.

A *MIRROR* reporter saw Mr. Frohman on Saturday. He said that he considered the matter worth little space, but he consented finally to explain his action briefly.

"My course in ejecting 'Alan Dale' from the Lyceum Theatre needs, I feel, very little explanation, as he has been regarded by man for a long time not as a critic (a function which implies qualities wholly foreign to this man Cohen's capacity), but as a vituperative and vilifying bully.

"Managers do not deprecate honest criticism, no matter how severe it may be. This man's hand is directed principally against actors, actresses, and authors and their work, no matter how meritorious. His assertion that I am 'opposed to the press' is obviously his weak defense. I merely determined that such a representative of the press, and of the functions of dramatic criticism should never again have access to my theatre. There is nothing personal in this matter, and his 'criticism' of the opening play had nothing to do with the case."

The *MIRROR* is glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Frohman upon his manly and independent stand. Decent men and women in the profession will honor him for it, and so will decent journalists and journalists.

Cohen cannot find refuge in the convenient plea that he is a martyr to the cause of honest criticism. He will find no sympathizers among men who respect the critic's calling, and who are jealous of its fair fame.

The manager of the Lyceum has in action practically applied what other managers have been content hitherto to express in words. Perhaps they will now find courage to emulate his example.

Mr. Frohman's course in no sense indicates his intent to interfere with the freedom of critical opinion. An army of men and women who have suffered from the unrestrained gibes, the coarse impertinence and the vulgar abuse of Cohen can bear witness to the fact that it is license, not liberty, that he claims as his individual prerogative.

JARBEAU TO STAR.

Vernona Jarreau is to star next season, heading her own company in a revised and elaborate production of an operatic burlesque of Carmen. Miss Jarreau, it is announced, will surround herself with the best company that money can procure. The burlesque is now being rewritten by a prominent author. Everything will be up to date, and novel mechanical and electrical effects will be introduced. In fact Miss Jarreau, it is promised, will have a first-class attraction.

Miss Jarreau has always been successful in her starring tours, and only abandoned star-ring on account of being unable to secure a suitable vehicle, she will again resume the position that she formerly so prominently filled. Her tour, which is now being booked, will include all of the principal Eastern and Western cities; through New England, the South, and Texas. Miss Jarreau is one of the most earnest and conscientious actresses in the profession, and with clever people around her, and the liberal, generous, and able management she will no doubt enjoy, she should certainly prove a winner. New operatic extravaganzas are being written and arranged for her, and will be produced whenever they are accepted by Miss Jarreau, as she is determined to present nothing but the very best. Miss Jarreau's tour will be directed by Manager H. R. Jacobs.

WILLIAM REDMUND'S DENIAL.

Referring to an item printed in a daily paper insinuating that William Redmund is on bad terms with Richard Mansfield, and that they had figured in "a big row," Mr. Redmund writes: "I am not on bad terms with Mr. Mansfield and never had a 'row' with that gentleman, nor have I ever intimated to any person that such had been the case. Whatever conversation I have had with Mr. Mansfield has always been upon the most friendly terms, which is proved by the fact that, having resigned from the company, I shall have the pleasure of playing with Mr. Mansfield on Wednesday and Friday next."

THE HOLLANDS' NEW YORK SEASON.

H. C. Miner and Joseph Brooks announce the first New York appearance under their management of E. M. and Joseph Holland, who come to the Fifth Avenue Theatre following the engagement of W. H. Crane, which comes to an end Jan. 2. The Hollands' opening bill on Jan. 4 will consist of Fitch and Dietrichstein's new American comedy, *A Superfluous Husband*, preceded by Augustus Thomas's *Colonel Carter* of Cartersville, which that author has lately reproduced from a five to a one-act play in order that the Hollands might use it as a curtain-raiser.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

The tour of Charles T. Ellis next season will be directed by Manager H. R. Jacobs. A revival of *Casper the Yodler* will be made. Every thing about it will be new, and the company will be the very best that can be secured. Lively specialties will be introduced, a lot of pretty girls will be seen in the choruses, and it is promised to be by far the best production ever made by Mr. Ellis. The tour will begin early in September, and will include all of the principal cities East and West. Time is now being booked by Manager Jacobs, who can be addressed care of Klaw and Erlanger, Broadway and Forty-second Street.

HUBERMAN PERMITTED TO PLAY.

When Bronislaw Huberman, the boy violinist, was announced to appear at the Sunday night concert in the Metropolitan Opera House there arose a great protest from the Gerry Society and the child was cautioned against attempting to play. Edward Lauterbach, a director of the Opera House, went to Mayor Strong and obtained a permit by which Huberman played on Sunday evening.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S HEALTH.

Rumors were ripe yesterday concerning the health of Lillian Russell. A representative of *THE MIRROR* called at Miss Russell's residence last evening, and learned that the prima donna was able to be out of doors during the day, and that she expected to attend the rehearsal of *An American Beauty*, called for Wednesday.

SAID TO THE MIRROR.

BRANCH O'BRIEN: "As a regular reader of the organ of the theatrical profession, and as the representative of Margaret Fuller, allow me to enter my protest against the misstatement furnished by your postally signed correspondent at Mahanoy City, Pa., in last week's paper. The 'Princess of Bagdad' was not 'cut,' and the '300-mile jump' did not cause any 'abridgement of the play.' On the contrary, the production was given in its entirety, as elsewhere, and while the 'jump' next day was less than 200 miles, and not 300 miles, it was not arranged by me."

CRESTON CLARKE: "Would you kindly state that the Creston Clarke reported as playing Sidney, O., is not Creston Clarke, son of John S. Clarke, and nephew of the late Edwin Booth. His season opens Feb. 1 at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia."

JACOB LITT: "The report that in Old Kentucky has closed is without foundation. A small company that was organized to play one night stands not touched by the big company closed in New England a short time ago. The original No. 1 company is still out, playing to the old-time 'Kentucky business.'

ENGAGEMENTS.

Mabel Bonton has been specially engaged for a prominent part in *An American Beauty* at the Casino.

Charles Burroughs has been engaged by Hoyt and McKee to play the doctor in *A Milk White Flag*.

Josephine Crowell has been engaged to originate a character part in Fred Whitney's new comedy.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Harry Clay Blaney, in *A Boy Wanted*, played to the largest audience ever known in the history of the High Street Theatre, Columbus, O., recently. Columbus is Mr. Blaney's home, and this was his first appearance there as a star.

James T. Kelly, who has signed to play the star part in Blaney's new farce comedy, *A Maid Girl*, is at present with W. F. Dailey's company. W. F. Crossley has invented a novel advertising scheme to be used to book Mr. Kelly and his comedy. Mr. Crossley will also give away a novel souvenir for The Electrician first night in Boston and New York.

The Electrician, Charles E. Blaney's new comedy-drama, will open at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston, Jan. 25 for two weeks. Mr. Blaney intends to give an elaborate production of this play.

Branch O'Brien was in the city last Friday and Saturday booking time for Margaret Fuller, who is meeting with success in *Dumas's play*. The Princess of Bagdad. Willis E. Boyer says that *A Railroad Ticket*, under the management of the author, Joseph M. Gates, since the cast has been changed, is doing a good business. The leading members of the company now are Louis Wesley, Arthur Moulton, Gus Paisley, Charles A. Burke, Frank Morrell, Marie Stuart, Edith Newton, and Minnie Carlton.

Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld have published a hand-some pamphlet containing the New York press notices of the *Liliputians* in *The Merry Tramps*, and bearing upon the cover a picture of the tramps themselves.

Fanny Duley, who was with Exc

THE FOREIGN STAGE

GAWAIN'S GOSSIP.

The Circus Girl a Great Success—Sundry Rows, Quarrels and Notes.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

LONDON, Dec. 11, 1896.

George Edwardes is in for it again—for luck, I mean. What a man he is to find success, to be sure! His new production, *The Circus Girl*, adapted from the German and tested last Saturday before a crowded house, achieved an instant triumph—and that in spite of the play's in-



LEONORA BRAHAM.

ordinate length—even for a Gaity piece. The two authors, J. T. Tanner and "W. Palling," responsible for the adaptation; the two bards, "Adrian Ross" and Harry Greenbank, who have written the lyrics, and the two composers, Ivan Caryl and Lionel Monckton, who have supplied the music, may well be proud of the reception accorded to their work—and of the wonderful company Edwardes has secured to give effect thereto.

Before proceeding further, perhaps a few biographical items may be acceptable. *Imprimitur*, then, Tanner is a dark Japanese-looking young man, who for some years was stage manager for Van Buren's touring comic opera companies. About the first playwriting work in which he was engaged was in helping to write *The Broken Melody*, which the said V. B. recently brought to your hospitable shores. Since then Tanner has written, or helped to write, in *Town*, *Joan of Arc*, and *My Girl*, besides assisting "Owen Hall" (otherwise Jemmy Davis) to construct *The Geisha*. In fact, it is as a constructor and "producer," rather than a writer, that Tanner shines. "W. Palling" is really Walter Palling, a well-known Stock-Exchanger, of musical and dramatic tastes, and chairman of the Gaity company. "Palling" is a name given to him some years ago by the *Sporting Times*, which is generally called "The Pink 'Un," perhaps because its wheezes are mostly "blue." "Adrian Ross" is really Adrian R. Ropes, son of a consul of some importance, and M. A. of Cambridge University. Instead of which, as the Judge said, he goes about writing songs for burlesques and things. He has performed this office for the last five or six Gaity mixtures. Harry Greenbank is a young clerk, who also lately took to the providing of lyrics, his best being those in *A Gaity Girl*, *An Artist's Model*, and *The Geisha*. He also wrote both the libretto and lyrics for Monte Carlo at the Avenue but for the unlyrical part he disguised himself in the name of "Sydney Carlton." Ivan Caryl (born Tilkin) is a good looking Belgian and a clever composer, as was especially evidenced in *The Shop Girl* and *The Gay Parisienne*. Lionel Monckton is son of Sir Charles Monckton, a city magistrate, and Lady Monckton, the actress, and is the second musical and dramatic critic on the *Daily Telegraph*, from which paper your Mr. Bayard, whom we all honor, has this week very rightly refused a testimonial. George Edwardes is an Irishman, born in Lincolnshire, and long Queen in Russia, where he for awhile wore our Queen's uniform, a garb he looks well in, and—but enough on these heads, or rather the owners thereof.

And now to resume some question of the play. Perhaps the quickest and clearest way to indicate the plot is to describe the chief characters. Of the eight principal comedians concerned, Seymour Hicks represents Dick Capel, a lover, who on a certain occasion departs at a certain circus for "The Cannon King," and in so doing wins the heart of Dora Wemyss, a pretty school girl, who is represented by dainty Ellaline Terriss, again looking prettier than a picture. As Dora has made up her mind that Dick is a real Cannon King, he is fain to keep up the deception; but on the night when he, to please his fiancée, who is at the circus, arranges once more to take the Cannon King's place, he contrives to blow out of his huge cannon Dora's old father, who has been mashing certain circus girls, and has hidden in the canon to escape from his wife, who is on his track. This father is drolly represented by Harry Monkhouse, while the perplexed circus proprietor is played by Arthur Williams with his accustomed quaintness. The best comedy part in the piece is Bigga, a funny little American bartender, played in a screamingly funny fashion by funny little Edmund Payne, who, with the exception of a few nights, return a little while ago, has been absent from the Gaity for nearly two years, owing to severe illness. He had an overwhelming reception, and made a big hit, especially in the scene where he has undertaken to combat, in order to win a certain girl, a celebrated wrestler, whom he has not seen, and anon finds that his opponent is no other than a giant who is known as "the terrible Turk." The girl whom the diminutive bartender would fain win is a saucy little slack wire-walker capably acted and danced by bright little Katie Seymour, a tremendous Gaity favorite. Pretty Ethel Haydon as a dashing bare back rider, who, strangely enough, wore high heeled shoes on the first night, and Maria Davis as a middle-aged and volcanic wife lent fine aid to the fine cast. The

songs will soon be whistled all over London—not to mention New York—for of course it will not be long before *The Circus Girl* pays you a visit. I think you will like her. If not, write me down an ass for thinking so.

The aforesaid Edwardes has not been without his worries however. The latest "ruction" in which he has been concerned is with the Brothers Gatti at one of whose theatres—the Vaudeville—he is, by arrangement with Charles Frohman, running *A Night Out*, now close upon its three-hundredth performance. G. E. finds three-fourths of the money required and the Gatti find the other quarter. Now, a day or two ago, Edwardes wanted to put someone else into a certain part played by—several mind whom. The Gatti objected to G. E.'s new selection, on the score of salary, and suggested someone much cheaper in order that their quarter of the exes should be decreased rather than increased; whereas Edwardes fumed and the Gatti frowned, and the law was about to be invoked. A day or two ago, however, they agreed to submit their differences to arbitration and Sir Edward Clarke was specially engaged as arbitrator. Peace now reigns—*pro tem.*

Edwardes has, however, still another case to fight. This is the one I mentioned recently, namely, a claiming of damages from him because he did not transfer *My Girl* from the Gaity to the Avenue instead of sending that lady to the Garrick. Sundry big-wigs of the law are to pronounce on this matter to-morrow morning.

There have also been fresh quarrels at the Prince of Wales's between partners Arthur Roberts, actor, and Hans Lovensfeld, financier and former proprietor of the temperance "sippie" known as Kop's ale. Both men are obstinate, and inasmuch as Hans's knowledge of the stage and of playgoers' requirements is far less than Arthur's, of course, his (Hans's) obstinacy increases, or appears to increase in proportionate ratio. Roberts, too, has a difficult temper to manage when he is aroused. And now that Lovensfeld talks of retiring from the management, a fresh difficulty has arisen from the fact that, although several would-be tenants have applied for the theatre, the partners cannot agree as to which tenant shall be chosen. It is a pretty kettle of fish, as the saying is, and unhappily there is plenty of hot water around to boil the same.

And yet another legal battle has to be chronicled—nay, two battles. One is the action of the syndicate pledged to run that long, long talked of Armenian opera against Seymour Hicks, who was engaged and paid, it is said, £800 on account of fees for adapting the book for England. The said syndicators allege that Hicks has not only endeavored to dispose of the piece elsewhere, but also that he is using some of the songs of the piece nightly in *The Circus Girl*, hereinbefore mentioned. Hicks, on the other hand, alleges that these syndicators broke their contract by not producing the Armenian play at the time nominated in the bond. The case was adjourned on the understanding that Hicks is not to move further in disposing of the piece until next March, thereby giving the syndicators a chance.

Another law case was only a very little one. It was a claim by certain members of her company against your Mrs. Minnie Palmer for salary for alleged wrongful dismissal. But Minnie won.

To select just a few specimens of the other latest quarrels, I may mention (1) that the H. J. Leslie, or, Farce Comedy Syndicate, have had a flare up with the so called "Quilt" Syndicate, for whom the Leslie lot were to run that long talked of piece, *The Rider Down Quilt*. In consequence of these alarms and excursions, the "quilters," headed by Arthur Playfair, an actor who mostly goes in for mimicry, and who is a nephew of Lord Playfair, have themselves settled with Edward Terry to let him his theatre for a season. Meanwhile Leslie, between the intervals of his heavy preparations for *The Pilgrim's Progress* at the Olympic, is endeavoring to fix up another house and play for his farce-comedy syndicators. Then (2), a fresh outbreak among the syndicators who have so long threatened to run a dramatization of the overrated Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan*, but have not yet been able to agree sufficiently to enable them to do so. This new outbreak is of a two-fold nature. In the first place, the chief players engaged in on their parts being "written up" and otherwise altered; whereupon Marie, who is nothing if not volcanic, has issued a manifesto setting forth that she is in no wise responsible for the forthcoming adaptation—in which she, it was reported, at first collaborated with the two adaptors of the male, or opposite sex. In the second place the Satanic syndicators have quarreled with the people of the theatre which they had, after much storm and stress, selected—poor John Lancaster's house, the Shaftesbury.

The Garrick, which here rested from W. S. Gilbert, and ran so long with high class comedy, and which William Greet and company lately turned into a "musical play" house, producing *Lord Tom Noddy*, which failed, was reopened last week under the management of H. T. Brickwell, who for some fifteen years past has been Edward Terry's business manager. Brickwell, who has money at his back, started business at the Garrick by transferring thereto George Edwardes's *My Girl* company from the Gaity, which it had to skip to make way for *The Circus Girl*, and this arrangement has led to a row, as hereinbefore stated. Meanwhile, E. G. London and a syndicate have taken the Avenue for the production of a piece called *The Tortoise Shell Cat*. Things have gone well at the Garrick, notwithstanding the fact that large numbers of dramatic critics left their seats unoccupied—a thing they are sometimes given to do on the revivals in this city. We are, it seems, to have My Friend from India after all. It will be the next production at the Garrick.

Frederick Hawkins, editor and proprietor of the *Theatre*, has recovered from a severe attack of illness, and has contrived to write in the current number of his magazine an excellent article on Irving's first night in *The Bells* at the Lyceum, a quarter of a century ago—the anniversary celebration of which was fully described by late by me. The *Theatre* has also an article on "Indelicacy on the Stage," which I recommend to the notice of your native adaptors of foreign

plays. Leonora Braham, whose portrait, accompanying this letter, shows her in the character of Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, is now doing well on tour with one of D'Oyly Carte's companies. She scored heavily in *The Grand Duke*, the recent joint offering of Gilbert and Sullivan, at the London Savoy.

The Ibsenites have had quite another little flutter this week by reason of the fact that in consequence of Janet Achurch having had a quarrel with the people running the "master's" latest unhealthy play, *Little Eyolf*, at the Avenue, Mrs. Patrick Campbell relinquishing the insignificant part of the Rat Wife, took up the character of Rita Almén. The faithful attended and expressed reverent approval while again gloating over what they call the "subtlety" of the "master."

A change also has this week been made in the cast of *The Two Little Vagabonds* at the Prince

ceas'n, Hilda Spong, the beautiful young actress who recently came here from Australia, taking up the part of the long-suffering wife, originally played by Geraldine Olliffe, who made a big hit in *The Rogue's Comedy* when it was first produced at the Garrick, hand by Charing Cross.

Sandow, the strong man, who made his reappearance in this city at the London Pavilion a week or two ago, met with an accident on Wednesday and has since been out of the bill. He is now recovering, however.

The fourth anniversary of the Palace Theatre last night was a grand success, important theatrical and variety artists coming from all parts to assist at the function. The *tableaux vivants*, originally started in London at this house, still remain a strong feature there, although all the imitations of the idea trotted out elsewhere have long since faded away.

GAWAIN.

DRAMA AND OPERA IN ITALY.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

ROME, Dec. 10, 1896.

Giacosa is nothing outside his own dramatic sphere—romance—and we were all very sorry when we heard he had translated a play from the French. Such a play, too! Monsieur Betsy, which not even his great name could save from prostitution death and burial. We had been led to suppose that Monsieur Betsy was a satire on a certain portion of modern society; but Monsieur Betsy is a Zolaian play, which may be intended to be naturalistic, but is nasty more than natural—at least I hope so for the honor of human nature. During the whole four acts not a hand of applause was heard, nor was the least interest seen on any face. Months, and even years, pass between one act and another, and all the characters are corrupt and cynical enough to disgust the worst specimens of mankind. A daughter is continually reproaching her father for his vices, while she herself acts a waiter in a coffee-house to marry her, in order that she may be free to have her lover live with her; then, when this lover dies, she takes another, and another, always with her husband's consent!

That Giacosa should ever have translated such a work is a wonder to his friends, and must now be a wonder to himself. Let him give us another Game of Chess, or Love's Triumph, and leave Monsieur Betsy in their own land.

The *Decorative Wife*, one of our recent novelties, is not quite as pure as snow, but it is not so deeply steeped in mire as Monsieur Betsy. A lady, still young, whose husband is thirty years older than herself, has a lover and a young niece, who is as ugly as she is poor. So, thinking to keep her lover ever faithful to her, she proposes a marriage between the lover and niece. The aunt explains matters to the niece, and makes her to understand that she can never marry, being so poor and ugly, and that this marriage will give her a position in the world, but that she must never be anything but wife in name only. The girl consents, though she has for years loved her coming husband in secret. She is a remarkably clever and accomplished woman, and her husband soon learns to become proud of the wife whom everyone admires and praises to him. Love is not long to follow, and then the husband revolts against the conditions secretly agreed upon in the marriage contract. The two are perfectly happy in the end, and the aunt accompanies her old husband into Greece to study antiquities. There is something in the plot, though the relationship between the two women is too close to be agreeable. Unfortunately, alas, the dialogue is slow, monotonous, and colorless. It was superbly acted.

Max Nordau's *The Right to Love* is considered too "preachy" to succeed here, where sermons do not please, and there are too many and too long sermons in *The Right to Love* for the taste of the Italian public.

Well, let me see, have I not one genuine success to let fall from the tip of my pen? Perhaps Beresio's *Mare Lusso* is the nearest approach to one. *Mare Lusso* is a peasant woman, whose husband, in a drunken fit, had disfigured and blinded her twenty-five years previously by throwing a bottle of vitriol over her face, after which he fled to America. Poor and blind though she be, the unfortunate woman has managed to bring up her son to be a good honest workman, and he is in love with a young girl in his own station, but whom he cannot marry for want of means. By-and-by, however, the old man comes to the village saying he is a friend of *Mare Lusso's* husband, and he tries to win the son's affection to the father, who, he says, is not so bad as he seems. When *Mare Lusso*, however, hears his voice, she recognises her husband. But she does not betray this till the man falls on his knees and begs her pardon for all that he did in the past. The wife then throws her arms about his neck, and all are happy, for the old man has come back rich, and so the young folks can marry.

L'Asinelle, by Onorio Poggio, is in one act. A young fellow is charged with the unpleasant duty of seizing the furniture of a *demi monsieur*. When in the house, he discovers that the woman is his own wife, who had left him shortly after their marriage. They meet. He tries to win her back. The woman only laughs at him, and leaves him again to receive a protector, who will pay her debts and save her furniture. Another pleasant little play, as you see!

After *Eighteen Years*, *The Indian Amulet*, and *The Cursed Wheel* are three more novelties, but deserve no further mention.

Our fashionable writer, Gabriele d'Annunzio, has written a new tragedy for Sarah Bernhardt, and it will be played in Paris before long. Our Bracco's *Mask* has been translated into German, and has been given in Berlin with the greatest success—and another of Bracco's plays, *Triumph*, has been given with triumph in Trieste. *Tina di Lorenzo* was the heroine.

Some have said that Duse learnt her art from Bernhardt. This is quite an error. Bernhardt has never taught any one, nor could she, perhaps, if she tried. She is also a trifle too jealous to teach and bring forth a pupil, who some day might prove a rival to herself. Duse's model, if she had one, was poor *Édouard*. But Duse has never copied any one. They say she is going to Paris. Mark my words, there will be a terrible clique against her. The piece selected for her debut in, I hear, *Fedora*. A worse piece could not have been chosen. If Duse reads these words in time, let her choose *Camille* or *La Fille du Clerc*, in which she has no rival, or even *Magda*, or *The Princess of Bagdad*, which so delighted Alexandre Dumas that he dedicated the play to her, and added her "business" to the instructions in the last act.

So Verdi is really writing another opera, *King Lear*, and Boito is writing the libretto. Who knows that he may not write still another opera, *Romeo and Juliet*, before his occupation is gone? As for Boito's *Nero*, it is still lying in his hands. He says he cannot produce it so long as Verdi continues writing. *King Lear* will make Verdi's twenty-eighth opera.

Our Roman opera season promises to be a very poor one. Not a single novelty is announced nor any singer of note. We shall be worse off

than any other town in Italy, and Rome is the capital of Italy!

In our vaudeville companies there is now a French singer who is creating more of sensation than Yvette Guilbert did. Her name is Blanche Lescout. She is pert and quaint at the same time and sings the naughtiest things in the world, looking more innocent than a child all the while. You must be a smart French scholar, however, to quite understand her, notwithstanding her roughly innocent eyes.

And now, a merry Christmas. S. P. Q. R.

AMUSEMENTS IN HONOLULU.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

HONOLULU, Dec. 4, 1896.

The Frawley company closed the second week of their engagement to the largest house the Islands ever turned out. The play, *The Ensign*, was very well staged, and the company gave a fine performance. S. R. O. was at a premium. Last Tuesday they opened with *The Charity Ball*; on Thursday was seen *The Senator*; Saturday matinee, *The Highest Bidder*; and, as I have said, *The Ensign* Saturday night. This week brought on Tuesday *His Wife's Father*; to-night, *The Great Unknown*; and Saturday ends the run with *Nancy and Co.* The company have done by far the largest business ever known on the Islands, and will always be assured of a good welcome when they return.

A trip to Calistoga will reach here from New Zealand early in January, and will do a large business.

Everything is very quiet in amateur lines at present, but interest may be revived for the holiday season.

Mr. Frawley and all of his company express great pleasure at the treatment they have received from the Honolulu public, and Mr. Frawley thanked one and all in a neat little speech before the curtain.

CHARLES DILLARD WILSON.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The employees of the London Lyceum presented to Sir Henry Irving a massive silver bell at the recent anniversary revival of *The Bell*.

Meissner's new opera, *Le Chevalier d'Harmental*, has been rehearsed at the Vienna Opera. It is pronounced tedious.

Le Fan au Moulin is the new "bouffonnerie-nautique" at the Paris Nouveau Cirque.

Paul and Victor Margueritte have written a new play, *L'Impasse*, for the Paris Odéon, and a curtain-raiser, *Le Pacte*, for the Comédie-Française.

Wanda de Boncza made her debut at the Comédie-Française, Nov. 30, in *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*.

The newest Parisian review is *Don Juan de Vingt Scènes*, by Alphonse Franck and Gaston Callavet.

Sardou's new play, *Spiritisme* for Sarah Bernhardt is in three acts, based upon spiritualism, and has a scene in which spirit rappings are introduced. It will be seen probably next month.

Marc Sonal and Pierre Laurey have written a new comédie bouffe, *Les Vacances de Toto*, for the Paris Déjaset.

Jeanne Aubecq has been ordered by a Paris court to pay 15,000 francs forfeit to the Administration of Fine Arts because her daughter broke an engagement with the Conservatoire to play at the Galilé.

Sarah Bernhardt, so says rumor, will soon be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Albert Lambot has been appointed stage manager of the Paris Odéon, to succeed André Anthon.

Louis Battaille, artist and author, late manager of the Scala Music Hall, has died in Paris.</p

VAUDEVILLE STAGE

TALANTED TRAVESTY ARTISTS.



MR. AND MRS. GARRISON.

It requires brains, talent, ingenuity, and originality to be a good travesty performer, and that these qualities are possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Garrison is attested by the emphatic manner in which the public approves of their work.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrison have been before the public as a team for about six years. They made their debut together in New Orleans in an Irish comedy act, which was staged with such care and attention to detail that it was necessary for them to carry three scenes with them on their tours. They joined the Rogers Brothers' company, and traveled with them until the end of the season, when they arrived in New York. Their next engagement was with Fields and Hanson's company, in which they remained two seasons. They toured with the Washburn Sisters' Last Sensation for one season, and this season they have been filling dates at the leading high class vaudeville houses throughout this country and Canada.

The Garrisons made their first appearance in their present line of work at an Elks' benefit a couple of years ago at the Academy of Music, in this city, and since that time they have adhered to this style of entertainment, in which they have been most successful.

Their best hits are made with the surprises they spring on their audiences. Mr. Garrison will start off on a long speech which seems to be in a very serious vein, when without the least warning he will make some commonplace remark which takes his hearers so completely by surprise that a loud laugh invariably results. Then, too, they are always on the lookout for something, be it ever so small, which will improve their act, which is already one of the best of its kind. Mr. Garrison had a safe made especially for a short burlesque on The War of Wealth, which he added to the sketch last week.

The portion of the Garrisons' act which attracts most attention is "The Grand Army Bum" speech, delivered by Mr. Garrison. It is in a serious vein, and is delivered with such force and feeling that the applause which comes at its climax is invariably loud and long continued. It is a speech in defense of the poor old soldiers who were classed as "Grand Army Bummers" some time ago by a man prominent in New York politics. At one or two other parts of the act Mr. Garrison makes speeches in a serious vein, which shows that he has the ability to make his auditors feel as well as laugh, and give evidence that he would shine in a higher class of work than that in which he is now engaged.

His versatility and quickness has been proven, too. One evening in Kansas City, a few years ago, he was asked to take the part of Jack Pinner in *ster*. On, as Fred Hallen had been called suddenly to New York. Without a moment's hesitation he accepted the responsibility, and gave a performance that satisfied everybody.

Mrs. Garrison is a fine looking woman with considerable histrionic tact, and lends splendid support to her husband in their sketch, which was constucted with a view of entertaining any and all kinds of audiences. It has pleased the discriminating theatregoers who attend the Pleasure Palace, Tony Pastor's and Proctor's in this city, and the patrons of the Orpheum Theatres in San Francisco and Los Angeles. John Morrissey, manager of this circuit, gave them a letter when they left the coast, which speaks in the highest terms of their performance and of the hit it made with his patrons.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrison are playing a return date at Tony Pastor's this week. They appeared there a short time ago, and made such a favorable impression that Mr. Pastor, who always knows a good thing when he sees it, immediately re-engaged them.

THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

Koster and Bial's.

Yvette Guibert is in her second week and adds new songs to her long list. The others in the bill are Press Eldridge, comedian; Prof Wormwood's educated animals; Sam Burt, comedian; Dixon, Bowers and Dixon, acrobatic comedians; the three Delphinios, musical clowns; Werner and Rieder, Tyrolean warblers; the Zedoras, and Alar, aerial act; and Williams and Walker, "two real coons." The American Biograph is retained.

Hammerstein's Olympia.

Bessie Bonehill is the star of the Christmas bill, which includes Amann, the facial mimic; Woodward's trained seals; the George French Troupe, skaters and bicyclists; the Newsboys' Quintet; George W. Day, burnt cork comedian; the Leigh Sisters, dancers; Burt Jordan, dancer; Fenz Brothers, singers; Swan and Bamford, acrobats; Mardo, juggler; Priscilla Paulding, soprano, and others.

Hammerstein's Olympia.

Louise Beaudet continues to head the list with new songs. The others are Harrigan, the tramp juggler; Adele Purvis Ouri, electric dances on

the illuminated globe; James Thornton, monologist; the three Vilona Sisters, musicians; Ando, Omwng, and Little All Right, jugglers; Fa-like and Semoa, musical comedians; and the Florena Troupe, who return for their last week in America. The Bal Champetre bill remains the same as last week, and includes the four Fanchonetti Sisters, acrobatic dancers.

Proctor's.

A big comedy bill is on here this week. It is headed by Richard Harlow in his new sketch, and includes the Rossoff Midgets; Wilson and Waring, comedy sketch; Adair Twin Brothers, musical clowns; California Trio, eccentric comedy; Thorne and Carlton, comedy sketch; Charles Wayne, comedian; Jessie Miller, cornet soloist; Forrester and Floyd, refined comedy sketch; Lavarine and Lesar, burlesque artists; Minnie Lee, vocalist; and Byron and Langdon, Irish comedians.

Pleasure Palace.

The Haslam Brothers head the bill in their thrilling mid-air feats. Lew Dockstader is the principal funmaker, and the others are Wood and Shepard, musical comedians; Alexandra Martens, sharpshooter; Melville and Conroy, musical f-rce; Tom Hanlon, comedian; Mlle. Flora, comedy wire act; The Murphy's, Irish comedy duet; Eric Pollock, comedian; Ranch and Kennedy, comedians; Helene, soprano; Odette and her troubadours, George C. Davis, comedian, and Victor Lee, the farmer juggler.

Tony Pastor's.

Willie P. Sweatnam, comedian; Lydia Barry, singer; Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, travesty artists; Mand Raymond, serio-comic; Iroquois Fox, comic conjurer, and Lillian Leslie and Truly Shattuck are the stars this week. The others are Thomas and Quinn, Irish comedians; Albertus and Weston, club jugglers; Waas and Maddox, comedians; John T. Tierney, Irish comedian; Dudley Prescott, musical mimic; the Edisons, musical act; Luisa Theis, black-face serio comic, and Anita Claus, harp soloist.

Weber and Fields's Broadway Music Hall.

The Gezer remains the chief feature of the bill. The olio includes Pauline Hall, singer; the Excelsior Clipper Quartette; Phyllis McKee Rankin, in imitation of Anna Held; Prince Fi Lung, Chinese juggler and acrobat; James F. Hoey, comedian; Farnum Brothers, dancers; and Albertus and Bartram, club jugglers.

LAST WEEK'S BILLS.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.—Yvette Guibert proved as great a drawing card as she was on her previous visit to New York. There is quite a change in the appearance of the famous artiste; she has had the color of her hair altered and has gained several pounds in weight. The extra flesh is very becoming, but last year's hair was by far prettier than the peroxide-lah crown she wears now. Her art has not changed, except perhaps for the better. She still exerts that magic spell over her audiences which makes even those of her auditors who do not understand a word of French vow that she is a wonder.

Guibert sang two songs in English, both of which have been shelved as chestnuts by even the backwoods soubrettes in this country. "I Want Yer Ma Honey" and "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl" are the ditties referred to. She sang the "Honey" song first in French and then in English. She sang it in her own peculiar way, too, and dwelt on the line, "I want yer, want yer, want yer," with an intense earnestness which gave an entirely new meaning to the simple words. She made a funny mistake while singing the song, and instead of saying "I love you mighty madly" she sang "I love you mighty badly," which caused the audience to giggle just when she least expected them to.

She sang "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl" charmingly. She did not attempt the tough dialect, and treated the ditty as a love song. In the chorus she introduced some new effects which even Andrew Mack never thought of using.

Her rendition of the line, "And a corry-keeng good lookin', see?" was alone worth the price of admission. The manner in which she delivered the "see?" put the house into convulsions.

Besides Guibert there were Lew Dockstader, who talked on timely topics; Oceana, who proved herself a clever equilibrist; Ando, Omwng, and Little Allright, the Zedoras and the Glinserettis, who performed wonderful acrobatic fe-ts on the stage and in mid air; Warner and Rieder, the Tyrolean warblers; Binnas and Binnas, the musical eccentrics; and Williams and Walker, who have established themselves as firm favorites with their unique specialty.

The wonderful pictures shown on the American Biograph aroused the usual enthusiasm.

The only new picture shown was one of the employees of a gun factory coming through the gates at the noon hour.

HAMMERSTEIN'S OLYMPIA.—Louise Beaudet made an emphatic hit last week. She is all life and vivacity, and makes as much use of her hands, feet, arms and eyes as she does of her voice, in bringing out the meaning of her "cute" songs. She sang five numbers at each performance last week, the list including "The Little French Milliner," "Une Deux, Trois" (in French), "I Do Not Understand," "A Lesson in Kissing," and "Jim Jam" the "Until Ay" song from An Artist's Model. Miss Beaudet captured the house completely with the last song, to which she had added a few local verses. She sang it with a grace and charm which were irresistible, and was recalled several times after she had finished it. All of Miss Beaudet's songs are bright and interesting, without the slightest coarseness or suggestiveness. The music of the "Jim Jam" song, as has been observed already in The Mirror, was taken bodily from "The Whistling Coon," which has been sung and whistled to death in this country. As sung by Miss Beaudet, however, the old tune sounds like a new one, and it will probably renew its popularity.

The Manhattan Comedy Four cannot be blamed if they all get swelled heads on account of the way in which the patrons of the Olympia appreciate their efforts. Last week they had to come back after making several bows and after the stage hands had arranged everything for the next turn and sing one more selection to satisfy the applauding people. It is seldom that the blazé audiences which assemble in the big music halls in New York take the trouble to insist upon an encore, and when they do the performer who receives it may flatter himself that he has made a hit beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Maud Raymond and Josephine Sabel divided the honors in the early part of the programme. Their catchy songs met with great approval. Ed. Latell amused and pleased with his fun and music. The Whirlwind DeForests danced limply and gracefully. Alice Raymond played some popular selections on the cornet. The Hanlons flew through the air with the greatest

of ease. Alexandra Martens appeared in a suit of black tights, and shot as accurately as ever. The Fantas Brothers went through their head balancing act, and some local views were shown on the Veriscope. The pictures shown by this machine are small, but interesting.

The polo game on bicycles continued to be the feature of the entertainment on the roof. The other numbers were furnished by the marvelous Sie Hassen Bee All Troupe of Arabs; the De Forests, the French Quadrille dancers, and "Chuck" Connors and his girl, in a Bowery "spiel."

KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.—Laura Dainty, who has been devoting her time for several seasons past to entertaining at church concerts and private musicals, made her vaudeville debut. Miss Dainty's name fits her, as her performance is very refined and artistic. She gave some recitations and imitations which won her well-deserved encores. McIntyre and Heath did their "Georgia Minstrels" skit, which is excruciatingly funny. The George French Troupe made their debut and scored a hit with their skating and bicycling act. The Flores Troupe repeated the hit they made at Hammerstein's.

Adèle Purvis Ouri repeated the success she made during her first week, with her new dances on the revolving globe, with their dazzling electric effects. Foreman and West had one of the best places in the bill, and succeeded in giving a very pleasing entertainment. Elvira French and Tom Lewis made one of the biggest hits of the bill, with their well-rendered duets. They sang selections from several operas, and put lots of life and dash into their work. Redding and Stanton appeared in A Happy Pair. They have played this place so often that they are growing a little careless. Both should speak a little more slowly, and distinctly, even if some of the lines have to be cut. Edward J. Boyle, a blind performer, was warmly applauded for his clever singing of some good songs. The others in the bill were the Baggageuses, the Tally Ho Trio, Daly and Devore, Samuel Burt, and Folk and Collins.

PROCTOR'S.—Signor Perugini and Madame Cottrell appeared in A Midnight Promise, in which they sang some pleasing solos and duets. Willie P. Sweatnam told some stories in his own peculiar and very amusing way. Lillian Leslie and Truly Shattuck looked bewitching, and sang their dues sweetly. Ola Hayden showed her remarkably strong and deep voice to advantage in some popular songs. The Serra Brothers, recent arrivals from Europe, did some wonderful feats of hand-balancing.

Pleasing sketches were presented by Foy and Clark, Terry and Elmer, the Ammons Clowns, Connell and O'Day showed how the buck dance is done in the South. Levitt and Nevill juggled like experts. La Petit Freddie went through his amusing little sketch with great success. Luisa Theis sang in burnt cork and whistled in imitation of all sorts of birds. Anna Caldwell sang several up-to-date songs. Hal James did his unique dancing specialty, and Mlle. Elvira was applauded for her terpsichorean specialties.

PLEASURE PALACE.—Richard Harlow made his vaudeville debut in a sketch written for him by Walter Pelham. The sketch is simply an excuse for Mr. Harlow to show his wonderful neck and arms in a new and stunning Paris gown. Incidentally Mr. Harlow sings a song, and makes remarks to Walter Stuart, who impersonates a duke. It could not have taken Mr. Pelham more than ten minutes to write the sketch. If Mr. Harlow had taken pains to secure a good vehicle for his talents, something which would have given him a chance to act, it would have been ever so much better. However his dress and his new method of carrying a powder puff made big hits.

The hit of the programme was made by Marie Heath, who was No. 13 on the bill. She appeared as a "cute" child who knew a thing or two, and sang her songs and made her pert remarks in a way which brought down the house. As an encore she sang "Listen To My Tale of Woe" in such an original and amusing way that the audience forgot that they had heard it millions of times before, and gave her an enthusiastic recall.

The Rossoff Midgets boxed and lifted weights with their usual success. William Jerome sang several parodies, and could have sung several more if he knew them, as the audience seemed to like his work. The Vilona Sisters appeared in their high class musical act. Van and Vera made their first appearance in New York and did a sketch in which there were some original remarks and bits of business which were amusing.

Brockson and Page and Marion and Pearl presented amusing acrobatic comedy sketches. The others who appeared were Dalley and Hilton, the Brannigans, Mabel Guver, Lavarine and Leisseur, Vio Letta, the Three Delphinios, Dawson and Farlow, and Jessie Gardner-Girard.

Edward Hale, the winner of the six days bicycle contest, was especially engaged to give exhibitions on a machine. He was introduced by his manager, who held a stop watch while the machine registered a mile, which was done in fast time at every performance.

TONY PASTOR'S.—Lydia Barry received a very warm welcome on her re-appearance here last week, and her well-rendered songs were applauded to the echo. Maud Nugent's up-to-date ditties met with much approval. George Evans sang his own songs with much success. Lizzie Mulvery and Pearl Inman sang well and danced gracefully. Edwin French played pleasingly on the banjo. Entertaining sketches were presented by Barnes and Sisson, Barr and Evans, Charles and Jennie Stewart, and Welch and Gardner.

Harry S. Marion won applause for his good singing. He was ably assisted by Master Edward. Dorothy Drew danced in her own happy way. The Patterson Brothers and Joe Lewis presented good acrobatic acts. Thao, the musical specialist, and Marguerite Hensel, vocalist were also in the bill.

WEBER AND FIELDS'S BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.—Phyllis Rankin presented her new specialty, which consists of an imitation of Anna Held, and made a distinct hit. She was dressed like the little French woman and sang "Won't You Come and Play With Me." She made a very pretty picture and sang her song in a way which won her very hearty applause. At the end of her song there was some amusing stage business introduced by Sam Bernard and John T. Kelly. A tub was filled with make-believe milk, and Bernard went through a little pantomime with it, which was very funny. The Russell Brothers repeated their familiar servant girl act with great success. Bessie Bonehill sang a dozen songs as only she can sing them. McAvoy and May were very amusing in their sketch. Stoley and Birbeck, Mazur and Mazette and Prince Fi Lung were applauded for their clever specialties.

The Gezer continued on its merry way and Charles J. Ross, Mabel Fenton, John T. Kelly, Sam Bernard, Volante Wallace, Thomas J. Ryan, and Carrie Swain continued to please in their respective parts.

A CLEVEDON COUPLE'S SKIT.



MARIE HEATH.

This is a picture of Marie Heath, who has been delighting the patrons of Proctor's continuous vaudeville houses in New York during the past two weeks.

Miss Heath possesses that rare gift of magnetism, which compels the attention of the most indifferent audience as soon as she appears on the stage. Besides this, she has rare talent as an entertainer, and the applause she receives gives full evidence of the delight experienced by those who listen to her as she sings or recites.

The specialty Miss Heath is doing is on the juvenile order. She sings several "cute" little songs in a clear sweet voice, with all the little tricks of emphasis necessary to the bringing out of the humorous ideas contained in the songs. She has a way of singing "Listen to My Tale of Woe," which makes of that threadbare affair an entirely new song. If Miss Heath remains in vaudeville, she will very soon be among the people whose names are at the top of the bill, in those big, black letters so dear to the performer's heart.

GEORGE EVANS AND THE LAUGHER.

There was an old man in the audience at Proctor's the other afternoon who had evidently not been in a theatre in years. He was a typical Jersey "jay," and laughed at everything immoderately. His laugh sounded like the cackling of a goose, and distracted several of the performers. George Evans managed to make the old man help him in his fun-making and threw in several impromptu remarks which amused the audience greatly. Evans had a similar experience with a couple of fresh chaps at another house a few weeks ago. They had had too much beer and kept interrupting him. Instead of becoming rattled, he turned the attention of the audience to the would-be guys and made them so uncomfortable that they had to leave the theatre.

ZELMA RAWLSTON'S NEW SKETCH.

Zelma Rawlston produced her new sketch, Yale Mixture, at the Academy of Music, Quebec, on Monday, Dec. 14. The Quebec newspapers of the following day praised her work in the highest terms. In the sketch, she appears as a Yale student. The scene is laid in his bachelor apartments, and Miss Rawlston introduced, besides her songs, banjo and piano solo, which met with great favor. She also sang a couple of songs in French, which greatly pleased the Canadians. The Academy of Music is now under the management of Tom McGuire, who seems to have found just what the inhabitants of Quebec want, and is giving it to them with profit to himself and his partners, the Messrs. Parent.

A GREAT VAUDEVILLE BILL.

H. R. Jacobs, of the Academy of Music, Montreal, commissioned Robert Grau to organize an all-star vaudeville company for his theatre for New Year's week. Only seven turns have been booked. The list includes Vernon Jarreau, Richard Harlow, McKee Rankin, Arthur and Jennie Dunn, William Prusett and Marie Bell, Brockson and Page and Gertrude Rutledge. Six out of the seven actors are out and out recruits from the legitimate ranks, and it remains to be seen how this bill, with only one genuine variety act, will take. Mr. Grau says it will be a great performance.

YVETTE AND "CHUCK."

Yvette Guibert went through Chinatown the other day, escorted by "Chuck" Connors, who is now a full-fledged "actor." They visited the Joss house and several other places of interest, and the Frenchwoman seemed thoroughly interested in everything she saw. "Chuck" was impressed with the importance of the occasion, and declared that Guibert was more like an actress than the whole bunch of Cherries put together.

NEW MEMBERS OF DALY'S COMPANY.

William Griffiths and Dean Pratt, two new recruits to Mr. Daly's forces, made their first appearance with the company last week. The former played Sir Oliver Surface, and the latter Rowley, in the sumptuous revival of The School for Scandal. Both made a distinctly favorable impression. Mr. Pratt was a very prominent member of some of the leading amateur societies of Brooklyn some years ago, and won great success in a wide range of parts.

LEOLA MITCHELL GOING ABROAD.

Leola Mitchell, "the living doll," will sail for Europe to-morrow (Wednesday) on the *Paris*. She will remain in London for a few days, and will then sail for Johannesburg, South Africa, where she is booked for several weeks. She will be accompanied by her brother, Harry S. Mitchell, who will look after her interests and those of several other American performers who expect to go abroad if suitable arrangements can be made for them in London by Mr. Mitchell.

THE DUNNS IN VAUDEVILLE.

Arthur Dunn and his sister Jennie have decided to join forces and enter vaudeville. They open at the Academy of Music, Montreal, and will be seen at Keith's Union Square on January 4.

SEASON 1896-97. ANNUAL TOUR OF
Moller's Burlesquers**LITTLE CHRISTOPHER**

262 CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS AT THE CARDEN THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.

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MR. ROBERT HILLIARD

The MIRROR ad. calling for new route was responded to rapidly by over 100 offers of time, but the territory was so scattered and the business has been so bad w th every company in the one night stands that I have deemed it the wisest course to close my season December 26th, and wait until next season to go out properly equipped and routed.

I have paid all my salaries in full and am only waiting for brighter times.

ROBERT HILLIARD,

Address MIRROR.

Laemmle, Mader and Corra, Moore Sisters, and Florence Edwards. Robert's *Alphonse Burlesquers* 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The *Orpheus* has a very strong bill, including the trained animals and the *Phantom pantomime*, *McL.* Mr. Walter has just returned from the East, after forming the great Western Vaudeville Association, its object being to engage the best artists for the Western circuit.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The *Magan* has a monster bill 20.

It includes J. Hudson Bennett and S. Miller Kent,

John T. Powers, K. the Mitchell, the *Quaker City Quartette*, Lawrence and Harrington, the *Three Rockett Brothers*, Dan Mason, Charles V. Seaman, Glass Brothers, George Austin, Elroy and Dawson, Mac Britton, the Dawson's, Morris and Goodwin, and the Ferguson Brothers.

The Standard has Harry Morris's *Twenty-fifth Century* Madi and an *olio* including Lew Randall Carter and Asher, Thompson and Collins, Nettie De Corcy, living pictures, with Violin Thordensey as the central figure. Madame Sour Jape, with Harry Morris, assisted by the entire co., closes the show.

Hopkins's G and Opera House broke the record in attendance last week, and this week promises to be another record breaker with the *Papier Brothers*, Constant and Ida, Gerard Leon, and many others. The *Biograph* is another drawing card this week, with a new view of *W. C. HOWLAND*.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—*Wonderland Theatre* (B. Z. Poll, manager); *Castor's* *Biograph*, containing several local views, and a good variety bill, is filling the house twice daily. In the bill are *Plumb* and *Weber*, *The Two Souts*, *The Bobbitt Quintette*, *Cap Wilson*, *The Blondells*, and *Carroll* and *Lewis*.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—*Smith's* (W. B. Smith, manager); *Dawson* and *Seubert* make a week of it in their acrobatic work. Others are *Grace Celeste*, *Alfred Anderson*, *Berry Sisters*, *Kane* and *Keiner* and *Pearce Brothers*. Fair business—*Franklin*; *Managers*; *W. B. Smith* is seriously ill and little hope is entertained for his recovery.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—*Hotel Todd Garden Theatre* (D. E. Karpinski, manager); this place continues its popularity. The people 14-19 are: *Lila Trimble*, *Almae Bernard*, *Ella May*, *Gannie Vette*, *Barbara*, *Edna*, *Gerard Leon*, and *Elton Vetter*.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—*Wonderland Theatre* (J. M. Moore, manager); *Bush* has good weeks 14-19. The *olio* includes the *Drawnons*, *Betha*, *James*, *Annie*, *Edwards*, *Professor Wernowitz*, and *John Gibson*. The *Chromograph* retains its popularity.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—An aggregation of specialty people, under the name of the *Black Crook*, played the *Bi-jou* Theatre 14-19. They had *Black Crook* paper. The *Elite Vaudeville* co. play the *Wilson* 14-19.

NEWARK, N. J.—*Waldman's Opera House* (Prod. Waldman, manager); *The Rose Hill* co. in a varied bill of burlesque and specialty hold the boards 14-19. Specialty business.

HAMILTON, CAN.—*Star Theatre* (Benny and Davis, proprietors); *Baker* and *Walsh*, *Joe Cannon*, *Gorman* and *Clifford*, *Dyer* and *Hewitt*, and *Murray*, *Leslie* and *Murray* 14-19. Performances fair; business good.

VAUDEVILLE PERFORMERS' DATES.

Amann—Keith's, N. Y., 21-22.

Aragon, *Virginia*—Auditorium, Philadelphia, 21-22.

Arden and *Orme*—Olympia, N. Y., 21-22.

Andrews, *Pearl*—Brooklyn Music Hall, 22-Jan. 2.

Auburn and *Bartons*—W. and E.'s, N. Y., 21-22.

Burt, *Sam*, and *E. S.*, N. Y., 21-22.

Burton, *Eva*—Keith's, Philadelphia, 21-22.

Baker, *Will G.*—Ind. Music Hall, *Victoria*, B. C., 21-22.

Burt Riva—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Bonhill, *Rosie*—Keith's, N. Y., 21-22.

Brydges and *Little*—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Cushman and *McNamee*—Orpheum Circuit, indef.

Clegg, *Eddie*—P. Victoria, 21-22.

California Trio—Proctor's, N. Y., 21-22.

Cohen, *Four*—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Casino Comedy Four—K. the 21st, N. Y., 21-22.

Draeger—Auditorium, *Palisades*, N. Y., 21-22.

Day, *George W.*—K. the 21st, N. Y., 21-22.

Diamond, *Bowers* and *Dixon*, K. and B.'s, N. Y., 21-22.

Dillon, *John*—*Annenberg*, *Montgomery*, 21-22.

Dolenzette and *Thorne*—*Hopkins* Circuit, indef.

Dockstader, *Low*—Palace, N. Y., 21-22.

De Grey, *E.* and *M. H.*—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Drey, *Mr.* and *Mrs.*—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Delphine, *E.* and *B. S.*, N. Y., 21-22.

Ellie, *Madge*—London, indef.

Edström, *Sam*, K. and B.'s, N. Y., indef.

F. & W. Will H.—Palace, *Low*, indef.

Fox, *Imre*—*Proctor's*, N. Y., 21-22.

Fimmy, *The*—Keith circuit, indef.

Gaibert, *Yvette*, K. and B.'s, N. Y., till Jan. 2.

Garrison, *Mr.* and *Mrs.*—*Proctor's*, N. Y., 21-22.

Howell, *Al*—*Ind.*, *Phil*, 21-22.

Hutton, *John W.*—Keith's, *Palace*, 21-22.

Ind., *P. Clegg*, *Paul*, N. Y., 21-22.

Irving, *J. P.*—*W.* and *E.*, N. Y., 21-22.

Marlow, *Richard*—*Proctor's*, N. Y., 21-22.

Martinez, *Eduardo*—*Palace*, N. Y., 21-22.

Martin, *The*—*P. Ind.*, N. Y., 21-22.

Maynes, *Gertude*—*Alhambra*, *Pittsburgh*, 21-22.

Lockhart, *Burt*—*Keith's*, N. Y., 21-22.

Lewis—*Ind.*—*Keith's*, N. Y., 21-22.

Le Roy and *Clayton*—*Palace*, N. Y., 21-22.

Latell, *E.*—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Mario and *Mario*—*Andover*, *Philadelphia*, 21-22.

Mitchell and *Love*—Keith's, *Philadelphia*, 21-22.

Morris—*Winter*—Keith's, *Phil. Ind.*, 21-22.

Murphy and *Parisi*—*Proctor's*, N. Y., 21-22.

Murphy and *MacK*—*Orpheum*, *Philadelphia*, 21-22.

Mulvey and *Hough*—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Murphy—Keith's, N. Y., 21-22.

Murphy—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Nease—Keith's, Boston, 21-22.

Nease—*Ind.*—Keith's, *Phil*, 21-22.

Nease—*Ind.*—Keith's, *Philadelphia*, 21-22.

and announces to follow Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Haraucourt's Le Tsarewitch* and *Jules Lemaitre's L'Aventurier*.

Paul Gavault's adaptation of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes is in rehearsal at the Paris Odéon.

Maurice Desvallières and Antony Mars have written a new *vaudeville*, *Le True de Séraphin*, for the Paris *Varé*.

Jean Richépin's *verse-drama*, *Le Chemineau*, has been read to the Paris *Océan* company.

Two actors were recently seriously injured by a wad from a cannon used in the play, *Fugitifs*, at the Paris *Théâtre du Montparnasse*.

Henri de Weindel has been appointed dramatic critic of *Paris*.

From London comes the rumor that H. Beerbohm Tree will open Her Majesty's Theatre as arranged with the *Sea* of the Mighty, regardless of its American failure.

A bust of Ernest Renan has been unveiled at the College of France.

Charles Raymond, the French dramatist, has received authority from Vigné d'Orion to adapt the latter's novel, *Docteur Combais*, for the stage.

Jules de Marthold's *Etude de Femme* has succeeded at the Paris *Bodin*.

Liane de Pougy and Rose Demay have made a tremendous hit in Jean Lorrain's Christmas pantomime, *Rêve de Noël*, at the Paris Olympia. The Parisian papers surprisingly hail the production as "one that cannot offend."

Brieux's *L'Evasion* is a success at the *Théâtre Français*. The play is based upon atavism and heredity.

Lenéka and Richards's new operetta, *Ramponette*, has been produced at the Paris *Menus Plaisirs* with small favor.

Charles Hervier has written a new military drama, *Histoire d'un Drapier*.

A French court has ordered *vaudeville* artists who, after leaving the Paris *Chat Noir*, billeted themselves in the provinces as coming thence, to pay damages to the proprietors of the famous *café*.

RESOLUTIONS AND FRIVOLS.

Who did I hear saying that Christmas was a cheat?

It's a great big no such-thing!

Christmas is the one blessed spot in the year when we have to get out of ourselves for a while and be merry with the rest of the boys! Everything stops for that purpose and the man or woman who is heard to say: "Well, I'll be glad when the holidays are over!" ought to be—well—I know a committee of children that will settle such a person in short order.

Look where we will there is the holly and the evergreen, reminding us of the peace and goodwill that we must do our share toward maintaining in the big scheme of civilization.

If there's a jealous, grudge or suspicion lurking anywhere in an ossified corner of your heart, just start a moral housekeeping and begin fresh for the New Year.

Is there any objection to my giving a few good resolutions for 1897? I have been thinking these up for a great while and I hate to keep them all to myself. They're too good. Just listen:

Never to wear a big hat to the theatre. Never to talk on it if I should wear one. Never to talk while the curtain is up. Never to chew carmelles. Or cloves.

I've embroidered these noble sentiments in letters of gold on cloth of silver, and I have had them made up in sachets for my friends, women and men both.

Now that it has been announced that Calvé is to sing Marguerite, I want to tell a little story I heard about the time she first sang it.

It seems that it had been stipulated that Madame Melba was to sing Marguerite exclusively—and Calvé was not to sing it in last year's arrangements.

One concert day there was a disappointment in regard to two of the principal artists who were to sing, but who could not for some reason. The manager was in despair. He told Calvé about it. She said "Don't worry about that; I will sing something for you."

He nearly wept with joy in the excess of his gratitude. Madame Calvé was an angel.

She, in the meanwhile, was hustling about after Plançon and somebody else, and they were foxy and said not a word. They were announced as a change of programmes and went on the stage amid a tumult of applause. There was a naughty little twinkle in Calvé's eye.

Then they sang the trio from Marguerite and the manager stood tearing out his hair in large handfuls in the wings while those great voices were going up in great waves of melody. Those who heard Calvé that afternoon are delighted with the prospect of hearing her in the role of Marguerite.

Any one who has seen Amelia Somerville's sylph-like proportions as she cavorts about the stage in Brian Boru must wonder at the transformation that she has effected since the days when she was the Merry Mountain Maid of Adonia. And one must also think how very much funnier she would be in the part of the Giant's baby if she were still possessed of her too, too solid flesh of the past!

I can't help wishing that some good playwright would take the theme of the Cuban war for a drama. I do not mean anything like the plays that have been offered us on this subject, but a stirring story of life and love in the beautiful Southern island with its smoking cane-fields sending their banners of mourning against the stars. There is the most magnificent kind of dramatic material there, and if a machete charge could ever be put upon the stage it would make an American audience wild with enthusiasm. The reported death of Macao and the suicide of young Gomez on the field by the dead body of his General is the most recent dramatic occurrence of the many that this cruel war has seemed with.

If you see an angry woman wielding her umbrella vigorously upon the head of a Broadway cable car conductor one of these days, it will be me!

I have been making a study of late of the way in which these thugs treat the women passengers, whom they hustle and slam about as they go through the cars collecting fares and incidentally stepping on the passengers. I'd like to be a man for about half a day, and there would be more polite conductors or more dead ones—that's all!

THE MATINEE GIRL.

The Opera House Company, of Johnstown, N.Y., are considering the advisability of leasing the Grand Opera House in that city, and will receive propositions for the same up to 12 m. Dec. 28, 1896. All communications addressed to Harwood Dudley, Johnstown, N.Y.

AS TO RICHARD MANSFIELD.

[A VOICE FROM A HOSPITAL WARD.]
And I'll say it on till my last day comes—
Till I've solved the toughest of all life's sums:
That the Richard Mansfield you've libeled, to-day,
Has never existed. You have had your say:
Now, listen to mine. I'm nobody—true:
But once I was young, and as thoughtless, as you.
Things came my way, with a laugh and a bound:
I floated through life, scarcely touching the ground.
I was a star, like Mansfield is now;
The laurel was growing that would rest on my brow.
Well, that's what I thought. But pride had a fall,
And I'm old, and lonely, and dying—that's all.
It doesn't much matter now how I went down,
From the top of the tree to the drugs of the town;
But I got so low that a mongrel would stand
And, snarling, refuse a bone from my hand!
So low, that I haunted the piers and the dumps,
And came pretty near down to "gutter-snipes"—stumps.
I shuffled along, scarcely lifting my feet,
Through the horrible slush and the terrible heat,
Till I had a shot to my foot, and—well,
I limped, without shoes, on the roof of hell!
Not a hand was extended for me: none came.
To a Horror like I was, in Charity's name.
Charity's door was slammed in my face,
When I went for some meat, and a trifles of grace.
I got but a word, from each Gaill's den,
And it rings in my ears—"Uncles! Uncles!"
I was like pitch, whose touch defines:
I had won God's frowns and the Devil's smiles!
But God, He forgot to frown, one night,
And in through my soul flashed a stream of light.
I was dying, of hunger, sickness and cold.
My heart felt ninety-and-nine years old.
It was twelve o'clock, and a fearful night;
The sleet and the wind flew over the town;
The street lamps struggled to give forth light,
And the black horse suddenly down.

The streets were deserted. In Madison Square, I crouched on a bench. Heart and soul were bare.
I sent one word through the storm, to God—
And it touched His heart, and He sheathed His Rod;
And a cheery voice went into my ears.
And calm, kind hands—the first in years!—
Came down to mine. And then I looked up,
And drained one draught from the golden cup
Of Charity; and when that cup slips
He holds it patiently close to my lips.
He came too late my life to control—
But early enough to save a soul.

He sends me papers, and books, and things—
And, every Sunday, he comes and sings,
Of Ruth in the corn, and the Prodigal Son,
Till the tears through the funnel of my soul run.
And then he laughs; and listens, while I

Run over the days that have long gone by—
Days that were mine!—that he doesn't know—

When I was like him—as gay as his "BAC!"

And I pray for Sundays when day grows dim,
For I'm so much nearer to heaven—and him!

So, I'll say it on till my last breath goes—
And it hasn't got far to go, God knows:

That the Richard Mansfield you've libeled, to-day,
Has never existed. I have had my say.

Dec. 14, 1896. JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A MANAGER'S SUGGESTION.

READING, PA., Dec. 18, 1896.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
Sir.—Among the many valuable features of *The Dramatic Mirror*, I am pleased to note one of "Companies Closing." We are gradually getting the theatrical business on a basis similar to that of other commercial enterprises—with the erection of many handsome theatres throughout the country, with local managers who give attention to the business, and with more responsible traveling managers, a gratifying change for the better has been experienced in the past five years.

Like other enterprises, everybody cannot succeed, and, where a manager is obliged to close his tour on account of lack of patronage, or for other reasons that are likely to present themselves, it is no disgrace in most cases, but a misfortune. In all such cases I am ever ready to sympathize with the manager and to do business with him again under more favorable circumstances. I object, however, to do business again with any manager or agent who has broken an attraction with me, *close* his tour, and *does not* notify me of the fact. Fortunately, I do business with a class of managers that such a thing is a rare occurrence. Since I am in the theatrical business I have quit doing business with five managers and three agents, for the only reason that they left me to find out, in one other way, that they were not filling their time instead of notifying me direct. I respectfully suggest to the theatre managers the idea that we will immediately notify, by wire or letter, the New York *Times* as soon as we know of a company closing their tour. This would be a great advantage, I think, to all local managers. Aside from the financial loss, the announcement of an attraction filling its date is very annoying. This season two managers closed their tour, neither of them notifying me of the fact. One of them, who talks more than any other theatre agent I have ever met, has never written me a line, though he did have in one of the towns of the circuit a Christmas date.

I will be pleased to hear through your columns of other local managers who will co-operate on my suggestion.

There are many things in which the theatrical business can be improved, and this one of acquainting local managers of closing is one of the most important.

Yours truly, JOHN D. MISHLER.

A DRAMATIST'S PLAINT.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1896.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
Sir.—I have read in *The Mirror*, with feelings of awe and reverence, about the hunting young manager, who in a portion of one day, "went through" forty-two manuscripts of new dramas without finding one "fit for production." "Holy Moses! What a brain or nose that young man must have! Forty-two in one day, and 'not one fit for production'—according to this authority, I want to say that there was no MSS. of mine among the forty-two, since there can be no personal feeling in this record. But candidly, it seems to me that in the interest of the American dramatist some one ought to point this manager—or prevail on him to get a new press agent. And then he adds that he "guarantees a reading to every author that sends him a play." Any author who would be cheap enough to send him a play after reading his statement would deserve the forty-second part of a reading that he would likely get. And yet, one day last week, while seated at a desk in the rooms of the American Dramatists Club, I heard a well-known author say that he had written this same manuscript two letters ago, regarding a new drama which he had just completed, and had not been accorded the common courtesy of a reply. And the speaker was a man of national reputation. He has written a half score of successful dramas and comedies, the greater portion of them being now before the public, and his name has never been associated with a failure.

If those forty-two plays were all so much worse than some of the freaks with which this successful young manager's name has been associated, then indeed the home for imbeciles must be yawning for the coming American dramatist.

In all sincerity, if this really brainy and enterprising young manager, for whom I have great regard, would instruct his typewriter to pay more attention to writers of established reputation, he probably would not have to wade through forty-two manuscripts (in one day) of chaff, without finding a few kernels of grain. I may be wrong. I simply offer it as the opinion of

ANNE ALEXANDER.

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THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

"Vin Mariani, the Elixir of Life, a veritable fountain of youth, giving vigor, health and energy."

Emile Zola.

For overworked men, delicate women, sickly children,

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MR. ANDREW A. McCORMICK Manager

Handsome and elegant theatre in the world.

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LAST TWO WEEKS

of the Comic Opera success of the season

BRIAN BORU

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With a Company of New York favorites.

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Broadway and 28th Street. Matinee Tues. and Sat.

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DEATH OF ALEXANDER SALVINI.



Alexander Salvin died at Monte Catini, near Florence, Italy, last Tuesday morning, of intestinal tuberculosis. Mrs. Salvin, known to the American stage as Maude Dixon, who had been the leading woman of his company for a number of years, was at his bedside when death ended the sufferings of a long and hopeless illness.

Alexander Salvin had inherited from his father, Tommaso Salvin, the great Italian tragedian, a noble physique as well as a sterling dramatic instinct, and had been noted among all who knew him for his healthfulness and strength. But it is said that he had wasted away before his death until he had become almost unrecognizable at the last.

Tommaso Salvin had two sons, Gustave and Alexander, both actors, the former and elder playing in South America and Italy, against his father's expressed wish. Alexander, who was born at Rome, Dec. 21, 1861, and his mother, Clementina Cazzola; his grandfather, Mario Salvin; his grandmother, Guigelmina Zocchi, as well as his father, having been players of national repute in Italy. The younger Salvin spent his childhood in the vicinity of Florence at the home of his father, and attended the famous Florentine schools and the educational institutions of Naples, Genoa, and Switzerland, preparing himself for the career of a civil engineer. But the atmosphere of rarest dramatic art in which he found his home life made him restless under the tasks of engineering, and, against the will of his distinguished father, he began to study for the stage. The elder Salvin has ever been noted for an extremely jealous temperament, which made him dread the possible result of another Salvin's work upon the stage of Italy. A passing fancy for a seafaring life relieved the father's mind when, at the end of his school days, Alexander set out upon a seven months' cruise, which had no effect beyond developing in him an utter dislike for the sailor's work.

When Rossini came to America in 1881 Alexander Salvin came with him, not as a member of his theatrical company, but for the avowed purpose of furthering his career as an engineer. Young Salvin brought a letter of introduction to a prominent railroad official of Baltimore, but the letter was never delivered, as he was content to travel with Rossini's company and study unceasingly the methods and art of his father's great rival upon the Italian stage. Then jealousy once more worked against him, for Rossini at length besought his manager to "equest" Salvin to leave the company. Early in 1882 he came to New York, bearing a letter to A. M. Palmer, who is said to have asked if he could recite any thing. But Salvin could speak only a few English words, and Manager Palmer was hardly satisfied. Rushing from the office, the young Italian learned Hamlet's soliloquy, and returned in two hours to rehearse it in very disjointed English. The name he bore was, however, a strong assistance, and the manager offered him several parts which he was not pleased to accept. Chance favored him, after a few days, and he made his professional debut at the Union Square Theatre, in this city, on Feb. 22, 1882, as George Duhameau to the Cora of Clara Morris in *L'Article 47*. The following cable went that night to Tommaso Salvin: "Sandio played George Duhameau in *L'Article 47* to-night; great success." This answer came in due time by mail: "How dare you, sir, go on the stage without my permission?" And the son replied: "Because, sir, I knew that if I asked I could not get it!"

Salvin's success was remarkable considering his still very imperfect knowledge of English and his newness to the actor's work. But in each of these essentials he rapidly advanced. George K. Jessop, the dramatist, undertook to instruct the young foreigner in the mysteries of the language, and at the end of a few weeks' run in support of Clara Morris he was secured by J. M. Hill to play Romeo to Margaret Mather's Juliet upon the occasion of her metropolitan debut, also at the Union Square Theatre, in August, 1883, and his work, comparatively speaking that of a novice, was again astonishing. Salvin, while in Italy, had appeared in several amateur representations with a considerable success that had sown the seeds for his later theatrical ambition, and when the father, who had mildly encouraged the amateur performances and frowned upon professional aspirations, saw his son's Romeo, he had nothing to say of the young actor nor of his performance except to remark that Alexander held his arms more like a dancer than a soldier or a lover, and to add: "Go on, my boy!"

After the engagement in support of Margaret Mather, during which he played Romeo, Orlando, Clifford, and Claude Melnotte, young Salvin acted a round of picturesque characters in melodrama under the management of Shook and Collier, appearing in *Storm Bitten*, *Called Back*, *A Celebrated Case*, *The Two Orphans*, and *The Lights of London*. In 1885, he joined the company engaged for Tommaso Salvin's American tour, playing occasionally, officiating as stage manager, and appearing on "off nights," when his father did not perform, in *The Duke's Mo to* and similar melodramatic plays. Manager Palmer, in the following year, secured Alexander Salvin for his Madison Square Theatre company in this city, and he originated the parts of the young priest in *William Dean Howells's* *A Foreign Conclusion*; *Leuncelet* in *George Parsons Lettrop's* *Elaine*; *Baron Hatfield* in *Jim the Possum*, and *Henry Bergfeldt* in *Partisans*. During the last American tour of Tommaso Salvin, made in 1889, Alexander rejoined his father's company and again played on the nights when

the great tragedian did not appear, presenting successfully *Don Cesar de Bazan* and *A Child of Naples*. He accompanied his father on his return to Italy, and Tommaso Salvin is said to have remarked that Alexander had fairly won his spurs as a knight of the stage, and to have taken him back to Florence for a vacation; talked to him of dramatic ethics, and placed at his disposal the rich and priceless wardrobes which years had accumulated.

Returning to America, a Boston man offered to back the young actor in a starring tour, and Salvin started out at the head of his own company presenting *The Three Guardsmen*, *The Student of Salamanca*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *L'Ami Fritz* and *Zumar*, managed first by Wesley Shoop and afterwards by W. M. Wilkinson. He grew in popularity until he ranked as one of the leading romantic stars of America. Not long ago he first attempted to impersonate the great stage heroes of his father's repertoire, winning much praise for his Hamlet and his Othello, both promising unlimited honors for his future store, and evidencing admirable comprehension of the hearts of these mighty characters. His last appearance on the stage was at the Boston Museum last Spring in *Othello*.

In an essay upon Salvin's career, Mildred Aldrich has related a charmingly characteristic anecdote about one of the little amateur performances in which the coming star took part at a sea-side resort near Leghorn, Italy, back in after-tivities. To quote from the essay, "He was entrusted with a small part, a postman; but the lad who was to play a character about sixty years old, tell all of the measles, and the question of an understudy had not been considered. In this emergency little Sandro, but even years old, piped up that he would play the part. His father frowned at him. Could he learn the lines? Young courage dauntlessly replied that he could. He even offered to learn them before the rehearsal the next day. Having made the offer, he went off to some childish sport, and nearly forgot all about it. The next morning the father sent for the child to come to his room and go over his lines. Alas! he made such a botch of it that the actor, exasperated, flung the book at his head with unerring aim, and sent him howling from the room. He ran to his grandmother for consolation, and when asked the cause of his tears told her 'father find a book at me'; and asked to explain, he assured his grandmother that it was because he had not learned a long part since yesterday, no word being said of his offer. The pride of the old actress was up. She took the child, she coached him carefully, and when the next rehearsal came the father was amazed to find that not only had the boy conquered the lines, but that he had a quaint notion of the character he was to play. Salvin straightened his heavy brows and peered at the boy. 'Who's been teaching you?' he thundered. 'Grandma,' was the reply. The father shrugged his shoulders as he said, 'Oh, it's grandma, is it?' But he took the boy in hand, and on the night of the performance the chit was made up for the part by his father; and with his wrinkled face, his tall coat and his ruffles, his snuff box, which he was taught how to use, and the lid of which he could snap with a deal of character, flicking his ruffles after it with a most approved ease, he made a great hit. The same self-confidence, the same unconsciousness of obstacles that the child showed, have been marked features of the career of the young man."

Alexander Salvin was believed to have owned a considerable share of California land, he was a member of several prominent clubs in Italy, of the *Playe's* in this city, and more than a few fencing and athletic associations. When in Paris he was always the guest of the elder Coquelin, and in Great Britain of Madame Patti at her castle in Wales. His vacations were chiefly spent at his father's Italian villa, where he and his young wife were ever welcomed by the great tragedian. His friends delighted to tell of his achievements as fencer, horseman, hunter, swimmer, painter, singer, or actor, and laughingly to cast aspersions upon his cookery, for he would often try to cook spaghetti, and an often fall of success in that one department of skill. The Italian Government has long been expected to knight him for his services to dramatic art. He was not a talker, contenting himself with monosyllables in conversation, thinking constantly, and reading incessantly. In an interview with a Boston newspaper in 1890, Salvin said: "I am a Bohemian, without a country and without a home. Shall I marry an American girl? No. The life I lead I would not ask anyone to share. Wandering here and there, hither and yon, a veritable bird of passage." And yet he married, a few years ago, an American actress.

A FUTURE POSSIBILITY.

Less than ten years ago, what may be termed lithographic and poster advertising matter was recognized as original with and almost exclusively devoted to theatrical pursuits; but, during the past five years, the commercial advertiser, in keeping with the times, has also resorted to this method of announcing his wares, until today they have made such inroads into this particular field that theatrical advertising matter has been reduced to a secondary consideration.

In the primitive days of bill-posting, the bill-poster not only in the small towns, but the large as well, unless he had absolute control of the theatrical posting, could not exist. Now it is quite the reverse; the bill-poster can easily keep every inch of his advertising boards filled the year around with commercial work, which, besides being more profitable, is a great deal less trouble to handle. Theatrical work, no matter how severe the weather, must go up at a stipulated time, while the commercial poster can be kept over a week, without in the least depreciating its face value.

To the ordinary observer, commercial advertising matter, from an artistic standpoint, is less compact and far superior in design and color effect to theatrical work, therefore it is noticed quicker and has a more favorable effect on its reader than, perhaps, a theatrical poster would have.

Within the past five years the commercial poster, lithograph and display stand has been given preference on the bill board, while theatrical matter, which is renewed each succeeding week, is driven to the rear, or some obscure position.

For some time it has been noticed that the reliable and reputable theatrical combinations have been each year using a less quantity and variety of poster paper, and instead are devoting their energies, ideas and arts to artistic and attractive displays in the advertisement columns of the daily, weekly and especially the Sunday newspapers, which, after all, are the cheapest and most reliable means of attracting the attention of the intelligent people. The newspapers go into the homes where they are read and re-read, where the reader has ample opportunity and time to discuss the merits and feasibility of patronizing his or her favorite entertainment.

HARRY M. SCOTT.

200 printed cards, 50c. Other printing charge
Composite Pub Co., 125 West 45th St., N. Y.

HERMANN THE GREAT DEAD.



Alexander Herrmann, the world-famous magician, died suddenly last Thursday morning of heart disease, in his private car, near Great Valley, N. Y., while on the way from Rochester, N. Y., to Bradford, Pa., where he was to have appeared Thursday evening. He had been the guest of the Genesee Valley Club after his performance at Rochester, the night before, and was apparently in the best of health when escorted to his car by his Rochester admirers. A train attendant found the great conjurer ill in his state-room early Thursday morning, and the train was stopped at Great Valley, where a physician was summoned, too late to render aid. Herrmann's last words were addressed to his wife. "I guess that I'm not to get over this," said he. "Take the company to New York. Be sure about that."

The special cars were side-tracked at Salamanca, and there attached to an eastbound train which brought them, with the body of the magician, and the company of nineteen persons to this city Friday morning.

Alexander Herrmann was born at Paris, of German parents, Feb. 19, 1844, being the youngest of sixteen children. The oldest, Carl Herrmann, who died not many years ago in Bohemia, was the most famous prestidigitator of his time, and it was he who brought Alexander before the public in Spain in 1859. The two brothers traveled extensively, and came to America in 1861, playing a most successful season at the Academy of Music, in this city. When Carl returned to Europe Alexander remained to begin his remarkable career in the United States, and throughout the world. His popularity in England, where he played one thousand consecutive nights in Egyptian Hall, London; in Brazil, where he was medalized by Dom Pedro; and in every other civilized country equalled his extraordinary drawing powers in America, and it is said that he generally cleared \$100,000 a season, and never less than \$50,000.

Herrmann had an education of excellent breadth, and was a most proficient linguist, speaking freely in French, Spanish, German, English, Russian, Italian and Portuguese. He was highly versed in physics and in chemistry, and a Greek and Latin scholar of unusual accomplishment. Making fortunes easily he spent money lavishly—speculated, generally unwisely; owned a princely estate at Whitestone, Long Island, a superb stud of horses, a yacht, and his own special railroad car. His generosity is well known, and there are among his sincere mourners to-day a host of playfolk who gratefully remember that Herrmann's heart and purse were ever open to those less fortunate than he. Only the day before his untimely death he had learned that the company presenting *Oscar* American Cousin was stranded at Rochester, and assuming all their indebtedness, had provided them with funds necessary to pay their fares to this city.

Herrmann took out the naturalization papers of an American citizen at Boston in 1876. He was married in 1875 to Adelaide Sersey, an accomplished ballet dancer, who has added much of beauty and grace to his entertainments. The Mayor of New York performed the marriage ceremony, and it is often related how the groom produced a roll of greenbacks from his Honor's sleeve to pay the wedding fee. Such impromptu tricks as this were Herrmann's chief delight, and he was endowed with the grace that made him a friend to all men. His acquaintance extended to every class, and he never forgot a person once met, nor failed to recognize in the street or elsewhere the humblest of acquaintances. He was a remarkable *raconteur*, a continual cigarette smoker, a brilliant conversationalist, and wherever he might go, a marked personage because of the conspicuous Mephistophelean appearance that, coupled with undoubted abilities as an actor, was of inestimable value in his professional work.

A volume of entertaining stories might easily be written from memory by anyone familiar with Herrmann or his doings. The tricks of his stage performances are too well known to need description, the famous bullet-catching exploit seen in this city upon several special occasions being perhaps the most sensational item of the magician's repertoire, but some of the impromptu feats of conjuring, less known but no less astonishing, are worthy to be recounted. Herrmann owed much of his great popularity in London to an expedient employed to attract public attention at the outset of his memorable engagement in the English metropolis. Told in his own language the story was this:

"Asking two friends to accompany me, I walked one morning into Regent Street. Getting into a crowd, with two policemen close behind us, I stepped up to a gentleman in front of me and picked a handkerchief out of his pocket in most clumsy fashion. At the same time I purloined the watch of a man who was standing near by. The two policemen saw me take the handkerchief, as I intended they should, but the lifting of the watch was not observed. The policeman grabbed me, told my victim of the loss of his handkerchief, and asked him to make a complaint against me. My two friends insisted that I was innocent; but just at that moment the second victim discovered the loss of his watch, and insisted that I must have stolen that also. I proclaimed my innocence, and announced that if the watch had been taken it had been by other hands than mine. They searched me from head to foot, but of course did not find the watch. They ridiculed the idea when I suggested that the two policemen should search themselves. The crowd insisted, however, and while one of the policemen pulled the handkerchief out of his inner pocket, the other, with a look of sly-

ness on his face, brought the missing watch to light. When I tried to explain the bobbies wouldn't listen. My friends tried in vain to make them look upon the whole affair as a magician's joke. They declared that they were not to be fooled in that way, and marched me off to the police station. There I was recognized and set at liberty. As the London papers took the matter up, I had of course accomplished my object. They made quite a sensation of the incident, and the whole town laughed at the practical joke I had played on the bobbies."

A favorite illusion of Herrmann's was practiced while enjoying a social wine-glass with a friend. A health would be proposed, and just as the magician would lift his glass to his lips, both glass and wine would absolutely vanish, only to reappear again a moment later intact, to the great confusion of every observer. He delighted to walk into a market, cut the throats of live chickens or rabbits, and then replacing the apparently severed heads, return the animals as good as new to the astonished dealers. At street stands he would buy apples or oranges and feign the most genuine surprise upon finding money inside the fruit. The story of Herrmann's introduction to President Ulysses S. Grant is a familiar one, the magician promptly taking a bunch of cigars from the whiskers of the amazed President. At Ostend, one Summer day, he is reputed to have snatched a bracelet from a lady's wrist, and to have thrown the jeweled trinket into the sea, only to discover a bouquet of roses, a moment later, in her husband's hat, with the missing bracelet resting in the centre of the bouquet, all carefully swathed with dainty ribbons.

Herrmann several times attempted theatre management, once at what was known as Herrmann's, now the Savoy Theatre, in this city and again in Brooklyn, without success, although his variety company, Herrmann's Transatlantic Vaudevilles, and his U and I company, directed a few years ago in association with George W. Lederer, were prosperous and remunerative.

Funeral services were held at the Masonic Temple on Sunday afternoon in the presence of an immense gathering of friends and admirers. Rabbi Silverman, of the Temple Emanuel, made an address and masonic exercises were performed by Munn Lodge, of which the dead magician was a member. Sittings were reserved for the Lamb, the Elks, the Phoenix Club, and other organizations with which Herrmann had affiliated. The pallbearers were Jacob Hess, Henry Dizian, Charles Henry Butler, Maurice Grau, Samuel Carpenter, Henry Rosener, Michael Coleman, Charles C. Delmonico, Frank W. Sanger, Al Hayman, William H. Crane, Julius Cahn, and James H. Meade. The ushers were D. H. Schuchmann, H. A. Rockwood, Jacob Nusenacher, Harry Mann, Thomas Shea, J. Charles Davis, Fred C. Whitney, Andrew A. McCormick, Max Hirsch, Henry E. Dixey, Joseph E. Brooks, Will H. McConnell, Louis Aldrich, and Fred Rullman. The interment was at Woodlawn Cemetery.

It is stated on authority that the magician died intestate and that his life insurance, frequently reported as exceeding \$200,000, is not nearly so large, and the exact condition of his affairs is not yet determined. Manager D. H. Schuchmann cabled on Friday to Leon Herrmann, a nephew to the great magician, now living in Paris, to come here immediately. Leon is said to be an accomplished prestidigitator, and Alexander Herrmann had often expressed the hope that his nephew might be his successor.

DIALECTS.

Did you ever notice how different actors use dialects? Some make you feel that a dialect is a luxury which they can afford to use only in spots where it will be the most effective, and the rest of the time they economize it.

Then on the other hand there are those who are wildly extravagant with their dialects. They will use three or four different kinds for one character and throw them around with such charming and exhilarating recklessness that you fairly hold your breath. You think you are pretty well acquainted with the character in one scene when he comes up in the next scene with a change of clothes and a change of dialect, and you have to get acquainted all over again. But you appreciate his desire to give you a variety and so relieve the monotony. Sometimes it is a little puzzling, however, but not nearly so puzzling as the actor who springs a sort of dialect bomb. One minute it is one thing, and the next minute something else, and you are not quite certain of anything you are getting. You nervously raze over your geographical knowledge and try to place the character, but have to give it up and decide that you are probably listening to Volapuk.

You are all right if an actor has a shrug and an imperial, for then you know he is French, or if he has ear-rings and a red handkerchief around his neck, you are pretty certain that the dialect is Italian. But the one which gets the worst knocked out of recognition is the Western dialect. When an actor gets on a cowboy hat, and John the Baptist whiskers, and has his pantaloons tucked severely in the tops of his boots he seems to think he must throw out a lasso for his "thars" and "whars" and "strangers."

Now it has been my privilege to associate considerably with these wild and all-wool specimens of Western civilization, and I never heard one of them so insult his vocal organs as to say "stranger," as the stage Westerner pronounces it.

Why, if a man talked like that out in that delightfully unconventional country his fellow citizens would probably think he was trying to guy them, and that he belonged

Over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
and he would be apt to find himself dangling from some convenient telegraph pole.

Their pronunciation, to be sure, is not quite classic, neither is it diphtheritic.

If one wants to take a lesson in Western dialect let him go and listen to dear old Poppy De Vere in *Black Sheep*. This is the pure and unadulterated Western vernacular without lock-jaw diphthongs. I wish some one would patent a machine which would turn out genuine dialects warranted to stick fast through an entire performance. It would be such a boon to the thestregolong public, and would lessen the premium on an actor's life insurance, and make his chances of heaven greater.

GAILY.

200 printed cards, 50c. Other printing charge
Composite Pub Co., 125 West 45th St., N. Y.



ERRORS, GRAMMATICAL AND DICTIONAL.

At the present stage of the canvas no occupation is less profitable than the *construction* [constructing] of tables of the electoral vote showing the probable results in November.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The act of constructing a table, which is what is here meant, is one thing: the construction, the make-up, of a table, after it has been constructed, is quite another thing. The same word should not be used to express the thought in both cases. In strictness, we must employ a verb in some form properly to express a doing. The using of nouns where verbs are required—or, I should say, perhaps, the making of nouns do verbal service—is well-nigh universal. Is it, or can it ever become, good grammar? I think not.

First, aim to correct any mannerisms, any absolutely discordant conditions in the presence, action or speech independent of [independently of] any system.—*N. Y. Sun*.

It is a real pity, as much so [as great a pity] as would be the destruction of the beautiful flowers which have diffused their perfumes on the stumbrous air.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Eugene Field and the farmer. Having killed the latter's [farmer's] duck, the poet presented his view of the matter.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Do you anticipate that the free coinage of silver will be an important issue in the next Presidential campaign?—*N. Y. Sun*.

The barbarity of this use of *anticipate* could not be overtopped.

In the chapters allotted to New Zealand it is, indeed, surprising to remark to what an extent Sir Joseph Banks was able to *anticipate* what we now know of the Maoris.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Here we have *anticipate* correctly used.

The oil used was that of the coconut, in which some sweet-smelling woods or flowers had been infused. Most commonly, however, it was very noxious. Hence the wearers of it smelled *repulsively* [repulsive]. It was found that he soon got reconciled to it.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The oil did not really *smell*; it was *smoky*, and to the smeller it was unpleasant.

The special order for the opening day of the session is for the *erection* [erecting] of a bridge across the Detroit River at Detroit. Among other special orders are the house bills to *prevent* the termination of the far-bearing seals of Alaska and to *reduce* [to lessen] the number of cases in which the death penalty may be inflicted.—*N. Y. Sun*.

In the first sentence, the writer uses a noun in precisely the same manner that he uses verbs in the second. "To reduce the *cases*" seems to me too elliptical. *Lessen* the number is more idiomatic than *reduce* the number.

The *imposition* [imposing] of a duty on wool will help the wool business by giving it incidental protection.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The jealousy of England, on the part of both France and Germany, is so bitter that the two nations have almost forgotten that the river Rhine exists. Their common birthplace of the island kingdom is inspired by the circumstances.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The careless writer would be quite sure to use *mutual* instead of *common* in a sentence such as we have here, yet *mutual* would be inflexible.

There will be addresses by distinguished *citizens* [persons] who have expressed a concern for the society and who have been invited to be present.—*Dramatic Mirror*.

Since eligibility did not depend on citizenship, *persons* was the proper word to use.

The office is one of the most attractive in the Government, and was rendered doubly so [attractive] by the cordiality of your tender of it.—*Chauncy N. Hayes*.

It was certainly contrary to his character to *have shuddered* [to shudder] at the touch of the hands that had caressed the two friends, when his own were deeply stained. The indications of remorse, beginning from [at] the time he made his, were as foreign to the character of Mr. Mansfield as had been building up that character. His remorse had been more than ever defined in the dismal fancy of the man, but he had adhered to the commencement [beginning] of the play to that similar conception. It was the more difficult then to conceive how he could have *agreed* [begun] so early in his career as to *have seen* [as] filled with light and remorse over crimes that had scarcely been committed.—*N. Y. Sun*.

There is no difference in signification between *concern* and *desire*; *desire*, however, is preferred by all careful writers on account of its being *Saxon*.

The author of "The God, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickham" never by any chance, it would seem, gets the little word *only* in the right place. Example:

His eyes only directed their gaze [only] on the front features of each face, his eyes only caught [only] the instant features, his heart only thrilled [only] at the smile in every action.

Smile is only given [only] to few.

Only, when used as an adjective, is more frequently misapplied than any other word in the language.

If that were all that he meant he would not be saying it, and I would [should] not be taking the trouble to oppose it. If everything in the world be increased 10 per cent. in value, why we would [should] give 10 per cent. in addition for what we would [should] buy and we would [should] get 10 per cent. more for what we would [should] sell, and we would [should] be exactly in the same place we occupied [were] in before.

Smile is only given [only] to few.

The first ten words of this sentence tell us that all lizards, snakes and grasshoppers live in the sand; while the remainder of the sentence tells us that some lizards, snakes and grasshoppers live in trees and the grass. The contradiction comes of there being a *cross* after *grasshoppers*. In such sentences it is always better to introduce the restrictive clause with *that* instead of with *which*. In neither case should the relative be preceded by a comma.

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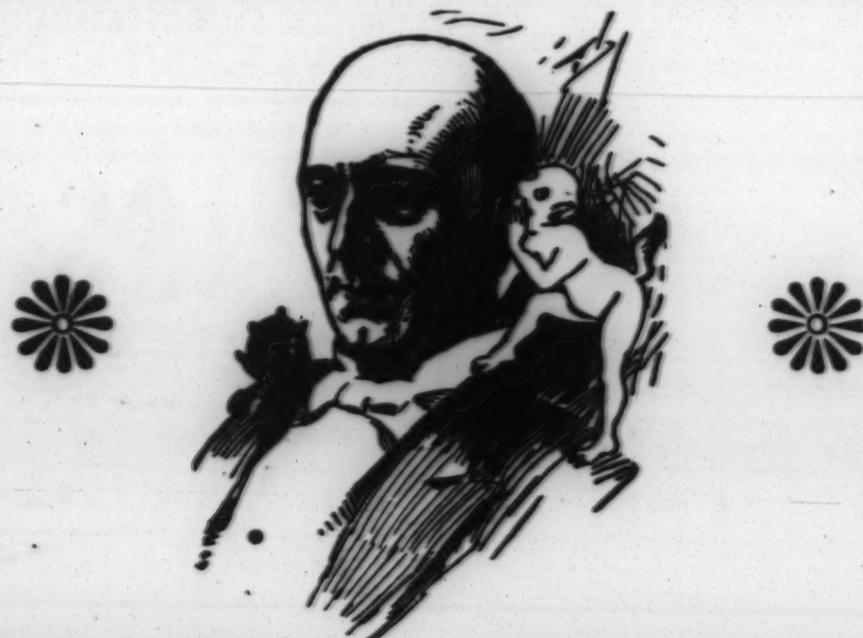
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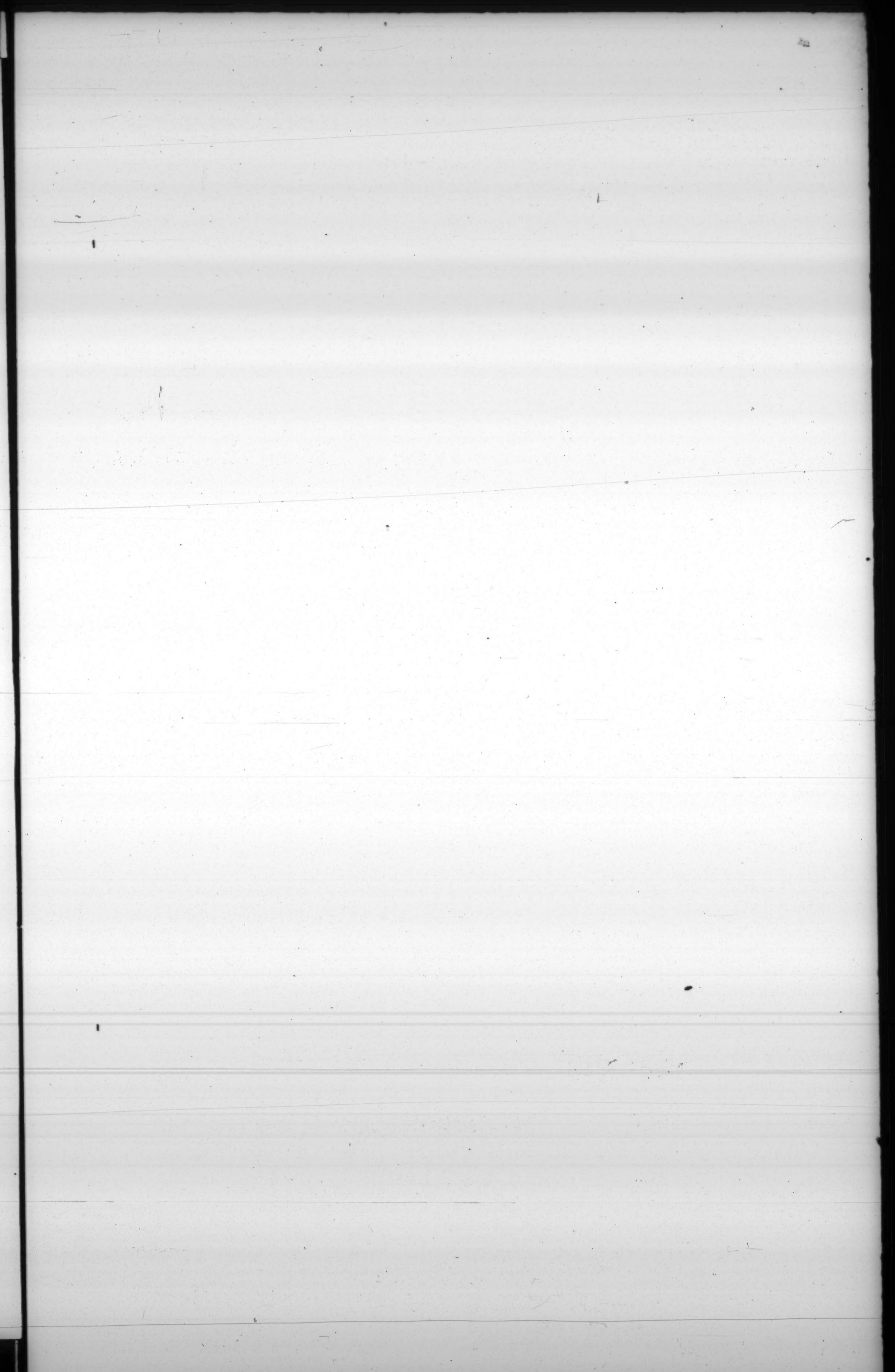
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HOW will they be brought happy by the generations to come who knew Edwin Booth in that delightful acquaintanceship which began and ended with "the play!" How much more so those who knew him in the tender bonds of friendship! And they, the dear ones who sat with him in the holy love-light of his family beside, will be blessed by the honor of his ever-living name.

But to the comrades of his workday time belonged the sacred privilege of communion with the art-soul of the man. They, and only they, can tell the story of that other self of him which his modesty and reticence kept from the world's knowledge. That Edwin Booth was only known behind the scenes, in the green-room, and at rehearsal. A part of that time I was, as the memories of more than forty-three years of undisturbed friendship and intimate association remind me. Besides supporting him for many seasons in the plays of Shakespeare, Knowles, and Bulwer, I was frequently, during his earlier career as a star, the *Wilford* to his *Sir Edward Mortimer*, the *Wellborn* to his *Sir Giles Overreach*, the *Henaya* to his *Pescara*, and later the *Don Salluste* to his *Ruy Blas*. I recall most vividly the intensity, the fervor, the magnetism, which were to my mind the bright reflection of his father's genius, in the three first-named characters. The generation of to-day had not the opportunity to witness the work of Edwin Booth in these older plays, but the silent critics have told his triumphs, as well as his undiminished character as a son, a husband, father, friend, and man. Such brilliant writers as William Winter, Laurence Hutton, William Bispham, George Woodberry, Parke Godwin have sung and spoken, while from the actor's stand-point the testimony of such witnesses as John Sleeper Clarke, John Malone, Joseph Jefferson, Tommaso Salvini, and Henry Irving have left little of praise to add, yet as the brook flows to the river in the glad hope to swell the music of the sea, so I would ask to add my feeble note to the voices of my fellows.

I believe that no one now living has, for so many years as I, known Edwin Booth as a fellow-player except John Elsler, Joseph Jefferson, and John Sleeper Clarke. He made his first appearance at the Boston Museum as *Tressel*, on September 10, 1849, and exactly two months later, November 10, 1849 (if I exclude some early experiences as a child at the Covent Garden Theatre in London, of which my father was stage-manager), my entrance upon the stage took place at Pittsburgh, Pa. It was about Christmas of that year that the elder Booth came to play at the Pittsburgh Theatre ("Old Drury," as it was called) for a two weeks' term. He was accompanied by his son Edwin, as companion and dresser. Mr. Jefferson, in his "Autobiography," alludes to this engagement and does me the honor to mention me in an anecdote related of the elder Booth. I may be permitted to relate another connected with this time, one which tends to show how the great-souled, kindly unselfishness of the father may well have implanted in the son that noble self-sacrificing nature of which his life was a never-failing expression.

I had been ill for some days in consequence of over-study, and my doctor would permit me only to attempt the first part for which I was cast with Mr. Booth, that of *Horatio* in "Hamlet," on the condition that I should be excused from rehearsal. This was explained by the stage-manager and at once agreed to by Mr. Booth, who only stipulated that I should be brought to his dressing-room in the early part of the evening for instruction as to business. Then it was that I first met Edwin Booth. He was with his father in the dressing-room, and sat silently by during my short interview with the former. Though we have since grown old together and he now is gone, I have always loved to recall that first sight of him. The fine forehead, the intellectual features, the brilliant eyes, and the even then sad expression, which we recognize in all his earlier portraits, made an immediate and powerful impression upon my mind.

When his father saw how weak and ill I was, he merely said in reply to my entreaty for instruction, "Never mind, my boy; I'll tell you as we proceed with the play." He told me nothing. He modified, and, indeed, changed all his business in relation to my active part therein, and in every scene which I had with him he tenderly drew his arm through mine and led me about the stage and on and off the scene. So that, for that night, *Hamlet* really supported *Horatio*. I have never forgotten this—never shall in my life. Edwin, who was a witness to my illness and a helper in the kindness of his father, often spoke of the incident to me afterward.

I well remember, too, the silent, shy, and reticent devotion of the boy to his great father, ready at every moment when the latter came off the stage, with sword, cap, cloak, or such other article of stage property as might be required for the scene which was to follow.

During that engagement I saw Edwin Booth in the third part ever attempted by him on the stage, that of *Wilford* in "The Iron Chest," to the elder Booth's *Sir Edward Mortimer*. After his appearance as *Tressel* in Boston, he made his second and third attempts with his father at the Providence Museum, Rhode Island, playing, on September 27th, *Cassio* to the *Iago* of the elder Booth and the *Othello* of Mr. W. C. Forbes, the manager of the theatre, and, September 29th, *Wilford* to his father's *Sir Edward Mortimer*.

In Pittsburgh I had been cast for the part of *Wilford*, had studied and was prepared to play it; but the opportunity to see father and son together on the stage was not to be lost, and so I sacrificed my ambition for the sake of that great privilege.

He played only once again in that season, which was, I think, in Philadelphia, on May 22, 1850, when he appeared the third time as *Wilford*. He was shortly afterward left at home, in Belair, Md., where for a time he attended school and received instruction from private tutors. His father then took him out to California, where, as I learned from a file of bills long kept by one of the older actors, he appeared at the Jenny Lind Theatre (afterward the old City Hall), in San Francisco, on July 30th, as *Wilford* to the elder Booth's *Sir Edward Mortimer*, and subsequently supported his father in the following parts: (July 31st) *Allworth* in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"; (August 1) *Larres* in "Hamlet"; (2d) *Violet* in "The Mountaineers"; (4th) *Gratians* in "The Merchant of Venice"; (6th) *Richmond* in "Richard III"; (7th) *Hemaya* in "The Apostate"; (8th) *Francis* in "The Stranger"; (11th) *Titus* in "Brutus"; (22d) *Edgar* in "King Lear"; (23d) *Wilford* in "The Iron Chest"; and (24th) *Cassio* in "Othello"—a fairly arduous two weeks' labor.

After a short visit to the interior of the State, the elder Booth, as the same old file of playbills informs me, took his farewell of California on the evening of September 30, 1852, with a performance of *Skylark* in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Adelphi Theatre, Dupont Street (the Jenny Lind had in the meantime been taken possession of by the city for purposes of a City Hall), sailing for the Eastern States by the steamer of October 1st, leaving Edwin in the care of the elder brother, Junius. Not long after this the elder Booth died, November 30, 1852.

Edwin, thus left on the Pacific Coast, was soon once more upon the boards playing many and varied characters at the "Bay," as San Francisco was called, at Sacramento, and at some

of the mining towns round and about there. He and D. C. Anderson (long known as "Uncle Dave, the friend of Edwin Booth") then and there formed an affectionate friendship which lasted throughout their lives. They took up their quarters at the "Mission," camping in a tent upon a half fifty vara lot among the sandhills until they were able to put up a little two-roomed shanty, to which they fondly gave the designation of the "Rancho." Thence they used to ride into town to rehearse, or play, or buy provisions, returning to do their own cooking, washing, and other household work, as was the bachelor fashion of the time. Sometimes Edwin played at the "Metropolitan," a theatre on Montgomery Street, then managed as a commonwealth by John Torrence, George Ryer, and others. More frequently, however, he played at the rival house with his brother, and subsequently filled an important engagement therein with Mrs. Catherine Sinclair Forrest, the divorced wife of Edwin Forrest.

When Mrs. Edwin Forrest (announced as Mrs. Catherine Norton Sinclair-Forrest) visited California she was accompanied by Henry Sedley, a son of W. H. Sedley Smith, of the Boston Museum. They opened their season in Sacramento, at the Sacramento Theatre, under the management of H. Venua, very probably because the principal theatre there, managed by George Ryer and Charles King, was called "The Forrest." Edwin Booth supported her at this theatre, as *Raphael* in "The Marble Heart," *Marco* being played by Mrs. Forrest, and *Volage* by Henry Sedley.

From Sacramento they went to San Francisco, where Edwin continued to play as the leading support of Mrs. Forrest. At the end of this engagement he and some



EDWIN BOOTH.

1856.

other adventurous spirits, among whom was "Uncle Dave" Anderson, formed a company which visited Australia, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands. His departure from the Pacific Coast caused a vacancy in the group of leading players, and Charles King was despatched to the Atlantic States to engage a successor. By the advice of his partners, John Torrence and George Ryer, the latter of whom had been my first manager in Buffalo, he came at once to see me. He told me many of these things I have just related, and in a few days paralyzed me with the offer of a three years' engagement at a salary of \$100 a week, in gold, fifty-two weeks in the year, with benefits, and my expenses out prepaid. Alas! my Buffalo managers refused to release me; my golden dream dissolved, and I remained for my ordinary season, at \$35 a week in the "wild-cat" money of those palmy days.

In the autumn of the year 1856 Edwin returned to the Atlantic States, accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Baker as his business manager, and began a starring tour upon his own account. One of his earliest engagements, in 1857, brought him to Buffalo, where we met for the second time, he then a "star" and I a "leading man." There we resumed the acquaintance begun in 1849, and entered upon a lifelong friendship and artistic association. Every afternoon it was our custom to sit in his room at the old Clarendon Hotel, on Main Street, smoking our clay-pipes, all three of us—Edwin, Ben Baker, and myself—working like beavers, if not like tailors, sewing "concaves" on his shirt of mail, to complete his armor for *Richard or Macbeth*, regaling ourselves with our mutual experiences, and then, as ever, he was the same quiet, modest, and unassuming soul we actors have always known him, self-sacrificing even to his own prejudice, if he could help another. He had from the first a horror of ostentation, and the adjectives which Ben Baker would insist on putting into the announcements of his ability and claims to public favor were perhaps the only cause of disagreement between them. A ludicrous result of this occurred in Detroit, his next engagement after Buffalo in this same year. Ben Baker had asked that a proof of the announce-bills should be sent to him for correction, but he was unfortunately absent when it reached the hotel. Edwin read it, and was horrified to set himself heralded as "The World-Renowned Young American Tragedian," "The Inheritor of His Father's Genius." He quickly ran his pen through all of this, and told the boy to go at once to Mr. Garry Hough, the manager of the theatre, with the bill as corrected. "Tell Mr. Hough," he said to the boy, "that I will not have all this; that it must be cut out; that I insist on being announced as simple Edwin Booth, nothing more; tell him just what I say." The boy evidently did so, and Garry Hough, a plain, blunt man, with a keen sense of humor, put out the announce-bill as follows:

ENGAGEMENT FOR ONE WEEK ONLY
OF SIMPLE
EDWIN BOOTH.

W. H. Leak, of Mr. Hough's company, sent a copy of this bill to Buffalo, where I saw it at that time, but I do not know what became of it. I asked Edwin about it some years afterward, and he related to me the circumstances much as stated above. I have recently enjoyed an opportunity of hearing, from the lips of Mr. Hough himself, who is still living in Detroit, with more than fourscore years upon him, a full confirmation of this story. My engagements two seasons ago having brought me to the beautiful "City of the Strait," I spent an afternoon hour with the old manager. Upon my reminding him of this anecdote, he said, with a smile of tender recollection, "Oh, yes, it is perfectly true! It happened exactly as you say!" Furthermore, Mr. Marshall Johnson, still of the Detroit *Free Press*, was the boy who set up the lines.

Edwin Booth's first appearance in New York took place in the spring of 1857, at the Metropolitan, W. E. Burton's uptown theatre, afterward the Winter Garden, where he again appeared September 21, 1863, and commenced a series of productions that have never since been excelled.

Two years before this he had married a young and exceedingly beautiful girl, Mary Devlin, who died, however, in the spring of 1863, leaving an only child, their daughter Edwina, now Mrs. Grossman. No words of mine could express the depth of sorrow which the death of this exquisitely lovely and accomplished child-wife caused the tender heart of Edwin Booth, a sorrow so profound that no friend dared disturb it, until at last the wildness of his grief, "the grief that will not speak," drove him to such acts of utter self-neglect that, luckily for him, and luckily for the profession and the public that loved him to the last, older heads and hands than mine were moved to rescue him.

One afternoon three noble and noted men, John Brougham, John Gilbert, and Charles Walcot, Sr., took me aside in the Lafarge Hotel, through which passed the entrance to the Winter Garden Theatre, and questioned me about him. Younger than they, I could but reply and listen, and for hours they debated, considered, and determined upon the course which they then and there combined to take to save him from his despairing sorrow. Before we separated it was understood between us that either or all of them would contrive to be with him day after day, to occupy his mind

with other subjects that should eventually restore him to himself. Grandly they fulfilled the promise then made each other. Day after day, one, two, or all of them would contrive to meet him at the close of rehearsals, and with a devotion that but friendship knows they only ceased when, unknown to all but closest friends (for myself, I kept their secret well), the power of their companionship had rescued him, grief had sought the solace of resignation, and Edwin Booth was saved. I have always cherished as holy the remembrance of the afternoon when this compact of friendship was made.



J. B. BOOTH JR.



BARTON HILL.



BARTON HILL.
(From a daguerreotype.)

SEVENTH BOSTON MUSEUM No. 29.

Tremont St. between Court & School Sta.
Museum open from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. Exhibition Room open at 6:15 o'clock. Performances commencing at 7:15 o'clock. Admission to Museum and Entertainment, 25 cents; Children under 12 years of age, 12 1/2 cents. A limited number of seats may be secured during the day, at 50 cents each.

Stage Manager..... W. H. Smith | Musical Director..... T. Comer

FANCY GLASS WORKING.

by Professor CARLING, who may be seen at all hours during the day and evening manufacturing Birds, Animals, Ships, etc., of variegated Glass. The specimens for sale.

LAST NIGHT BUT THREE OF

MR. BOOTH'S KING & COUNTRY.

Shakspeare's Tragedy.

RICHARD THIRD

Duke of Gloucester..... Mr. BOOTH
Tressel, (his first appearance on any stage),... EDWIN T. BOOTH

The Popular Farce,

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

A limited number of Family Slip Seats may be taken previous to the opening of the Exhibition Room, which will be retained one hour after the commencement of the Performance, at Fifty cents each seat. The Slip not so taken will remain in common with the rest of the seats.

Monday Evening, Sept. 10, 1849.

The performance will commence with the Overture, ZAIKA, arranged by T. Comer.

After, which will be acted (at time this season) the Tragedy,

RICHARD III

Or, The Battle of Bosworth Field.

(BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, afterwards King.....	Mr. BOOTH
Tressel, (his first appearance on any stage).....	Edwin T. Booth
King Henry 6th.....	Mr. Whitman
Duke of Buckingham.....	J. A. Smith
Duke of Norfolk.....	Doucett
Princes of Wales.....	Miss A. Phillips
Duke of York.....	Miss Arville
Earl of Richmond.....	Mr. W. H. Smith
Lord Stanley.....	Curtis
Earl of Oxford.....	Tooley
Sir William Catesby.....	Muzzy
Sir Richard Ratcliffe.....	Allen
Lieutenant of Tower.....	Williams
Hibernal Pas de Deux.....	Miss Arville and Master Adrius

To conclude w[th] [at time this season] the excellent Farce,

Slasher and Crasher

Mr Sampson Slasher.....	Mr. Warren	John - - - - -	Howe
Mr Christopher Crasher.....	Thomas		
Mr Benjamin Blowhard.....	Curtis	Miss Diah Blowhard - -	Mrs. Judith
Lieut. Brown - - - - -	J. A. Smith	Rose - - - - -	Miss Phillips

TUESDAY—Shakspeare's Tragedy

OTHELLO

TACO, (for that night only)..... Mr. B.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—THREE POPULAR PIECES.

Wednesday, Hobbs & Prescott's Weekly, 1000 Broad Street, New Haven, opens the Evening at the close of the performance. Two 12 1/2 cents. Also Overture and Intermission.

Master's Price, 25 cents. Intermission, 25 cents. Overture and Intermission, 25 cents.

FAC-SIMILE OF PLAYBILL, OF EDWIN BOOTH'S FIRST AP-

The New York Dramatic Mirror.

It was owing, I have little doubt, to the means they employed to awaken him to a sense of what lay in his power to accomplish, that Edwin was persuaded to devote himself to his art, to remain in New York City, and give to America a series of dramatic productions which eclipsed all previous efforts. It was to them, perhaps, we owe the first impulse of the memorable hundred nights run of "Hamlet," at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York.

I was not in that first production, being at the time at the Variétés Theatre, New Orleans, but subsequently I became one of the leading men of the company and was the *Laertes* of the revival of "Hamlet" in 1866. I was also in the cast of his other great productions—"Richelieu," "Ruy Bias," "The Merchant of Venice," and all the plays of that season until the Winter Garden was destroyed by fire, March 23, 1867.

One afternoon in Philadelphia I asked Edwin Booth if he had ever seen Bogumil Dawson. Finding he had not, I suggested to him that we see him that day at the Academy of Music in "The Laurel Tree and Beggar Staff," to which he consented. During the performance Edwin told me that Dawson was said to be a great "Othello," and I remarked, "Why not invite him to play *Othello* to your *Iago* in New York?" He thought it a capital idea, and in a few weeks the arrangement was consummated and announced. This took place at the Winter Garden, on the evening of Saturday, December 29, 1866. As Mr. Booth and I had previously alternated those characters, I was left out of the cast. The late Newton Gotthold, who spoke German perfectly, was the *Cassio*, and Madame Methua Scheller the *Desdemona*, and they spoke their individual scenes with the German tragedian in his own language. I smuggled myself into the orchestra by permission of Robert Stoepel, the musical director, and seated alongside of the bass drum I enjoyed what was to me a most interesting performance. "The Laurel Tree and Beggar Staff," in which Bogumil Dawson appeared, was made familiar to our stage by Lawrence Barrett in a free translation from the German called "The Man o' Airlie."

Of the Winter Garden Company but few, I believe, are living. Miss Ida Vernon, Mrs. Sedley Brown, Mr. Augustus Pitou, W. S. Andrews (ex-Street Commissioner of the city of New York), Henry Hogan, A. Burroughs, and my own being the only names I can call to mind. Mr. Andrews was the *De Beringhen*, *First Gravedigger*, and *Launcelot Gobbo* of the last season's cast. He was to have taken a benefit on the Saturday night, March 23, 1867, as *Lord Dundreary* in "Our American Cousin," had not the theatre that morning been destroyed by fire.

The stage manager, under whose direction rehearsals were conducted, was always furnished with a prompt-book, which had been most carefully and skilfully prepared by Edwin Booth himself. Nothing was left to chance. The principal members of the company were, as a rule, already experienced in the characters assigned to them, while the younger members were carefully chosen and patiently drilled in the kindest manner by Mr. Booth until a harmonious whole was invariably assured. Edwin Booth was beloved by every member of his company. I never, in all the years we were together, knew him once to give way, even under the most trying and irritating circumstances, to the slightest provocation toward ill-temper. As a matter of course, then, all of us, young and old, were constantly on the alert to save him trouble, as much out of pure love of him as of devotion to our profession. Seldom was there need to "call" a member of the company; we were invariably at our posts, at the entrances indicated by our carefully written parts, and each scene, consequently, moved with the regularity of clockwork.

The prompt-book, before it was given to Mr. Hanley, the stage manager, had been most carefully considered, studied, and prepared by Edwin himself. These books, since printed, show the depth of thought, the ceaseless labor and the profound research bestowed by him on every detail before it was put in rehearsal. It was then, that he sat there, when not himself in the scene, a perfect master of each play, watching the moving of kings, queens, and pawns from square to square as his mind directed, in the gentlest manner offering advice, giving full play to the relations of each member of the cast and sometimes yielding to that conception of the play which would bring it to a more effective result, or, with winning urbanity and a smile, declaring it better to "follow the book." Under the same personal supervision shall the artistic, stage-carpenters, costumers, and property-men be emulated for weeks and months upon each play before it was put in rehearsal. One may easily understand, then, the pleasure of those Winter Garden rehearsals, the sincere delight with which we watched the development of the production, the interest we felt in the success for which all labored, the docility of our obedience to the management (for were we not assisting in the presentation of the creations of Shakespeare or of Bulwer?), and our almost childish joy when we had progressed so far as to be permitted the adjuncts of "scenes and properties." On these occasions the rehearsal was devoted to a scene or an act only, until the closing day, which were full of anxiety and hope and triumph. These were the days of the "old stock company!" However they may have improved the stage by the marvellous effects at their command to-day, and by the undoubtedly perfection of the few good plays we now enjoy, I can assure my younger brethren that I look back with pride and regret to the hours spent as I have described above, and even wish the old stock system were still in vogue.

On the very day following the destruction by fire of the Winter Garden Theatre, I was engaged, with the consent of Edwin Booth, by that greatest of our tragedians, Edwin Forrest, and immediately joined him for what proved to be a long and delightful association. While playing with Mr. Forrest I became intrusted with a commission, a confidential and secret charge, an effort of which very few, even of Edwin Booth's friends are cognizant.

During the season of 1868-69, when the new Booth's Theatre, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, was nearing completion, Edwin Booth confided to me the great desire of his life at that time. He wished to pay a tribute to the great American tragedian as well as to his own patrons, the American public. His desire was, that Edwin Forrest should open Booth's Theatre, and that he should be allowed on that

occasion to be the *Iago* to the *Othello* of Mr. Forrest. It was a superb project, the grandest tribute to dramatic art that our stage could offer, and I urged Edwin to go to Mr. Forrest himself and personally make the offer; but his inherent modesty forbade him; he asked me only to keep the matter a secret until decided, and to use such influence as I might possess to bring about the result. At the same time he gave me an absolute *carte blanche* as to terms; I was to accept, unconditionally, any proposal Mr. Forrest might make; I was simply to telegraph consent, whatever the terms might be, and then forward the agreement for final ratification. I was Edwin's plenipotentiary.

I labored, heart and soul, week after week, to bring about so glorious a union, but always without success. I knew that Mr. Forrest was much attached to me—I held his own written assurance of that fact. I know that, had I not been forced by family ties to leave him after two years of the most pleasant association, I should have been with him to the hour of his death. I had some influence over him in the little cares of life. But all my efforts to accomplish Edwin Booth's desire were in vain. Mr. Forrest spoke of Edwin in the highest terms; he admired him as an actor and as a man, and at no time had anything to say of him that was not kind and friendly, until I wondered what his motive could possibly be for so persistently and obstinately declining the offer. The reason was at last explained to me by his business agent, Joseph McArdle. Edwin Booth, in his younger days, had supported Mrs. Catherine Sinclair-Forrest in her Californian and Australian engagements! That was all, but it was enough; there was no more to be said upon the subject. Those who knew Edwin Forrest, as I did, his set, immovable opinions, his prejudices and inflexible rules of conduct—will understand that persuasion was hopeless. I telegraphed Edwin Booth as Mr. Forrest directed me, thanking him for the great compliment he had paid him ("great compliment, tell him," said Mr. Forrest—"for it is one")—but regretting that he was compelled to decline. When I explained to Edwin, soon afterward, the reason for the refusal, he smiled, in his sadly humorous way, and said: "Well, then, Barton, my early good luck was a great misfortune." And so the matter ended.

The story of the opening of Booth's Theatre is well known, and has been well chronicled by others. At that time I was in Philadelphia with Mrs. Drew, afterward in London with Mrs. Wood, and finally with John McCullough at the California Theatre, San Francisco, until the close of Mr. Booth's management of his own theatre in 1874, but we met and corresponded frequently. Some adaptations which I had made from the French had been produced in Boston and Philadelphia, and having made a careful adaptation of the "Kean" of Alexandre Dumas, I offered it to Edwin, believing that his appearance as "Edmund Kean" would please the public, to his advantage and my own. After some weeks of careful consideration the play was accepted by him and he promised an early production of it in the following season, but during the summer vacation I was summoned to Long Branch, where Edwin



CHARLES WALCOT, SR.



MARY DEVLIN.
EDWIN BOOTH'S FIRST WIFE.



JOHN GILBERT.



JOHN BROTHAM.

Brewster House
Aet 25^t. - 1860

Friend Hill -

I had no opportunity for writing you in the day of my departure, for I had no doubt but that you took the table of my office - though I did not, I was sick & trifling, & bore with visitors & party. - Be kind enough to speak to the host & other guests for me - from the east to the west of the theatre. - C. O. D., and accept of this. - I have this city & place, of course, all of my respects - with the best regards of the theatre -

a week, & I enjoy idling highly - now - a while.

Adieu - Comme on
veut & you gather,
and then on

Yours -
Booth

LETTER FROM EDWIN BOOTH TO BARTON HILL, 1860.

was spending a few weeks with Edwin Adams, and there I learned that he was forced to abandon the idea of studying the character, as his friends and managers had advised him to confine himself to Shakespearean productions. He had, however, offered the part of *Kean* to Edwin Adams, with the privilege of a production of the play at Booth's Theatre, provided I would consent to the change. Of course I assented, notwithstanding the disappointment of my sanguine hopes; but even this second arrangement fell through, to give way to the production of "Enoch Arden." The result was that my version was never produced, and we have only seen the "Kean" of Dumas, in this country, through the great performance of the part, in Italian, by Ernesto Rossi.

In 1873 I had gone out to San Francisco to associate myself with and represent John McCullough in the management of the California Theatre, thus enabling him to begin his starring engagements in the autumn of that year. While occupying the position of acting manager of that theatre, it was again my happy fortune to become associated with Edwin Booth. We prevailed on him to come to us for a short season of eight weeks, in the year 1876. John remained in San Francisco to arrange the announcements, prices of admission, etc., while I came East as far as Chicago, to take Edwin to the Coast. I arranged with the railway for one of the best hotel-cars, and Edwin, his second wife (Mary McVicker), his daughter Edwina, a young lady friend of theirs, the

Pullman car conductor, and myself, with the necessary cook and porter, were the sole occupants of the car. We had arranged for "stop-over" privileges, and allowed ourselves eleven days for the five-day trip, on account of the extreme nervousness of that charming lady, Mrs. Booth, whom I had great difficulty in persuading to consent to travel at night. But the mosquitoes of the first night of side-track rest on the way to Omaha, and the quiet motion of the Union Pacific trains assisted in eventually overcoming her scruples, and, with one day's rest at Omaha, three at Salt Lake, and one at Virginia City, we reached San Francisco after a most delightful trip. I tried my best to induce Mrs. Booth to go down into one of the mines at Virginia City, but she not only declined, but refused to allow me to take her husband, so that little excitement was denied us.

We were fully prepared, at the California Theatre, for this brilliant engagement. We possessed, in addition to the ordinary appointments of such a theatre, special and complete sets of scenery and properties for "Julius Cesar," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Virginius," and "Othello." Mr. McCullough had purchased the costumes, scenery, and armor imported from England for the elaborate production of "Richard III," at Niblo's Garden, in which play, when we produced it, with the addition of the armor purchased for us in Europe by Dion Boucicault for our production of "King John," we were enabled to place upon the stage at one time



EDWIN FORREST.



BENJAMIN A. BAKER.



EDWIN BOOTH AND HIS CHILD.

and I, having charge of the business affairs of the theatre, left myself out of the casts, thus confining the three leading parts in the plays to Booth, McCullough, and T. W. Keene, our leading man. The alternation of characters in the changes of "Julius Caesar" gave Keene an opportunity to show—as he did—the range of his magnetic ability, especially as *Marc Antony* and *Cassius*. I was with Edwin every day, and, after the rehearsals, he, his old-time companion and friend, "Uncle Dave" Anderson, who had been a member of the old company, and I would walk down to the California Market, and indulge in our daily dissipation—a glass of buttermilk, a cigar, and a chat over old times. That engagement was almost a pleasant holiday to our Edwin, who daily enjoyed the delight of meeting many old-time friends, with whom he talked happily over the early days and the hard times of his youthful career. He returned East with over fifty thousand dollars to his credit for his individual performances, one-half of the gross receipts. I think—indeed, I know—that John McCullough rejoiced more sincerely over the triumph of that engagement than ever he did over his own successes, and we were grateful to the San Francisco public for having generously aided us to secure to Edwin Booth the happiest "free-from-care" eight weeks he ever experienced in his life. Really he seemed as joyous as a school-boy whose tasks were few and facile. Of course he was invited everywhere, but that invariably retiring modesty of his made it the hardest work imaginable for John McCullough, who was a social favorite, to induce him to meet any one except the members of the old companies. For myself, I was content to share with him and "Uncle Dave" our post-rehearsal banquets upon buttermilk.

One morning I asked Edwin if he had any autograph letters of his father. He told me he had one only, and had never possessed more. "Why?" he asked me. "Oh," I said, "I'll tell you to-night." At night I handed him five holograph letters of his father. They had been given me by John Sefton, the stepfather of my wife. I said, "Here, Edwin, are five of your father's letters. I promised one to Harry Edwards and wish one myself; but I bring you them that you may select the three which you prefer." He was greatly surprised and delighted. "Now," I added, when he had selected three of the sacred mementoes for himself, "I will show you a letter—only show it, mind—I want to keep this myself; a letter from a very nice little boy written, I should judge, when he was about sixteen years of age." I handed him a letter written by himself in 1850. He at once recalled the occasion and related to me the circumstances to which the letter referred. It was written at his mother's dictation, to ask Mr. Sefton (at that time stage-manager of the Richmond, Va., Theatre), for information regarding the whereabouts of the elder Booth, as they had not heard from him since the close of his engagement there.

Edwin recollects the circumstances perfectly, and told me how after an answer had come from Mr. Sefton he had been sent by his mother from Baltimore to Richmond, and had found his father at the plantation of some friends, where he had been having a royal time. John Sefton had also told me of this disappearance and discovery, and how Mr. Booth had borrowed fifty dollars from him to pay the expenses of himself and son back to Baltimore. The money was to be repaid within two weeks, and was so repaid with a promptitude and exactness that would have done credit to an American Indian.



W. S. ANDREWS.

Edward Seguin had so soothed the savage breasts of the Brandt warriors by that wonderful "double G" voice of his, that they insisted on making him a chief there and then. He consented, and the ceremony was performed; he was presented with wampum, pipe, and tomahawk, and, wishing to make some present to them in return, asked the head chief what they would prefer. He was wearing a high silk hat, a

sixty complete sets of full steel armor, the supernumeraries wearing those not needed by the company. When I add that our Old California Theatre company (which for the merit of its members has seldom been equalled) was perfectly familiar with all of Edwin Booth's repertory, excepting, perhaps, "The Fool's Revenge," many of them having played with him before, it will readily be understood that the success of the productions was assured and the rehearsals therefore comparatively easy.

The result of that memorable eight weeks' engagement, the first that Edwin had played in California since he had left the Coast in 1856, exactly twenty years before, was that the most brilliant and enthusiastic audiences that ever honored the "Old California" crowded its walls nightly and thrilled it with affectionate and enthusiastic applause.

McCullough played in that engagement in support of Edwin Booth,

new one, that he had bought that morning in Hamilton. The chief pointed to the new hat, so Mr. Seguin at once invited the chief and some eight of his braves to accompany him to the town, where he bought them the coveted hats. It was the custom for hatters, then, to have rows of hats on their shelves, each with white paper round the crown. In this way the hats were fitted to the heads of the Indians but, when they were all fitted, the bill paid, and the hatter was about to remove the papers, he was stopped by the Indians. Mr. Seguin tried to remonstrate, but it was of no use—the hats had been given to them with the paper covers on, and in that way had been accepted, and out of the shop they walked, each wearing his new silk hat, paper and all!

So it was with the Elder Booth and the fifty dollars. The money had been loaned him in gold coin, and not content with sending the amount as promised, he took the pains to send it in exactly to a coin the same denomination of gold pieces; one twenty, one ten, two fives, and four two-and-a-half pieces, which Mr. Sefton received, duly, by express package. Edwin's school-boy letter, the earliest of his handwriting in existence I am told, is now, very properly, in the possession of his daughter.

My next association with Edwin Booth was after my return from California, in the fall of 1881. I was stepping into Niblo's Garden Theatre one Saturday night when I met Colonel Allston Brown at the box-office. He told me Edwin Booth had commissioned him to see me and say that he wanted me at once in Boston, to play *Othello* on the following Monday, as Mr. Samuel Piercy, who was then the leading

man of his company, had been taken ill with smallpox. I started that evening, leaving word for my costumes to be sent after me. On reaching Boston I learned that it was in Fall River we were to play on Monday. I went there with the company but no costumes came—so I wore what could be found of Piercy's dresses, with a couple of draperies that Edwin kindly loaned me, and played the part without rehearsal. Upon asking Mr. Booth if I had made any serious mistakes, he told me none whatever, except a little piece of business we had formerly used in the third act. As we had not played together for certainly ten years, I had some cause to be grateful for a retentive memory. Upon the death of poor Piercy, which happened within very few days, Edwin invited me to remain with him, and I played as his principal support for the rest of the season.

What a pleasant season it was! We of the company had an entire sleeping-car to ourselves. Edwin, with his daughter Edwina, had their own hotel-car fitted up with a piano, book-case, and other luxuries. Every few days, when *en route*, all the ladies



MARK SMITH.

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EDWIN ADAMS.

DAVID C. ANDERSON
(as POLONIUS).

EDWIN BOOTH AND HIS SECOND WIFE.



MARY McVICKER BOOTH, EDWIN BOOTH, AND HIS DAUGHTER, EDWINA.

and as many of the men as could conveniently be seated were invited to the hotel-car, where delightful luncheons were served. Edwina and Mrs. Cathcart's daughter would play piano solos and duets; "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge would insist on singing the "Gobble-Gobble" duet with somebody; "Uncle Dave" Anderson would recall early California experiences in song and story, and we would all try to do something to assist the pleasure of the occasion, our dear Edwin sitting quietly by, drinking in the happiness of his daughter's girlish joy, and she, whenever she could be, in her father's arms; each of them a study of filial or parental devotion. At Galveston, Tex., and Montgomery, Ala., afternoon picnics were improvised, and those of us who could stay in a saddle without being nailed to it hired horses, formed ourselves into a body-guard, and escorted Edwin's carriage, tearing into town at a gallop, where, drawing up into line at the depot, in true cavalier style, we saluted him and his daughter as they returned to their hotel-car. I suppose I may be accused of dwelling upon this season with the garrulosity of a dotard; but it was, with the exception of the Salvini-Booth three weeks in 1886, the last time I ever played with Edwin Booth, and I linger over it in fondest recollection. I often asked him afterward to find room for me, but it was not easily possible, the joining of the Booth and Barrett companies, and the valuable addition of Lawrence Barrett's personal support, leaving him nothing that he would have offered me.

I claim, however, to have been accidentally the cause of the restoration of cordial relations between Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth, which led to the brilliant engagements played by them together, and to their friendly association until the death of Lawrence Barrett. I overtook Mrs. Barrett at Pittsburgh, and took charge of her until we reached Omaha, where her husband joined us, and we journeyed together toward the Pacific Coast. At Cheyenne I happened to see in the little daily paper published there a telegraphic account of the attack made upon Edwin Booth the night before during a performance by him of *Richard II.*, in a Chicago Theatre, by an insane man named Mark Gray, and of his fortunate escape from what might have been fatal injury. I at once wrote out a telegram which I intended sending to Edwin, congratulating him as well as our profession on his escape, and expressing the hope of his speedy recovery. I showed this telegram to Lawrence Barrett, and he said: "Charley" (the name

by which I am still known to my boyhood friends), "I wish I could join you in that telegram." "Well, why don't you?" I asked him. He replied, "Because Edwin Booth and I have not spoken to each other for over four years." "All the more reason for your joining in this message," I said, for I knew of the estrangement, and I knew, besides, that it had been caused by no fault of Edwin. After a little persuasion on my part Lawrence consented to add his name to mine, and therefore I handed him the telegram which I had written out. He jumped off at the next telegraph station—Sherman, I believe—to send the message. The result was precisely what I had foreseen. When next they met they became fast friends and companions, and remained so to the end.

I did not learn for some years that in his agitation Barrett must not only have forgotten to add his name to that particular telegram which I entrusted to him, but had forgotten even to send it. Once afterward, having casually referred to the incident in conversation with Edwin, to my intense surprise he told me that he remembered distinctly receiving a telegram from Barrett in the words at the time, and from the place I spoke of, but he quite as distinctly remembered that my name did not appear upon it.

At the solicitation of Signor Chizzola, who had brought Signor Tommaso Salvini to the United States for a tour of our principal cities, Edwin Booth consented to play a limited number of performances of "Othello" and "Hamlet" with the Italian tragedian. The three weeks of this Salvini-Booth season occupied portions of the months April and May, 1886, in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, one week each. In their support many prominent members of the Salvini company participated. They were assisted by special engagements of Miss Marie Wainwright, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mr. C. W. Coulcock, and myself. Miss Wainwright appeared as *Desdemona* and *Ophelia*, Mrs. Bowers as *Emelia* and *Gertrude*, Mr. Coulcock as *Brabantio* and *Polonius*, and I attended to the requirements of the *Duke of Venice* and *Claudius*. Signor Salvini was, of course, *Othello*, and Edwin Booth was the *Iago*. To the *Hamlet* of Mr. Booth the Signor played the *Ghost*. It had been originally the intention of the Italian tragedian to play the *King* in "Hamlet," but he changed his mind and selected the *Ghost*, to which alteration of the cast I owe the distinguished honor of having been associated with this unique and interesting occasion.

Salvini's performances were always given in Italian, and the use of this language, a strange one to most of our actors, made us rather nervous about cues and responsive business. I was, I remember, excessively nervous, under this consideration, upon the



TOMMASO SALVINI.



LAWRENCE BARRETT.

opening night, which brought us before the public, in "Othello." I had taken my seat under the ducal throne a little earlier than necessary, in order to be sure to be on hand in good season. The Signor, accompanied by Mr. Chizzola, his manager, had come upon the stage to observe the setting of the scene. They were looking at me and conversing in Italian, when to some remark of Chizzola's I observed that the great *Othello* bowed his head deliberately two or three times much in the style of Edwin Forrest. I wondered what in the world was the matter with me, and wished the world would go away, but afterward learned that Chizzola had remarked the likeness of my make-up to a celebrated portrait of one of the Doges of Venice, and the Italian tragedian was merely bowing an assent. On the same occasion, after having successfully passed the ordeal of the senate scene, this same make-up narrowly escaped a serious accident as to the ducal silver white beard. While responding to the speeches of

Othello I suddenly felt that an important portion of this beard was loose, and was therefore exceedingly glad when I had reached the delivery of my last lines:

Good-night to every one. And Signor
If virtue no delighted beauty lack
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

With becoming dignity I was retiring from the senate chamber, my back turned to the audience, when, as I passed *Iago*, Edwin with a low and graceful bow, expressive of the utmost homage, said, *sotto voce*, and with a delicious ripple of fun in the whisper, "And the Duke of Venice is losing his mustache."

Such of the old days by the family hearthstone as I was privileged to witness were simply the restful moments when his equable temperament sank into the warm

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

23d Street, between 6th and 6th Avenues.

New York May 6th 1872

My dear Sir:

I saw Adams but for a moment & spoke of Jesson, but I hardly think he cares to read it. However, I am not sure of that - but return to La Reine - Reine, for I am as chance to produce it now & next season it will be impossible to do it. - I send "Kean" also, as I cannot get up courage to try it - it is undoubtedly a good thing for comedy, but I can't feel sufficient in

confidence - confid with what I have been subject to.

I enclose the bill, I sent - being failed to get the - the U.S. or Express, as I forgot them till after - sent the U.S. & the Express Office with best wishes ever yours

Edwin Booth

Dear Sirs

Lathe of domestic love in the intervals of his hours of duty to the public. At such moments he was still more than ever the quiet, uncomplaining, contented man,

of the world, used to declare that his best play was the one he was at the time engaged in composing, being ever as enthusiastic as a youth in his work; but he could



MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE COMPANY IN 1876.

Alice Harrison,
Carrie Wyatt,

John Torrance,
T. J. French,
Ellie Wilton,
W. A. Mestaver,

Robert Eberle,
Martin Joyce,
T. W. Keene,
Mrs. Judah,

Barton Hill,
William Porter,
Harry Edwards,
Walter Leman,

John McCullough,
John Wilson,
C. B. Bishop,
Belle Chapman,

Nelson Drerer,
Stephen Leach.

who easily won the love of all his fellow-beings. Docile, yet observant, generous to a fault, compassionate of others, silent as to self and reticent of his sorrows, his griefs and cares were but "whispered the o'erfraught heart," nor ever confided to the general ear. If he ever indulged a selfish yearning, which I doubt, it must have been for what he called his "den," a quiet little library, writing, and smoking-room, where many a pipe, of peace indeed, invoked forgetfulness of the world's woes. One such cosey nook of his I have in mind. It was at the northwest corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue, where sometimes I spent an hour with him, living over the days that had been. To those who knew him in the home he gave *The Players*, he seemed a marvel of resigned content; to me, his friend and follower, he was more—he was the type of a glorious sunset, a well-spent life sinking into sleep.

BARTON HILL.

ACTING PLAYS.

THE homespun, familiar old phrase, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"—a maxim of such antiquity that even Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" does not give its origin—might be a good motto for the proscenium arch. While puddings—the delicious, never-to-be-forgotten plum for instance—are generally compounded on approved recipes that enable the satisfactory eating (invoking Shakespeare's good attendant digestion, it may be), many plays are not constructed on lines well appreciated by those endowed with the genius of dramatic composition (a gift, I believe, from Olympus), and consequently fail when presented to the public. The application and appropriateness of the ancient maxim as a theatre motto is surely obvious. But to eat our mutton—or pudding.

It is not until the public presentation of a play—excepting, of course, the closet or reading play—that its merits and adaptability as a dramatic construction or acting play can be discovered and demonstrated. The final dress rehearsal, with orchestra, scenery, and props, does not demonstrate the dramatic possibilities; but quite the contrary, it is generally misleading and confirms the opinion that induced its acceptance. This result of the dress rehearsal is inevitably the case when the actors are suited with their parts. Boucicault used to say that when the actors were pleased with their parts he always doubted the success of the play with the audience. As the actor only grasps and considers his individual participation, it is natural he should judge the play from his personal stand-point. How often the prophesied "sure winner" disappoints in satisfying the audience! How frequently in the play-house, as in real life, the unexpected occurs in an unanticipated popular acceptance of a production!

Lester Wallack once declared to me that the more extended his experience in producing plays the less a manager could rely on his judgment, because in the elation of his success he would be inclined, with pardonable vanity, to exercise his own taste rather than study that of the public. Every production of an original play is indeed an experiment, a risk involving much. I remember once that accomplished dramatic dramatist, and successful and model manager, Augustin Daly, entertained great hopes for an adaptation of "Serge Panine," because it appealed to his cultivated tastes as a bright bit of dialogue and clever dramatic construction; and yet though well produced this comedy failed to please his patrons, and was withdrawn as soon as possible for the farce comedy of "The Passing Regiment"—literally, in the emergency, pitchforked on the stage—which made the hit of the season, crowding his house night after night. Surely if any manager should be confident of his own judgment it is Augustin Daly. While other managers have been contented to produce imported successes he has always essayed original manuscript plays.

The illustrious Boucicault, who will be more appreciated as the years go by and he is accorded his proper recognition by posterity as one of the really great dramatists

not tell until its production how the public would rate it. Bronson Howard, unquestionably the foremost American dramatist, ably equipped for his work alike by cultivated literary ability as well as skill in stagecraft, candidly confesses, after devoting two years or more to the composition and writing of one of his charming works, that he is experimenting with the public.

There are well-defined rules (the A, B, C of the art) of dramatic composition, the result of long experience in stagecraft, that inspires those endowed with the genius of dramatic authorship or adaptation. Why is it that so many plays fail, plays that are well written, technically constructed, with good interesting stories, and character portraiture? Because they do not act well; the pudding, forsooth, is not good eating and is indigestible. A play may read well, be good literature, so to speak; but the stage demands a play that will act well—an acting play. To literary ability must be added the art of dramatic composition. The collaboration of the stage-manager and the littérateur is generally mutually advantageous. The art of the dramatist and that of the novelist are entirely distinct. The one is by description by words—the other by action—or, at all events, it should be, or his pudding will be dough.

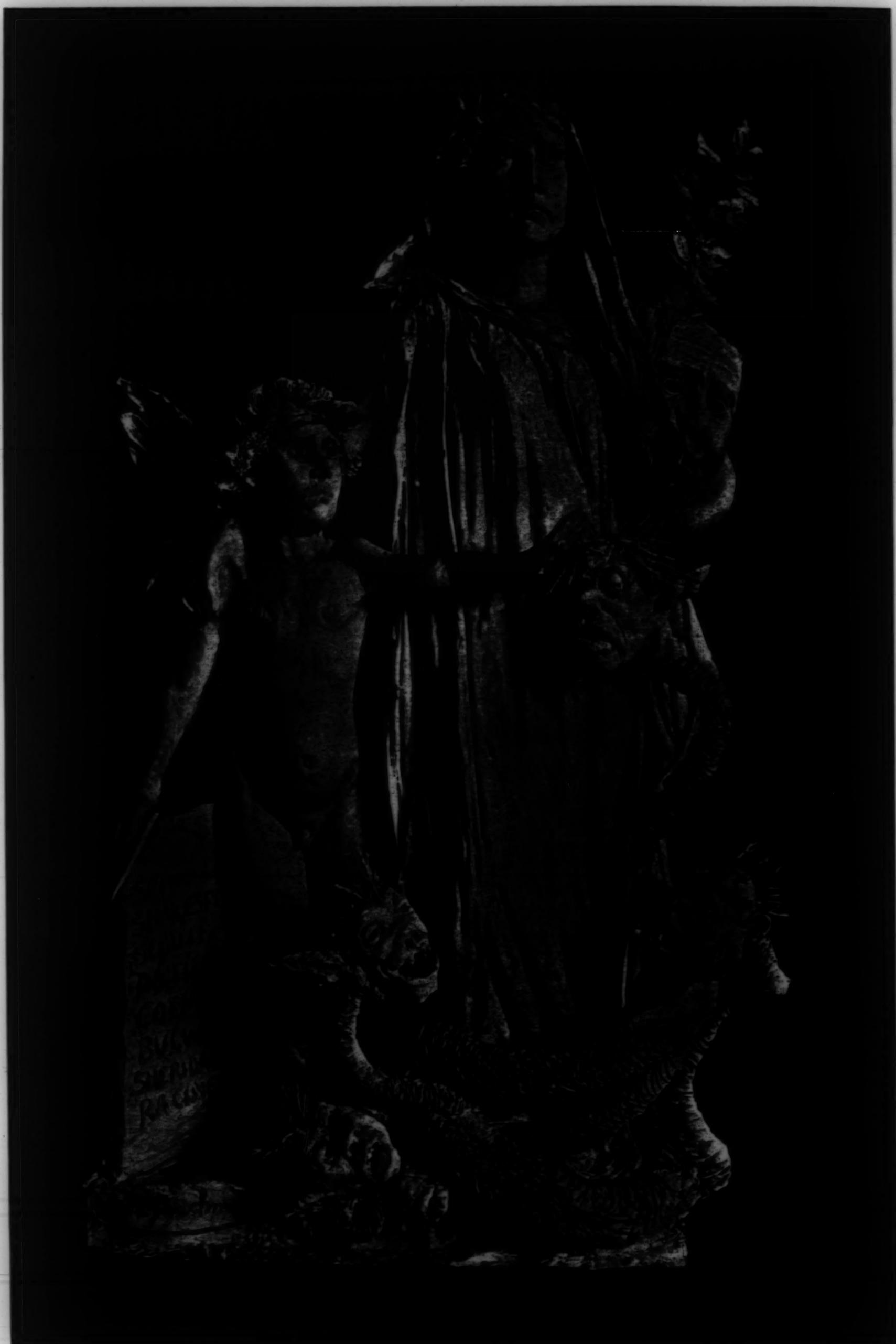
Boucicault claimed in his chat, and, I think, in one of his essays, that no play would act well that could not be written or acted as a pantomime, and the story would be intelligent without the dialogue. Pondering this theory of the grand master of dramatic construction—more fertile in stagecraft indeed than Shakespeare himself, in his day of the primitive theatre with its limited scenic resources—I have found that all the successful "standard" plays could be acted in pantomime; and herein seems to me the result of successful dramatic composition, that primarily the story is one of action with words to suit or evolved by the action; for all the plays that can bear this treatment have maintained their hold on the much-inflicted public. Of course I must not be understood as intimating that any play which would be intelligent or actable as a pantomime would necessarily, because of this fact, prove successful, for there are dull, spiritless pantomimes. But given all the conditions of good writing, good story, the dramatic or stage adaptability of a production is evident if the production can be given in pantomime.

The list that I could give of standard works—acting plays—would begin with Shakespeare's most popular works, but would really be "too numerous to be mentioned," and includes most of the standard comedies. It will be interesting to the student of dramatic literature to examine into the subject for himself in verifying my apparently bold assertions, in consequence of Boucicault's theory. "Hamlet," for instance, could be acted as a pantomime, and "The School for Scandal."

The taste and style, the ancient and the modern, has changed so much that the so-called standard drama has been rendered palatable to us by the adaptation of the stage manager, the latest triumph being Sir Henry Irving's adaptation of "Cymbeline." In the "golden age" of the drama was permitted argument and philosophy in dialogue, irrelevant to the action though developmental in character portrayal, that modern audiences would not stand, excepting perhaps at the academical Théâtre Français. The modern master of stagecraft prunes these long speeches and reduces the scenario to a pantomime. It is true now and then a *succès d'estime* is achieved by a sensational melodrama, which utterly defies and routs Boucicault's theory, because of some ingeniously constructed scenic triumph.

Dramatic composition combines literary ability for dialogue; the eye of the artist for his scenes and groupings, as well as skill in the art of play-writing, for the construction of the pantomime, stage business, etc. The so-called "closet-play," that is intended for reading only, is to charm by its good writing and to be judged merely as a literary production; until some dramatist frames the pantomime of action, as in the case of Tennyson and Byron.

CHANDOS FULTON.



THE DRAMA AND THE HYDRA.

SEEING IN HER POWER, DIGNIFIED BY HER HISTORY, CONSCIOUS OF HER IMMORTALITY, THE DRAMA NEEDS NOT IGNORANCE, VULGARITY, IMBECILITY AND OBSCENITY, THE EPHEMERAL OBSTACLES TO HER PROGRESS.

COWHASGEE.



*Richard III., Duke Aranza, and a repertoire of native rôles, which include the difficult parts of *Mahadeva* and the *Begum's Saint*.* These stamp him a great actor. On the stage, in appearance, Cowhasgee is the artist's ideal of *Ingomar* or *Othello*. He is magnificent—beautiful, in so far as one can reconcile beauty with the olive tint. He is tall, measuring six feet four inches in height, in manner extremely dignified, in speech most gracious. His voice is respectable thunder, and full of reserve, intensity, and fire. In private he wears the Parsee dress—silk durza, with gold and silver embroidered panties; high, narrow, brimless head-gear; curling, narrow-toed slippers, wrought in gold and silver—a sort of bimetallic decoration.

Cowhasgee lives alone in a house that, for cleanliness and simple beauty, resembles a well kempt bird-cage. During my three months' visit to the Maharajah of Jeypore, Cowhasgee and myself were thrown together, and became warm friends. When I returned to Bombay he invited me to dine at his home. On arrival there, out of respect to the Parsee custom, I removed my shoes at the door, entered, and took a seat on the floor, or a rug that covered it. Before us was a spread of native meats, fruits, and condiments. Cowhasgee's Hindoo kanshma proffered me a siro of water. The actor dipped his fingers into another bowl, washed and wiped them dry. Very complacently he began to eat his food with his fingers. I did likewise.

"Sahib," said the fire-worshipper, "you think me a heathen, but I will convince you that you are more heathen than I. You observe I eat *my* food with my fingers, which—since I have washed them—I know are clean, while you heathen of the West (in private and public places) plunge into your mouths knives, forks, spoons, and other dreadful implements which hundreds of heathen have used before you, and which are unclean."

"I am convinced of that," said I, as I raised to my lips two fingerfuls of golden curry and let it fall on my immaculate white trousers, leaving thereon a big spot about the size of an "honest" dollar. Just then, as if in support of his argument, my mind reverted to a pewter spoon that once poisoned me while eating mush at a hotel in Rochester.

"Again, Sahib," said the fire-worshipper, with sarcasm, "we 'barbarously' remove our shoes at the door. How much better that is than walking into your houses upon costly carpets with mud- or snow-clad foot-gear."

"You are right," said I, at the same time dexterously dropping my handkerchief over a large hole in the heel of my sock.

After picking our customs and our Bible to pieces, Cowhasgee, after some urging, told me the following remarkable story. He had often promised to do this. The experience made him famous, and it is well authenticated by the British Government, under whose protection alone can he remain in India. So that Cowhasgee's narrative may be better understood, it is necessary for me first to describe briefly the ceremonies attending the death of a fire-worshipper. When life becomes extinct the body is wrapped in clean clothing, placed on a piece of polished stone, and laid on the floor. The relatives then sit down on blessed rugs around it, while the dastoor (priest) repeats a text from the Zendavesta (the Parsee Bible). If death occurs at night they await the coming morn; if it happens in the daytime, the body is removed to the last resting-place on the same day. When the time for removal comes, the body is placed upon an iron bier, by naessalears (corpse-bearers). Two priests recite the izesnue (funeral sermon), which, by the way, embodies not a few logical teachings and some consolation to a poor man. One is, that "riches, wealth, influence, or friends will not avail in the next world," and that a rich man is just as badly off after death as a poor one, even though he be a king. In this strain the izesnue lasts for an hour, concluding with these words: "May Zoroaster" (God of the sun) "have mercy on the soul." The corpse, followed by its friends, is then conveyed to the dhokma, or "tower of silence," generally erected on a mountain (in Bombay it is built on a hill called Malabar). Arriving at the tower the bier is set down outside the gates and uncovered. The friends all simply salaam to it and return home. Then the gates of the mysterious, awful place open, and two rufians (banished to the tower for heinous crimes, death being the other alternative) remove the body to the apex of the tower, where it is left by them to be devoured by the flesh-eating fowls of the air, for the fire-worshippers do not cremate or inter. As mourning friends approach with their dead, these birds can be seen circling over the dreaded dhokma, or perched sleepily upon its walls, gorged with ghastly repasts. These horrid creatures quickly denude the bones of a body thus exposed, after which the bones are allowed to bleach, and are then dropped into a pit below and consumed by chemicals. Excepting the two outcast keepers, no living soul is ever permitted to enter this "tower of silence." No living soul is ever permitted to depart therefrom, not even the keepers, who are condemned to stay there until one or both shall die, when others, thus condemned, take their places.

In a public park in Bombay there stands a beautiful building used by English officers and civil-service swells as a club and gymnasium. It is called the Gymkana. Cowhasgee was fond of this place and popular with its habitués. Richly endowed with physical strength and manly beauty he took kindly to the heroic exercises, and under skilled training became proficient in swordsmanship, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, leaping, walking, running, wrestling, etc. In fact, he was the cham-

pion, and was greatly admired by the society girls in Bombay. One day after some violent exercise at the club Cowhasgee laid down to rest and died. That is, he seemed to be dead; but he was not. It was only a case of suspended animation; but the doctors pronounced him "out" for good. The men all said, "Poor beggar!" or "What a d— shame the old chap should 'chuck it' like that," and the girls expressed their lament at the handsome fellow's taking off with "Oh, how shocking." But they turned him over to his relatives, who held a funeral ceremony after the fashion I have described.

Then they took him to the tower, where they salaamed and left him at the gates. Then the gates opened, and the two brutes came out and carried him to the top of the tower, where they left him, and our fire-worshipper did not awake from his trance until a hideous vulture, with a shriek of hungry glee, dashed into his face and fastened its cruel talons in his flesh. Up sprang Cowhasgee and he realized all in an instant. He knew he had been in a deathlike sleep, and that he was on top of the "tower of silence," the inexorable laws of which were as familiar to him as the lines of the parts he had so often played. If he escaped death by the birds, he knew that death awaited him at the hands of the convict-keepers below, as they are instructed to kill any person coming to life within the tower, and he knew that they would fiendishly delight in such diversion.

Desperate, he sprang to his feet. He seized the thigh bone of a defunct predecessor and succeeded in repelling the vicious attack of the birds. He rushed to the top of the spiral stairs, where he met one of the brutes, who, attracted thither by the unusual noise, had come to the top of the tower. He instantly threw himself upon Cowhasgee. But our man felled him with the bone and flung him on the bier. The vultures, regarding the keeper as legitimate lunch, began to devour him, and for a brief moment were diverted from Cowhasgee, who leaped through the trap, closed, locked it, and fled down the stairway.

He had gone only half-way when he met the other brute coming up, armed with a cimeter and a determined look on his face—a look which meant the authorized murder of Cowhasgee. Cowhasgee's athletic training and knowledge of swordsmanship now stood him in good stead. He parried and thrust and caught a blow from the cimeter on the thigh-bone of the defunct predecessor. Horror! it was knocked from his hand. Making a rapid feint he doubled on his assailant and landed a powerful blow behind his ear. It gorged him. Then catching him by the nape of his pants and the seat of his neck, Cowhasgee hurled him down the pit among the festering bones. He then rapidly descended the steps and rushed to the yard of the tower into purer air. The atmosphere within was emitting odors powerful enough to paint a panorama. Fortunately for Cowhasgee it was dark. He fled to Gymkana, where a ball was in progress. In his grave-clothes, he rushed in upon the gay throng. To them he told his thrilling experience.

The whole Parsee population now religiously sought his life, for was he not possessed of the "secrets of the tower of silence?" For many days Cowhasgee lay concealed by his English friends at Gymkana. Through the assistance of some British officers he was smuggled on board a merchantman and escaped to the island of Ceylon, where he dwelt in security for years. There he completed his English education. There he began to preach, but later, being devoted to Shakespeare's works, he returned to Bombay, having secured a sacred promise of protection from the Governor.

Under the patronage of the British residents he made his *debut* in 1877 as *Duke Aranza* in "The Honeymoon," before a mixed but fashionable English, Hindoo, and Mohammedan audience. He was eminently successful. Joining a native company the following year he appeared before the Maharajah of Jeypore, who was so delighted that he gave him 13,000 rupees for a single performance. Cowhasgee is the only man who ever left the dhokma alive—the first to tell its secret.

JOSEPH ARTHUR.



LEE HARRISON.

AN OUTLINE

WORDS BY
ADA STERLING

MUSIC BY
FRANCIS M. ARNOLD

A cool green bank midst leafy shade beside a blushing youth & maid ah me a lovelime idyl ah me a lovelime idyl

The brooklet clear still bubbles on...
The changing years have come and gone;
and now their lives are blended:

A cool green spot in restful glade.
Two long low mounds midst leafy shade.
Hey ho! Two lives are ended.

THE STAGE AND THE CHURCH.

THERE was a time, and not prehistoric or legendary either, when play-actors were actually denied the right of Christian burial. During the past few months London has gone wild over "The Sign of the Cross," a drama which is distinctly an appeal to religious fervor. This is a change as marked as that from Roman catapult to modern rifle; as marked as the difference between religious fanaticism and religious toleration, and this difference is from the East to the West, for religious extremes carry on to the very edge of things.

The church, or some of its sects, have put the ban upon the theatre, as one of a category of the "works of the devil," or the "vain pomp and glory of the world." Dancing and card-playing have been under the same ban in some of the most powerful sects. But then people of the church have been noting in recent years more than ever—noting, mayhap with sorrow, certainly with surprise—that those who insist upon dancing, cards, and the theatre are not necessarily the worse for it. They do not seem to imbibe wicked impulses from these causes. On the contrary, their broader grasp of life makes them more cautious of evil; more charitable with the unfortunate; more effective and active in improving the world's and the church's opportunities for lifting men up to better things.

It is asserted that one reason of the church's antipathy to the theatre is envy; envy of its attractiveness, its charm, its alluring character. Yet the church has not yet caught the secret of these potencies and applied them to its own use.

Ignorance is the mother of bigotry, and envy and prejudice are near relatives. In this day we see much harm done because men will confound the general with the specific, and *vise versa*. "The actor's mode of life, travel, Bohemianism, and all that,

makes temptation strong." Ergo, these people say, actors yield to temptation, and, ergo, a lot of conclusions in this same strain that almost turn your hair gray. It was Burns—was it not?—who talked about condemnation for sins committed, but no credit in the eye of the censorious world for temptation resisted. Dryden profaned the muse in earlier years, but it didn't prevent his sincere repentance and his sublime lines of a later period. Byron in a few instances offered the dregs, but in more instances the exhilaration of the purest poetry.

Should we also scoff at religion because there are many in high places who hide treachery, deceit, and hideous evil under a cloak of piety?

But the attitude of the church to the stage is changing. Many pious people go to the theatre. They know that every good man is made better, every pure heart purer, by good plays. They know that the pictorial sermon from the boards tugs at their finest and noblest impulses. And if clergymen will persist in saying otherwise, and airing their notions from a one-sided view, they will simply lose their hold upon the people and to just such a degree their power for good. The fact is realized more and more by church people that the stage should be an ally of the church. Just how valuable an ally depends upon the church itself.

STUART ROBSON.

TOO MUCH REALISM.

MANAGER: "The leading lady and the star don't seem to make such passionate love in that scene as they used to."

Soubrette: "No; they were married last week, you know!"

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME.

Two went to church this morn.
The one came down
The other while bells were pealing out
Their cheerful clangor. Scrupulously groomed,
With sober face that neither smiled nor frowned,
With measured pace that neither lagged nor hastened,
With thoughts from worldly matters quite withdrawn,
He sought the sacred pile and entered in.
In silent prayer he devoutly bowed
(Think not that its sincerity I question,
Or that a snare lurks underneath these lines).
Penitulously joined in each response,
Publicly made confession of his faith,
Keenly enjoyed the singing of the choir,
Listened intently to the preacher's words
Pleading with zeal the cause of foreign missions,
Dropped no mean contribution on the plate,
And, when the benediction was pronounced,
Went home, content.

The other heard the bells,
But in their chimes found no inviting note.
His footsteps led him to the city's verge,
Where Nature, striving vainly against man,
Still claims a roadside or a stony steep
And spreads apology for verdure there.
A little child, who fell, he stood upright,
Dusted its frock, and with a trifling coin
Woke smiles that gleamed like sunshine through its tears.
A homeless cur which followed for awhile,
With that dumb craving for a kindly word
That only friendless dogs and women know,
Received the meagre lunch meant for himself.
A frantic beetle, helpless on its back,
Spurring in all directions with six legs
That seemed six dozen, was set right again
And scuttled off in ecstasy of fear.
Climbing a lofty ledge he sat to rest,
And watched the sluggish river far below
Flow sleepily to join the waiting sea.
And, when an idle, dreaming hour had passed,
Humming light-heartedly a lilting air
That Offenbach, I fear, not Watts, had fathered,
Went home, content.

Two went to church this morn.

J. CREEVER GOODWIN.



CAMPBELL, GOLLAN.



JESSIE MAE HALL.

DREAMS.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, and dreams are stranger than either of them. I think the two dreams I am about to relate justify me in adding to the above quoted, well-worn expression. Before telling them, let me say that neither dream followed indulgence in Welsh rarebits or other dream-provoking food; nor, as is often the case in dreams, were they the continuation of some thought or experience just previous to my falling asleep. Finally, I record them as I actually dreamed them. I have never had the honor of seeing Queen Victoria, who has just broken the record of long English reigns, and many moons had filled and waned since I had been at Windsor Castle, when I dreamed this dream.

Queen Victoria and I were walking alone, unattended by a single equerry, along a socially narrow path in the great park at Windsor. These dream thoughts were running riot through my head: "It's odd she should be walking alone with a son of a republic; she is not so homely as I understand her to be; perhaps I can make an impression on her, and she will marry me." In the midst of my designs on the memory of her much lamented husband I suddenly awoke, so I did not marry her. Had I done so, instead of writing this, I would be entertaining my American friends in Windsor Castle as Prince Consort, number two, to my royal dream-wife.

The other dream was still stranger and more absurd. I rarely go to clubs after the theatre, and still more rarely do I recite in clubs. I dreamed I was sitting at a midnight club supper, given in my honor by some "most grave and reverend signiors." After the wine had passed freely, I was asked to recite something. Being the guest of the evening, I at once consented. My hosts were all attention, and turned toward me, waiting for me to begin.

I know a good many selections I have recited at different times; but, imagine my feelings, when I could not recall a line of them! I said to myself, I must do something, for my hosts will think it odd that one who earns his bread by memorizing lines can't recite.

So in my effort to save my reputation, I composed the following doggerel in my sleep, line for line, and recited it. The effort woke me up with a start, and I jotted the lines down in my memory. Here they are:

How well do I remember
The dear old nights, my Jack,
When up at "The Bohemia."
We drank whiskey, beer, and sack.
What was the thing you said,
The witty thing you said—
"Never strike a man's nose,
Unless the nose be red."

ERROLL DUNBAR.



THE EDWIN GORDON LAWRENCE COMPANY.
TOURING UNDER CHARLES W. ROBERTS'S DIRECTION.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

It is to me a strange and unaccountable fact that so few of the contributors to Christmas numbers ever write anything about Christmas. Have you ever noticed it? Seems odd, doesn't it? And that is just why, when I was asked to write something for the Kris Kringle number of the only dramatic paper on earth, I decided to shatter tradition in this direction and say a few words about Christmas. I shall pose, too, as an iconoclast in another way, by making no reference to "Xmas." To me that senseless abbreviation of the greatest holiday of the year is a creation of the feeble-minded, and should be confined to department stores and asylums.

What does Christmas mean to the actor? Very little. Merely an extra matinée. The histrion is always glad to have the anniversary fall on Wednesday or Saturday, but there are odds of five to two against him. The Christmas dinner, which opens up such a vista of good cheer and good things to the "home man," has only terrors for the actor. He is obliged to discuss it in a hotel, and what more gloomy, forbidding place can be found on this earth than a hotel on a holiday? It is shunned like a pestilence by the man who has any other place to go to. Only the poor player and that unfortunate mortal, the permanent boarder, are there, and the former snatches his meal between the extra matinée and the evening performance and knows nothing of the real spirit of Christmas.

Once in a while the actor will insist upon his Christmas in spite of his duties to manager and public. A few years ago I was walking through a blinding snow-storm over on West Madison Street. It was Christmas-eve, and the thoroughfare was crowded with hurrying shoppers. In the passing throng I saw a familiar face. It was that of a player friend of mine who was at the Haymarket with a big vaudeville company. Upon his shoulder he carried a small Christmas-tree, his pockets bulged with packages, and he staggered under numerous bundles. Trailing him closely was his bright little wife—"the other half of the sketch." She, too, was heavily laden, but her bright eyes sparkled and she greeted me gayly as I halted the two. Their little boy was at the hotel near by, and I went home with them and amused him in the office while the enthusiastic parents went up to the room, rigged up their little tree with glass balls and candles and silver paper.

When it was all ready I was given my cue, and I took the boy upstairs. His papa was made up as Santa Claus, with cotton-battening whiskers and a false nose, and he stood by the lighted tree. For an hour there was a merrier Christmas in that little hotel room than one could find in a day's journey. And when the mother and father blew out the candles and kissed the tired little fellow on the cot, I went with them to the theatre and took a seat in front. Their "turn" never went better, and the *blast* manager remarked it to me. I tried to tell him why this was so, but he didn't understand me. He was an unfortunate who had forgotten his Christmas of years ago.

I wish I could declare all of the Christmas matinées off once, and give my actor friends a taste of the home Christmas which a cruel fate denies them. I would secrete them in my home for a week before Christmas and ask them to help me smuggle in mysterious bundles past the batteries of curious juvenile eyes. On Christmas-eve, when the stillness of the region above stairs is broken only by mysterious whisperings and smothered chuckles, I would have them help me bring the tree up from the cellar and plant it in a corner of the parlor. Then I would open the mysterious bundles of tinsel, boxes of glass-balls, strings of threaded pop-corn, gaudy paper chains, and ask them to risk their necks on the step-ladder in putting up the blossoms of glorious Christmas fruit. And then, in the gray of the winter morning, when the average actor is wrapped in his soundest slumber, I would arouse my player friends and station them in nooks and corners whence they could review the night-gowned procession as it toddled down the stairs. Applause is sweet to the actor's ears, but he would hear no sweeter music than the shrieks with which the tree is greeted.

Oh, how I should like to treat the actors to such a Christmas! I would make them forget, for the moment, their long night-rides, their bad hotels, their one-night stands, their unprincipled managers, and the thousand and one woes of their profession, in the Christmas of little children.

"Biff" HALL.

A PICTURE.

NOT on painted canvas or in dainty outline upon snowy porcelain; yet a picture, and mine—half-finished!

A slender, weary figure, holding with much care and tenderness a rosy bauble. Out of the wan face the deep eyes looked down upon it with a wondering, half-fearful sense of possession.

In the misty perspective loom a host of patient, watchful faces; a hearth, and a man with his soul in his face; a child, with little arms outstretched.

And low, from the parted lips, comes this question:

"And is this that wonderful thing I have left all, given all, to make my own—and is it enough, and can I keep it, now it is mine to hold?"

Even as she speaks the multi-colored shell bursts, leaving her hungry-eyed and alone!

And I close my eyes and ears against the baffled spirit of Hope and Effort, and a great pity surges up from my heart. For I know it is myself that I have looked upon.

MABEL STRICKLAND.

**THE OLD CLOWN'S PROTÉGÉ.**

MEKER'S Great Syndicate Shows were freer from petty jealousies and personal animosities than any combination with which I ever travelled. It was an unassuming organization in spite of its imposing title, and at no time numbered more than sixty persons. The performance was given in a single ring, and we made our way across country in easy stages, depending for transportation upon our good horses and well-built wagons. Our stars of the arena were almost entirely limited to the members of a few families, and it was truly a group of versatile artists. Old Sam Martin, the clown of this model aggregation, was the only man in the party who did not double during the bill. Sam was a quaint character who drifted onto the sawdust early in life and seemed wholly content to remain where the tide of circumstance had tossed him. A confirmed bachelor, who cared no more for women than a baby cares for books, he was nevertheless of a kind and happy disposition; charitable to a fault, and loved by every member of the company.

Sam was a reticent fellow and never talked about himself—a quality so rare among people of his profession that I was at once attracted by this man who possessed so many attributes of the stoic, yet persistently essayed the rôle of the buffoon. And Sam essayed that rôle with rare ability. It takes a clever man to play the part of "the cap and bells," and Sam Martin was the best clown that ever held a banner.

If you had known Sam as well as we did, you might imagine the surprise we felt when he drew a ragged lad into the band-wagon one night, and made him a bed under the front seat.

"Where did you swipe the kid, Sam?" asked the tuba-player, as he filled his pipe and handed the tobacco to a fellow-musician.

"I've adopted that boy by legal process," answered Sam, quietly. "The law has given him to me, and the fellow that so much as hurts his feelings is going to leave this show for a sojourn in the hospital." We knew Sam meant just what he said.

"Adopted him, eh?" The driver released the brake with his foot and looked at the clown. "By what law hev you adopted him, Sam?"

"By the law of humanity," said Sam, solemnly. "Drive up a little, Bill. It's a good pike, a short jump and we want to get to bed before daylight."

In this manner little Dick Bright became connected with the Great Syndicate Shows. Sam was compelled to stand considerable chaffing from the members of the company, but we all grew to petting "the bachelor's baby," and the little fellow soon dropped into the ways and customs of circus life.

I learned from Sam that his protégé was the son of the village drunkard in the stand where he had picked him up. The little fellow had been cruelly beaten the morning we appeared in the town, and his father had forced him to surrender the quarter he had earned by selling scrap-iron, and which he had saved to pay his way into the show. Dick's mother was dead, and the forlorn little urchin lived alone with his brute of a father on the outskirts of the village. Sam found him gazing with awe at the rope-walker who did the "free exhibition immediately after the parade," and as he stood there with his little face turned upward, revealing yellow streaks where the tears had washed the dirt from his skin, the old clown's heart was touched. He spoke kindly to the boy and listened to his story, which was frequently interrupted by those great sobs that well-up into the throats of frightened children as though they would choke them.

Sam investigated the story and learned that the boy had in no way misrepresented his surroundings. The father was found playing "seven-up" in the toughest saloon in the village, and readily consented to let Sam have the boy upon payment of ten dollars. The surrender was duly made in the presence of a lawyer and the money paid over to the father who immediately entered upon a protracted spree.

When the Fall frosts drove the show to cover I bade Sam and the boy good-by at a little railroad station in Ohio.

"You won't know the youngster next spring, Jim," he said, as he stooped down and buttoned the overcoat he had bought for him that morning. The lad smiled at his benefactor and I thought I saw Sam kiss him before he straightened up again.

"What are you going to do with him, Sam?" I asked. "Send him to school, or educate him yourself?"

"I'm going to teach him a few things not to be learned in books."

"He's goin' to make me an acrobat," answered Dick. "So I can wear tights and get my pictures on the bills."

I looked across the railroad track for a minute and then turned to Sam. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, old man."

"Oh, I know what you would say," he answered, meeting my gaze fairly. "I have thought it all over many a time. I am getting old, Jim. He can't have me to look after him much longer, and you know I've got nothing to leave him. He's too young to do anything else, and I can put him in the way of earning a living until he gets old enough to choose a better calling. Of course I don't want him to follow it all his life."

"Of course not, Sam," I answered. "Maybe you're right, but it is a risky business."

"Don't, Jim," and Sam's voice was husky. "Don't make it any harder for me. It's the only thing left for the boy."

As the train pulled out I saw Sam and little Dick standing on the rear platform. The boy waved his cap at me as the car swept around a curve and I turned back toward the village.

When I selected the printing for the next season I chose a gaudy three-sheet, picturing a boy upon a swinging trapeze, and ordered the printer to put "Ricardo Bright" in bold type at the top of it.



PAUL L. TAYLOR.

The call for the opening was sent out in due time, and Sam and his protégé were among the first to arrive. The boy was well-dressed and came up to me with that easy, graceful step which seems to come naturally to the trained athlete. The canvas had been spread the day before the date of the opening in order to hold a rehearsal, and as we walked out to the lot Sam was loud in his praises of Dick's wonderful ability.

sound to be heard but the droning of the band, and every face was turned upward with eyes riveted upon the little figure that looked like a fly on the ceiling. Suddenly there was a commotion at the entrance and I turned to see a man in a beastly state of intoxication forcing his way toward the ring. I started forward to assist the attendants to eject the ruffian, when my blood was chilled by a cry of horror that arose from a thousand throats. I knew what it meant and my heart seemed to stand still. With



"IT'S NO USE," SAID THE OLD DOCTOR.

When the boy came into the ring, dressed in blue tights trimmed with silver spangles, I was impressed by his splendid physique and manly bearing. Sam pulled him to his lofty perch and I sat down on the juggler's tub to watch his performance. There was no music, no crowd of eager people, and no glare of lamps. The canvas-men were putting the seats together with noisy clatter, and the thump of hammers driving stakes could be heard upon all sides. In a far corner Professor Patch was coaxing an unruly spaniel to say his prayers, and his wife was putting the finishing touches on a tarzan skirt.

Dick hung on the rope with one hand while he tested the trapeze with the other. Then he let go and swung himself gracefully onto the bar. What a child he seemed as he dangled there at the top of the tent! He sat quietly for a moment and smiled at me; then throwing himself backward he began to swing and twist about in a manner that might have been envied by artists who have spent years in practice upon the flying trapeze. He made no attempt to fill in time with old and simple tricks employed by many performers, but he proceeded at once to feats of daring I have seldom seen equalled and never surpassed. I realized at once that Sam had done his work well, and that little Ricardo Bright would be a feature with the Great Syndicate Shows.

The boy was gladly welcomed back by his associates, and many a night I have seen almost all the other performers standing in a group at the door of the dressing-tent watching "the kid" as he did his act. Sam was proud of his pupil, and every Wednesday he remitted the full amount of the boy's salary to the secretary of a building association in the town where he lived. Not a penny was misappropriated, and Sam called it "the educational fund," declaring Dick should be sent to the best school in the world as soon as he had accumulated a sufficient surplus.

The summer of '88—was an unusually prosperous one and The Great Syndicate Shows did well. We made our way through fertile valleys and over golden hills until at last we came once more to the village in which little Dick had lived with his drunken father. For days the people had talked of nothing but Dick Bright, the circus actor, and when we arrived we were greeted upon all sides by eager questioners who wanted to know if the boy on the bills was really old Wes' Bright's child.

Dick stayed unusually close to Sam all day and refused to meet his former acquaintances. We could all realize that the little fellow feared the possibility of meeting his father, and I felt relieved when the day had drawn to a close and Wes' Bright had not put in an appearance.

The evening performance drew a tremendous crowd, and the show was moving nicely. It was time for Dick's act, and as he stepped into the ring there was a burst of applause such as I had never heard beneath the canvas of The Great Syndicate Shows. Dick stood beside the centre-pole a moment and looked out over the sea of faces. I thought the boy seemed nervous and excited, and I noticed Sam whisper something to him as he handed him the rope. The band struck up that sad and mournful waltz which circus bands always play during the trapeze act, and Dick arose gracefully to the top of the tent. As he kissed his hands to the audience there was no

an effort I turned my eyes toward the ring. Sam was on his knees beside a little pile of blue silk and silver spangles. The trapeze swayed lightly to and fro.

I can never forget that picture in the dressing-tent. Poor little Dick was not quite dead, and as we laid him tenderly upon a blanket he opened his eyes. For an instant he was dazed, and then as his vision cleared he saw Sam kneeling beside him. "Don't let him take me away," he cried. "You have all been so kind to me. Oh, don't let him come in here."

As a physician entered the tent we could see the crowd of white and anxious faces pressing forward outside. For a space that seemed to be hours we stood about the broken form, and waited the result of the doctor's examination. Teddy Benson, the only other boy with the show, suddenly gave way to his grief, and his sobs echoed in all our hearts.

"It's no use," said the old doctor, looking up. "Every bone in his body seems to be broken."

Next day we left Sam behind to bury Dick beside his mother.

I told this bit of true history from the circus ring to a great artist one night, and he worked the story into a painting. I have that painting in my library at home, and it is the greatest treasure in that room, filled with memories and trinkets from friends in "the profession." This artist called his painting "The Dead Acrobat," and he has truthfully portrayed the scene in the dressing-tent of The Great Syndicate Shows, upon that memorable night when "Little Dick" was taken away from us.

SEYMOUR S. TIBBALS.

MOST OF THEM.

"WHAT'S the fellow they call the 'backer,' in connection with a company?"

"Oh, the fellow that gets his share when the business is good, and backs out when he's 'touched'!"

A SLOW PROCEEDING.

JACKSON: "The performance at the Criterion was over a quarter of an hour ago, but not half the audience has left yet."

MADISON: "The women have to take their hats off there."

JACKSON: "What of that?"

MADISON: "Well, they are now putting 'em on again."

THE REASON WHY.

VISITOR: "Why has your opera-house been dark this month?"

CITIZEN: "The manager hasn't paid his gas bill."



MURRAY AND MACK, THE IRISH COMEDIANS, AND THEIR COMPANY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOE W. SPEARS

THEATRE DAYS IN JAPAN.



Of the "Kabuki-Za"—translated to us as meaning literally the "Place of the Dance and Song"—we have come once again. It is the first in rank of all the theatres of Japan. We are prepared to sit out the day with a sublime disregard of pins and needles in our feet, or cramps in our bodies, determined to see the entire play this time, and to follow the course of events intelligently or perish in the attempt. We have realized that the difficulties of getting at the plot of a Japanese play are almost insuperable, not only because of the difference of tongues, but because of interminable side issues. The play to-day, called "Kwaidan Botan-doro"—freely interpreted, "The Peony Lantern Ghost Story"—is presented by the eminent artist Onoye Kikugoro and his admirable company.

We sit and stare expectantly at Kikugoro's curtain, with its gorgeous bands of yellow and scarlet blossoms of the Imperial kiku (chrysanthemum). At last comes the sound of the stage-manager's clapper. Three deliberate knocks, and the gay curtain is pulled swiftly aside. The play begins, and "the play's the thing" to us this morning.

The first act discloses a country villa, the interior of which is typically Japanese—soft-matted, finished in natural cedar, and decorated with exquisite refinement. The open, one-storied houses of this country are so small, so delicate, that they can be set, with their surrounding gardens, hedges, and wickets, in entirety before the eye, thus facilitating the most perfect and detailed representations of Japanese life; and with the help of the revolving stage, three of these elaborate sets, grouped like a trefoil, can be brought before the audience without the lowering of the curtain.

Even if one did not know that as Danjuro's specialty is jidaimono, so is Kikugoro noted for sewa-mono, it would be quickly perceived by this first act that the play belongs to that class which is inspired by subjects taken from daily life—family affairs or love-stories. Here is no historical tragedy, with dark-browed patriots or conspirators, armed to the teeth for desperate deeds; here is only a pair of lovers—a beautiful and ingenuous maiden enjoying a stolen rendezvous with a handsome young samurai.

The cavalier has evidently surprised his lady-love, whose name we learn is *O Tsuya* (Miss Dew), but she has hastened to set before him refreshment, as is the custom of the land, and the young people have the inevitable tea-tray and tobacco-bon between them, while cakes and sweets of a less material nature are blissfully interchanged. She pours out the tea, he pours out his emotion; both are hot and strong. She drains the kettle shyly; he empties his heart bravely—as one who deserves the fair. He recounts how he has long pined for an opportunity to see her.

O Tsuya murmurs something deprecatingly in response, but it is the old story.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history (or see upon the stage),
The course of true love never did run smooth.

In the midst of this pretty play of love and hospitality the sliding division of the room opens with a bang, and an enraged parent enters. A lively scene ensues. The father upbraids his daughter and her lover impartially, while the young people protest, each that the other is blameless, and beg to be punished alone. Finally, however, Romeo, concluding doubtless that discretion is the better part of valor in this instance, makes his escape. The revolving stage speeds his retreat to the bank of a stream where a sampan is visible, with a servant waiting in much perturbation. The servant, who is called *Tomoza*, is old and fat, and is in such confusion with the fear of pursuit that he makes strenuous efforts to push off the boat without loosening the painter. After jumping out to adjust his oversight, he forgets himself entirely for the moment, and giving the boat a mighty push, it swings away into deep water, while he is left capering on the bank in an agony of apprehension as the curtain descends.

With the great sympathy this people evinces for anything sentimental or ludicrous, the audience has been much entertained, first with the scene of dalliance interrupted so rudely, and now with this bit of comedy. The acting is good, the staging and costuming beyond criticism. Kikunosuke plays the part of *Haginara*, the young samurai, and a youth named Tanonoggo is made up very prettily as a maiden of sixteen summers for *O Tsuya*.

The second act shows us the house of *Haginara*. Some time has elapsed. *Haginara* discovered. Enter, from down the hana michi, an elderly gentleman of benign aspect, who is a physiognomist and a friend to *Haginara*. The Japanese actors have any amount of room for the swing of their genius. The hana michi (flowery way) sometimes projects on both sides over the heads of the people in the pit, and is invariably regarded as a part of the main stage, being invaluable for the representation of streets or country roads. The actors walk over it in procession or go on

journeys in jinrikishas or kagos, and often it is made the scene of much action and dialogue, avoiding the long, unnatural asides on the stage which we thrust upon a long-suffering public. After polite salutations have been exchanged, the Physiognomist produces a face-magnifying mirror, and upon studying the younger man's countenance abruptly informs him that he will certainly die within twenty days.

Haginara makes an effort to brace up under the reception of this startling communication, and inquires with anguish whether his life cannot be saved. His philosopher and friend replies that the only way to foreend an untimely shuffling off this mortal coil is to terminate his relations with the girl who visits him nightly.

At first *Haginara*—as a gentleman of honor—denies everything; but his friend insists that *Tomoza*, *Haginara*'s servant, came to him very early in the morning and told a weird story—how, hearing strange voices in his master's room about the midnight hour, he peeped in and saw *Haginara* conversing with and caressing a girl who was so thin as to be mere skin and bone, and who from the waist downward was a mere shadow—how the girl was clawing his master at the throat with her bony fingers, and yet he seemed quite happy. Also, how another woman who carried a "Peony Lan-



"AN ENRAGED PARENT ENTERS."



"THE GHOSTS PASS THROUGH THE WINDOW."

tern" was there, and she likewise was but skin and bone, and when both spectres rose, the folds of their kimonos appeared as vapors of cloud.

Then *Haginara*, smiling at his friend's credence of the tale of an ignorant servant, admits that there has been something irregular in his life of late, but does not mind confiding the truth to such an old friend. He says that after the disastrous day when he penetrated to *O Tsuya*'s bower, time stood still withal, for he was constantly thinking of his little sweetheart who was rendered forever inaccessible to him by the mandates of an implacable parent. In the month of June when the fuji (wistaria) hung in its full splendor and sweetness, the sad tidings were conveyed to him that *O Tsuya* had languished unto death, and her confidential maid, *O Yone*—full of grief—had lingered but a brief space, and then followed her mistress to the nether world. Sorrowing deeply, he wrote the name of his loved lost one and, placing it on the household shrine, prayed continually before it. So matters went on until the evening of the Bon-matsuri (Festival of the Dead), when, as he sat fanning away the mosquitoes and gazing sadly at the pensive moon, the sound of clogs struck suddenly on his ear, and *O Tsuya* and her maid *O Yone* appeared, both carrying lighted lanterns made of silk crepe decorated with peony flowers. At first he was much startled and exclaimed, "Why, I thought you were dead!" But both of the young women smiled and reassured him, *O Tsuya* saying that it had all been a wicked plot to keep them separated, but she had been able to circumvent the intriguers, and she and *O Yone* were not dead but living quietly at Misaki-mura. They spent the night at his house, departing just before dawn; and every night since then they had visited him in the same way, and he has every intention of making *O Tsuya* his wife.

The Physiognomist sadly shakes his head, and begins a long argument with *Haginara* to convince him that he is deluded, and that the *O Tsuya* and *O Yone* who haunt his premises are but phantoms. *Haginara* shudders; is reduced to tears; he would fain disbelieve his friend, but the proofs brought to bear upon him are overwhelming.

The Doctor of Physiognomy presently departs down the hana michi, but returns bringing with him a priest with a shining bald head, who gives *Haginara* a golden image, and some strips of paper inscribed with mystic characters. These he instructs the young man to paste up everywhere on his dwelling so that the ghosts cannot enter—and the act ends.

This chanced to be the exact season for the Bon-matsuri. As we were riding

through the streets we saw many houses decorated with lanterns and strips of paper. During the observance of this Buddhist festival the spirits of the dead are supposed to return to their former habitations for three days, and offerings of food, with burning tapers and incense, are placed on each household shrine to welcome them back. On the evening of the third day, the spirits return to their resting-places, the lanterns placed on the grave to light their way shining like stars in the cemeteries. But to go on with the play:

Act Third, the cottage of *Tomozo*. *O Mine*, his wife, sits busily plying the needle; and we are left to infer that while he is a lazy fellow she is frugal and industrious, and slaves continually to keep the wolf away from the door.

Enter *Tomozo*. He eats, drinks, and is refreshed; and as his wife waits upon him he gives her an account of his adventures. He says that for three nights the uneasy spirits of *O Tsuyu* and *O Yone* have visited him beseeching him to strip off the prayer papers from *Hagisawa*'s house that they might not be prevented from entering. It occurred to him to try to make a bargain with the ghosts to do what they desired for one hundred ryo.

They acquiesced, and promised to bring the money that night. As for him, he declares facetiously that as long as he had his hand in, he might as well go to still more profitable lengths; so, while *Hagisawa* was in the bath, he managed to appropriate to himself the sacred golden image which the priest had given to the master, substituting in its place a dirty little earthenware image of no value either intrinsically or as a charm.

The entrance of *Tomozo* was hailed with the acclaim ordinarily accorded to the star, and now he is pointed out to us as *Kikugoro*. This is rather confusing, especially as he does not look at all as he did in the first act. He is dressed in the blue frock of the rustic, and his stiff black hair is braided and brought forward on the crown in a queue, as was the fashion a few years ago. He is a rather good-looking fellow, but with a touch of low cunning in his face.

The part of *O Mine* is wonderfully done by a man whose name we find is Bando Shucho. Nothing could be more misleading as to sex than his make-up. He is the picture of a middle-class, hard-working Japanese woman of about thirty years of age. He wears an O ksan wig, black and shining, and peculiarly becoming to his delicate and well-cut face, his eye-brows are shaven and his teeth blackened—the signs formerly of wifehood—and his neat blue cotton kimono is girded with a matronly obi. His feet are bare, and exceptionally small and white and well-shaped. Altogether he is comely and good to look upon, and his acting is incomparable. The manner in which he moves about attending to household duties, with the soft padding step and deprecatory droop of the shoulders so characteristic of the native woman; the way he sits down on his heels before *Tomozo*, smoothing his kimono over his knees and patiently composing himself to listen, and the act of listening itself, with the face tremulous at first with terror and then with awakened curiosity—all are above and beyond anything I could have imagined.

As there is a touch of cunning in *Tomozo*'s face so is there a suggestion of latent passion and ungovernableness about *O Mine*, and I begin to suspect that we shall not suffer boredom at the hands of this precious pair. *O Mine* is jealously fond of her scapgegrace husband, and sympathizes with his little confusion of the laws of Meum and Tuum to a gratifying degree. They consult as to what they had better do with the golden image, and decide that it would be safer to consign it to the bosom of the earth for the present; so *Tomozo* goes out into the field and roots up the stage at the foot of a property-tree, and buries the plunder. As the time approaches for the ghosts to appear *O Mine* grows so nervous that her lord contemptuously advises her to hide in the closet, of which permission she gladly avails herself. But when she has gone *Tomozo* stops swaggering, and would fain buoy up his courage with the saké bottle.

The grawsome hour when graveyards are supposed to yawn tolls forth, and soon after the click-clack of invisible getas is heard. Then the fair apparition of *O Tsuyu* slowly takes shape in the garden, and just behind her we see the ever-faithful *O Yone*, who—represented by a stout, rosy-cheeked youth—has every appearance of having taken contentedly to a migratory and immaterial existence. True to their agreement, they have brought the one hundred ryo; and the mercenary *Tomozo*, forgetting all his fears, sets to work diligently tearing off the strips of paper on *Hagisawa*'s dwelling. Having mounted the ladder, however, a great fear seizes him as the spirits of *O Tsuyu* and *O Yone* persist in hovering about in critical supervision. His legs shake under him as he tears off the last charm, and he falls into the field below, where he lies roaring lustily for the assistance of Buddha, while the ghosts, seemingly happy and satisfied, pass through the window and enter *Hagisawa*'s house as the act closes.

The ghostly effect of the sound of invisible getas and the gliding, wavering forms of *O Tsuyu* and *O Yone*, with their rose-tinted Peony Lanterns alternately flaring and fluttering out into darkness is a triumph of the art of stage management and a surpassing delight to the spectators, who are enchanted to feel eerie thrills running up and down their backs.

In this intermission we go behind the scenes, where every one is extremely civil to us. The wardrobe is shown us, and we watch the flying needles of three or four skilful little tailors who are working on several costumes. As we pass the sacred portals of Danjuro's room we find them barred and screened. *Kikugoro*'s dressing-room—which he shares with two or three others—is upstairs. The shoji is pushed back, giving access to the balcony, and the white mats, opaque paper screens, and invari-

able nicety of the work of the native joiner combine to give the room an air of light immaculateness.

Kikugoro comes forward and greets us politely, orders sweet-meats and cooling drinks, and despatches messengers for members of his company. *Kikunoske* and *Tanonogoro* are introduced, and our entertainment devolves upon them for a few minutes while our host slips behind us. He is instantly surrounded by his attendants and transformed from the gentlemanly exponent of the sock and buskin of Japan, in an aesthetic dressing-gown, to the blue-frocked countryman with a queued wig, bare bronze legs, and feet shod simply in coarse straw sandals. He does not, however, change his manner—his courtesy is none the less consummate and charming.

The business of the wardrobe must go on at lightning speed, for soon after the curtain is opened upon the next scene, I recognize a sumptuous violet obi on *O Tsuyu* which had caught my fancy while still in an embryo state in the hands of one of the little tailors.

Act Fourth shows us again the house of *Hagisawa*. The youth is discovered reading a holy book for the purpose of diverting his mind and warding off evil spirits. *O Tsuyu* and *O Yone* appear behind the trees of the garden, their Peony Lanterns flickering weirdly. They draw nearer. *O Yone*, discreet to the last, retires to a cupboard where she sits comfortably, fanning herself with a fan painted with a fanciful little conceit of a skull and crossbones. Her mistress penetrates to *Hagisawa*'s sleeping apartment, where the unhappy young man sits shivering under his mosquito netting—his book held close to his eyes.

O Tsuyu makes fervid if ghastly love; but her quondam sweetheart will have none of her; he repels her wiles, bids her begone, and is generally ungallant. *O Tsuyu*, with the milk of human kindness soured by this rejection of her advances, summons *O Yone*, lying *perdu* in the closet. From this instant a curious transformation comes over them both. Apparently they had seized a moment to conceal their faces with close-fitting masks, for they grin at us with the hollow eyes and fleshless jaws of death's-heads as they execute a sort of war-dance round the stricken youth. *Hagisawa* attempts to escape and rush from the house, but the vampires make mermeric passes over his face with their supernaturally long, white fingers, and continue their fantastic measure until he seems to conceive a weariness and distaste for his young life, and presently lies down and relinquishes it. The curtain is pulled together as he squirms on his back in the last throes—*O Tsuyu* clutching at his throat in hideous triumph.

In the intermission which follows the extinction of *Hagisawa*, we sit on our heels around our chow-boxes and stay ourselves with sandwiches and tranquillizing amber tea. When the curtain opens upon Act Fifth, we see the house of *Iijima Heizemon*, the father of *O Tsuyu*. Now it appears that when *O Tsuyu*'s mother died, there was a handsome maid-servant in the house whose name was *O Kuni*; and she, shrewd enough to profit by the occasion, played her cards so well that she became the mekake of *Heizemon*.

The scene discloses another exquisite Japanese interior. *O Kuni*, surrounded by her maids, is awaiting the return of her lord. She is very magnificent, very languid; beautifully and brilliantly made up, and unaccountably familiar. In spite of fine plumage and affected manners she continually suggests *O Mine*. But with what a difference! On one hand we have luxury and the exaggerated nonchalance of the demi-mondaine; on the other the humble environment and untrammelled grace of a simple countrywoman.

Enter *Heizemon*—from the Stock Exchange, I dare say, or his club. *O Kuni* and the maids prostrate themselves at his feet. One of the girls rises and begs the honor of conveying his swords to the lacquered rest in the tokonoma. The samurai then proceeds, with the aid of his female suite, to change his outdoor garb for one less formal. After a beautiful buff linen *yukata* has been adjusted, he sits down on a cushion, takes out his microscopic pipe and reaches toward the tobacco-hon.



"HAGISAWA ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE."



KIKUGORO.



"HE HAS GIVEN THE DEATH-WOUND TO HIS BELOVED MASTER."

O Kuni informs him that one hundred ryo have been stolen, and she would like the matter investigated and the servants searched. The warrior from his cushion replies that every one is honest in his house, and it is quite unnecessary to subject the servants to the indignity of having their boxes overhauled. But as *O Kuni* presses the matter, he gives in, to gratify her, and to preserve sweet peace about his family-altar, doubtless.

Just now a storm—a real one—breaks, and owing to the openness of the theatre the noise of the rain drowns the voices of the actors. One of our Japanese friends drops in and volunteers to enlighten us on some of the points we have missed. *O Kuni*, it must be known, is untrue to her lord. On an evening when she was conversing secretly with her lover, *Genjiro*, one *Kosuke*, a faithful friend and servant to *Heizamon*, overheard the guilty pair plotting together how they might destroy the samurai. Immediately the doughty *Kosuke* determined to kill them, and then commit hara-kiri for the sake of his master. *O Kuni*, warned by feminine intuition, felt that *Kosuke* was an enemy to be dreaded, and, waking or sleeping when not dreaming of *Genjiro*, she was planning to ruin *Heizamon*'s favorite servant. As she lay awake one night pondering how she might get *Kosuke* turned out of the house, or killed, or spirited away, she saw the fusuma glide back, heard stealthy footsteps—a key grating in its lock—and the rustle of a kimono. Then all was still. Being a plucky woman *O Kuni* got up and searched the room. There was no sign of human intrusion, but she found a drawer open and hanging from it a silken wallet which had contained one hundred ryo.

"Come," I say, "you don't think the ghosts of *O Tsuru* and *O Yone* stole the one hundred ryo for *Tomoo*, do you? Why, there is *Tomoo* now! What is he doing among the retainers of the house of *Heizamon*? He looks more pious and prosperous; but *Kikugoro* is not to be mistaken."

I appeal to our friend, "Is not this *Kikugoro*?"

"Yes."

"As *Tomoo*?"

"Yes. That is to say this is the incomparable, the virtuous *Kosuke*." It is impossible to extract an unpolished "no" from our Nippon friends, even when dissent is palpable.

"But *Kikugoro* played *Tomoo* in the Third Act."

"Yes, in the other act. And in the act to come—yes—certainly—he will be *Tomoo* again."

My head begins to reel. All at once I remember that in Act First *Tomoo* was a corpulent old person, not at all like the *Tomoo* of Act Third. I meditate on the resemblance of *O Kuni* to *O Mine*. A great light breaks in upon the gloom of my soul. Is it, can it be, that the principal actors are likely to assume the best parts in each act irrespective of sex, previous condition, or the traditions usually attending the dramatic unities? If a man plays the father in the First Act, need we grow bewildered if he assumes the rôle of the son in the second? If we see him as the bright particular star of the demi-monde in the Fourth Act, need we be alarmed? Will he not return to his allegiance and become the meek and dutiful daughter-in-law that he was in

the third? Have we any surety that a profligate husband in one scene will not bewail his own erring course in the person of his own outraged wife in the next? I once heard of an American melodrama in which the star was supposed to play one woman in the First Act, that woman's child in the second, her grandchild in the third, and her own ghost in the last; but I believe the Japanese surpass even this in ingenious utility. Not all of our Western actors would be willing to work so hard. Others, again, would find no paradise like that opportunity offered the one who wants it all. In any event there would be no possible chance for jealousy in the star toward his subordinates.

In our failure heretofore to comprehend a Japanese play with its details and ramifications, its tangle of crime and passion which must be unravelled and painted with every ensuing consequence, this unique state of things has been one of the factors of our defeat and confusion.

Meantime, the searching of the servants' effects is in progress on the stage. The scene starts out amusingly enough with the protestations and embarrassment of a fat, homely kitchen wench, who is found guilty of harboring among her possessions a love-letter. But the pleasantries are soon forgotten in sympathy with the amazement and despair of the poor, dazed, honest *Kosuke*, when the empty wallet, which had contained the missing gold, is found in his pack.

O Kuni, dressed in her magnificent robes of pale green and faded rose, and looking on with superb disdain, has a good moment as she contemplates the success of her ruse—for she has herself introduced the bit of damning evidence among *Kosuke*'s innocent belongings, and in these days theft is punishable with death.

But her triumph is short-lived, for *Heizamon*, finding in his heart more confidence in his servant than in his mistress, retires for a space, and upon returning announces that the money has not been stolen after all, that he had put it in another place himself and forgotten it. He then apologizes to *Kosuke*, who is more than ever befogged by this denouement. He tries to make him remember that he himself had given him the wallet, and insists upon *O Kuni* and the lower servants following his example and humbling themselves in their turn.

Act Sixth shows us the garden and veranda of *Heizamon*'s house at night. All is dark and quiet. We see *Kosuke*, armed with a long spear, reconnoitring, a desperate resolve and vengeance hidden behind a dark, impassive face. He knows that *Genjiro* has been a guest of his master during the evening, and he guesses that the young samurai will make his way to *O Kuni*'s room before leaving the premises. He takes up his position in the shadow of the veranda to wait.

The amado is opened softly and a man's figure appears, gliding silently and indistinctly along the gallery. Springing forward, *Kosuke* overtakes and lunges at him with his spear. The seeming *Genjiro* plucks out the lance and flings it aside; then, sinking down on the stepping-stone, he turns his face toward *Kosuke* and speaks his name, and the young man finds to his anguish that he has given the death-wound to his beloved master.

Throwing himself on his knees he bursts into tears, imploring forgiveness and brokenly telling how he had planned to kill the false *O Kuni* with her paramour, and then commit hara-kiri. *Heizamon* replies that he understands perfectly how he has been mistaken for *Genjiro*; and he considers it no accident, but the mysterious dispensation of Providence. "For listen," he says; "eighteen years ago I was passing through the crowded streets of Yedo, on the night of a festival, when a samurai who was intoxicated and inclined to be quarrelsome came rolling along, colliding with my servant and rendering himself so obnoxious that at last I was forced to draw my sword and cut him to death; after which I went home quietly, reported the matter, and was exonerated from blame. Later, I changed my name and residence, and had almost forgotten the affair when one day you entered my service, and upon questioning you I found, to my consternation, you were the son of the samurai whom I had cut down in the streets of Yedo so many years before. You had heard I was an expert swordsman, and your avowed object in becoming a member of my household was to make yourself proficient in the art of fencing so that when you should meet with the slayer of your father you could perform the vendetta. I am that man, *Kosuke*, and your honor is satisfied, your vengeance is complete." *Heizamon* falls forward—speech has been difficult—his voice has more than once faltered.

Kosuke is torn by conflicting emotions, but he hastens to support his master for whom he has long cherished a devoted attachment. He tries to stanch the wound, but ineffectually.

Heizamon speaks again: "I thank you for your faithfulness; I leave you my famous sword! and I adjure you—go—go at once, lest you be suspected of my murder—nay—grieve not—cease your tears, my *Kosuke*, this is but the retribution of fate according to the laws of cause and effect."

At first *Kosuke* refuses to go, but the earnest entreaties of *Heizamon* finally prevail and he bids his beloved master and friend farewell. The ruling passion of his existence, the one that has been fostered in his nature from his earliest youth, is not love, but vengeance. He becomes strong and vindictive again; he will live to avenge *Heizamon*—he will have revenge upon *O Kuni* and *Genjiro*.

After he has gone, *Heizamon* lifts himself painfully, picks up *Kosuke*'s spear, and makes his way to *O Kuni*'s room. He encounters *Genjiro*, whom he wounds in the thigh. *O Kuni*'s lover is an arrant coward, but, driven to desperation, he defends himself, and in the conflict *Heizamon* falls. When *O Kuni* finds he is dead she tells *Genjiro* there is but one thing left for them—flight.



SHUCHO.

The next act returns to *Tomozo* and *O Mine*. Fearing detection of their evil deeds, they have left their old home and set up a shop on the highway for the sale of wood, charcoal, brooms, clogs, and such coarse wares. In a long monologue *O Mine* tells us they have become prosperous and are making money. *Tomozo* has forgotten his former poverty; he buys fine clothes for himself, and there is a handsome waitress at a neighboring tea-house in whom he is unduly interested. This woman is in fact none other than *O Kuni*, she having come to the inn with *Genjiro* and been obliged to turn waitress to support him, as he is still suffering from *Heizemon*'s spear-thrust.

O Mine is consumed with jealousy. "Ah, love vanishes with the red petticoat," she sighs, in the words of the native proverb—referring to the custom among young girls of wearing a strip of carmine-colored crape around their knees—but she has no absolute proof of *Tomozo*'s infidelity.

Presently a pack-horse leader, called *Kiwa*, comes along, and *O Mine*—knowing that he frequently accompanies her husband on his sprees—thinks by skilful questioning to hear all she wishes to learn; fills him up with sake until he waxes talkative and confidential, and then begins her wily onslaught.

Tomozo comes home and *O Mine* pours out the vials of her wrath upon his head. She declares she has aided him to make all his money; she wants one hundred ryo in cash, and then she will leave him forever.

Tomozo refuses to give her the money, and tells her not to be ridiculous.

Then she grows reckless, and cries out, shrilly, that not only did he get one hundred ryo from the ghosts of *O Tsuyu* and *O Yone*; not only did he steal the sacred golden image, but he was really the cause of *Hagiwara*'s death.

Tomozo does not relish *O Mine*'s raking-up of the dubious past. Reminiscences are unprofitable at best and oftentimes imprudent. However, he gives no sign, but by exercising a great deal of artful tact and self-control he succeeds in pacifying his wife. He promises to take her to the town the next day for a holiday, and there is a lull in hostilities.

We have seen Kikugoro and Shucho again in their first rôles. The splendor and frailty of *O Kuni* and the virtues of *Kosuke* have been lost in the presentation of the guileful country pair, and as the curtain is drawn upon their incompatibility of temper we receive an invitation from Shucho begging us to call upon him, as he was unable to obey Kikugoro's summons earlier in the afternoon. When we have followed the messenger to his dressing-room, we find it empty and are told Shucho is in the bath. But he comes in presently wrapped in a yukata and attended by four or five body servants.

Brought face to face with this most brilliant woman impersonator, we perceive him to be a slender man, under the usual height and older than Kikugoro, but full of nervous energy. His hair, cut short, is streaked with gray; his eyes are clear, brown, and expressive; he has the delicate aquiline features of a Roman princess; his skin is fine and pale; and his hands and feet are exquisitely small and well-shaped. He is very suave, but looks as if he might be quite as haughty and capricious on occasions.

He writes his autograph in my note-book, and as we watch him making up—red-dening his lips and arranging his raven wig—he volunteers the information that he takes internally an antidote to counteract the effect of the poison in the injurious Japanese cosmetics.

Act Eighth; scene: a green, quiet spot with ancient trees in the background, an embankment, a stream, and a solitary, deserted shrine. The whole forms a strange picture, with something in it that excites a vague disquiet and apprehension.

There is no living creature within sight or hearing. Soon it begins to rain, which adds to the inexpressible loneliness and desolation. For awhile there is no sound except the dropping of the rain, and then we hear voices and the clatter of getas. *O Mine* and *Tomozo* come hurrying down the hana michi under a huge umbrella. They have had their holiday in the town, and now are caught in the storm on the way home. *O Mine* has her kimono turned up, showing her white crape petticoat. She chatters about the day's amusements, and crouches down under the oil-paper umbrella close to her husband's side. Simultaneously they spy the shelter which the shrine offers. They slurry toward it under the patterning raindrops, reach the steps, where *Tomozo* shakes the rain from the umbrella, and gazes heavenward with a weather-wise air, while *O Mine* wrings out her best kimono. They talk together amicably, almost affectionately. *Tomozo* confides that it is here he buried the golden image after having disinterred it from *Hagiwara*'s field. He suggests they dig it up again, and asks her, as the rain is ceasing, if she will go forward a little way and watch to see that no one approaches.

O Mine complies unsuspectingly; and as she is off her guard, *Tomozo* quickly draws his sword and slashes at her from behind. He has determined to kill her, and that is the reason he has brought her to this unfrequented spot. No one is likely to interrupt him; he has her at his mercy.

But *O Mine* is full of fire and desperation. There is to be no tame surrender; she will struggle to the last. She eludes him; he pursues her. He begins to strike blindly—at her head, her shoulders, anywhere. She tries by all the futile expedients that occur to her frenzied mind to save herself. She puts up the great umbrella as a shield to ward off the blows; she flings her zoris in his face in the vain hope of distracting him and gaining a little time. But her strength is going; dark, wet stains of blood spread redly on her clothing. There are wounds on her face; she turns it—bleeding, disfigured—toward her husband; she grasps the front of his kimono in her extremity. "There is no such agony as this, *Tomozo*," she pants; "there is no language which can express my torture. We have lived for eight years together in poverty; and at last, having become better off, you kill me that you may marry *O Kuni*—"

To release himself, as she clings to his coat, *Tomozo*, with a sweep of his sword, slices through her hand. She staggers back with the bloody stump extended. As she faces him, he suddenly leaps upon her ferociously, stabbing her again and again.

A holiday attire covered with stains and clots of blood, and wet from the rain-sodden grass—a heaving, gory, mutilated mass—this is all we can distinguish of the woman who came tripping demurely through the shower, holding up her petticoats, and crowding trustfully to her husband's side.

Tomozo, without vouchsafing the body a glance, wipes his sword. All at once he starts and shudders; the stiff, bloody fingers of *O Mine* are still clutching at his kimono. He shakes them off with disgust, and flees through the wood.



ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

It would be impossible to describe fully the thrilling horror of the scene just past. It has taken so long to accomplish the death of the victim, and during the time, the struggle, the bloodshed, *O Mine*'s pitiful shrieks, her deeply pathetic efforts to stay the murderer's hand—all make up a scene of such terrible and detailed realism, that no one, not even the strongest, could have helped having his nerves shaken by the illusion. It seemed as if I were having more "battle, murder, and sudden death" than I had bargained for; and—even with my knowledge of the shifts and shams of stagecraft—I was obliged to reassure myself by murmuring at intervals: "Red paint! Absolutely nothing but red paint and hollow make-believe!" As soon as it is over we are asked again to Shucho's room. He is very much exhausted, but shows us the deadly sword made of wood lacquered with silver, light as a feather and absolutely safe for stage use, and the property fingers which were left clinging to Kikugoro's kimono. Then his attendants crowd round him and bear him away to the bath to remove all ensanguining traces, and we return to our box, reflecting that it is possible for these actors to do their work only because of the superlative care that is given them. They do nothing for themselves, but are groomed and watched and tended as if they were beautiful race-horses or prize animals—not mere miserable human beings.

The last act of the "Botan-doro" shows us the vengeance of *Kosuke*. He has been on the trail of *O Kuni* and *Genjiro* since the death of *Heizemon*, and has now succeeded in tracking them to the tea-house where *Tomozo* saw, and was enthralled by, the woman's charms.

Someone warns the wretched pair, and they try to escape; but on the road *Kosuke* overtakes them and kills them both ruthlessly. *Tomozo* is arrested and executed.

And now with *O Kuni*, *O Mine*, *O Tsuyu*, *Tomozo*, *Genjiro*, *Hagiwara*, and *Iijima Heizemon*—seven of them all in the churchyard, lying together with a few supernumeraries heretofore left unclothed but cut down in the last act—Kikugoro, exemplifying the Confucian doctrine in the person of the virtuous, the incomparable *Kosuke*, has the centre of the stage to himself, and the curtain is drawn on the survival of the fittest.

GEORGIA CAVAN.

POOR MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

I'VE worked all my life, and I'm willing to now,
Though it's hard to get something to do;
Some say it's all luck—I can't somehow,
I don't believe in that, do you?

I've been out a long time 'n owe a good deal,
'Twould be hard to live without wife,
She's one of God's angels, sent to make a man feel
Like making a struggle for life.

I've never lost hope—I've tried to believe
That her strength was not less each day,
Till last night—my God! what a Christmas-eve—
Her life seemed stealing away!

Merry Christmas? A thousand! I'm the happiest man alive,
I wouldn't change lots with an earl;
Wife's doing well, and we've more reason to strive,
For we've got—a baby girl.

E. W. PRESBREY.



THE WOODWARD-WARREN COMPANY.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF H. GUY WOODWARD.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

WELL, did you ever know such luck as this piece has had since it was first put in rehearsal? Say, Kitty, have you got one of the crescent-shaped patches? Mine are all full moons.

"Yes, here's two, and you'll find some stars in this box, if you want to light up that fair countenance with all the heavenly bodies"—depositing these articles of "make-up" on the dressing-table of Miss Milly Felix, ingénue and leading soubrette. The second speaker was the leading lady, and known to the public as Miss Evelyn Morton, but to her intimates as "Kitty." These young women occupied one dressing-room by preference; and because they were entitled to separate rooms and could have had them at any moment the demand was never made; also, their lines of business did not "clash," as they would have said; and no feeling of rivalry had ever caused a ripple on the smooth surface of their affection.

"Yes," Miss Morton said, "this piece has had a queer run of luck so far, but has any new misfortune happened?"

"Only that Miss Meredith has been so ill these last two rehearsals that an understudy has been ready in case she gets worse—and she hasn't been here to-day at all."

"You don't say so! Didn't Meredith rehearse this morning?"

"No, she didn't—and the understudy's no good. I tell you 'tisn't everyone can play a ghost—and such a ghost!"

"Is there a difference in ghosts?" inquired Miss Morton, darkening her long lashes till they cast fine shadow under the eyes. "I thought them all alike—long white garments and flowing hair and ghastly faces."

"This one is different!" declared Miss Felix, with such emphasis that the tiny "star" patch she was putting on her chin slid to one side. "Oh, dear! that's spoiled! No, it isn't—there's a 'go' about that. Couldn't have done it if I'd been trying to. Look, Kitty!" And she turned toward her friend a charming countenance, brilliant with powder and rouge, and a half-dozen patches judiciously sprinkled over it. "How's that?"

"Lovely!" exclaimed Miss Morton, addressing the reflection in the corner of the mirror. "Work in the rouge a little just below your eye—makes your cheek-bone too prominent—that's good. You look sweet enough to eat."

"You see," continued Miss Felix, "this isn't a mere ghost—not the old-fashioned kind, you know. It's more modern—just like a real spirit, and Meredith had just the right idea—it gave me cold chills to see her glide in. Hark! Why, that's the call!"

"Yes, it is. Sarah—wherever is Sarah?"

"Here, Miss," replied that functionary, who had been standing unnoticed, patiently holding Miss Morton's costume.

"Oh, there you are! Come on. Now hook me up even, for heaven's sake. You had me crooked as a hunchback last night, and I didn't even know it till I came off."

"Lor, Miss!" exclaimed Sarah, "an' you with a figure as straight as a poplar tree!"

"There's the last call. Pick up my train, Sally. Say, dear," turning to Miss Felix, "can you spare Sarah? You know I open the scene. You can? Oh, thanks, ever so much! Come on, Sally—give me the gloves. Look out for that train! This dress cost me a whole week's salary. Open the door! Is that you, Bob—Bob, I say!"

"Yes'm," answered Bob, who was in a hurry. "Speak, quick, Miss Morton."

"Hello, Bob! I got out of bed the wrong side this morning? What was I going to say? Oh, yes, any news from Miss Meredith?"

"She's just went by a minute ago," said Bob, taking a twisted piece of paper from his pocket, and muttering, "blest if I hadn't forgot it—but I guess it's all right now since she's came—"

"Are you *sure*?" Miss Morton persisted.

"Sure's my eyes can make me, ma'am"—seen her this instant go into her room! Please excuse me, Miss Morton—stage-manager's waiting for me."

"All right, sonny! Run along," said the leading lady with a good-humored laugh. "Where is old Grumpy? Must see him a minute before he rings up. Come on, Sally—yes, she *is* here, sure enough," glancing at the fanlight over Miss Meredith's door where the brilliant glare from within showed that the gas was turned full on. "I'm glad she is here—poor girl! She's set her heart on making a sensation in this part—'twould have been too bad if she'd missed the chance after the care and study she's put into it."

Though these remarks were made half aloud, Sarah kept a respectful silence, supporting the train of Miss Morton's gown with one hand, and carrying her fan and handkerchief in the other till they had reached the stage, which, as the scene was set for a drawing-room, was covered with a carpet.

"All right now, Sally, you may drop it," said the leading lady swinging her skirt around in a graceful sweep, and sinking on the sofa, R. C., which stood waiting for her. As she took her fan and handkerchief she glanced about and found that "Grumpy," otherwise Mr. Wright Dwinelle—was standing close beside her, his back to the curtain, and engaged in that final survey of the scene which no well-regulated stage-manager ever omits.

"I think it will do!" Mr. Dwinelle muttered. "O Job and all his friends! what a play this is! I wish this night was well over."

"Have you no confidence in me, Mr. Dwinelle?" asked the leading lady, reproachfully.

"Good lord, my dear, yes—every confidence," he said, coming closer and speaking in a low tone, "but everything depends on that ghost-scene—it will either kill the play or carry it for the season—and poor little Meredith is very ill."

"But she's here," said Miss Morton, eagerly; "I didn't know she was so very ill—and the understudy—"

"Understudy be—nothing! However, Miss Meredith *is* here, as you say, and I've no doubt she'll get through all right. I've been in a fever all day about it—I asked her not to come to rehearsal, so as to save herself for the night, and up to the last moment I was coaching the other one! I tell you I drew one long breath of relief when Bob told me that Miss Meredith was here."

A warning bell now tinkled and there was some scurrying of feet. Even Mr.

Dwinelle made an exit more hurried than dignified. The prompter's bell rang and the curtain went up.

The play was a somewhat commonplace love-story, the scene and time old New York in Colonial days; the costumes were very handsome. There was some sentiment, some romance, and a mystery; it was rather dull, but the actors worked hard and everything went smoothly, almost encouragingly; and a certain air of expectancy on the part of the audience helped to keep up the interest. It had been rumored that there was to be a ghost-scene of a somewhat novel description; and when, toward the close of the third act, the stage slowly darkened there was a feeling of breathless suspense, not only in the audience but among the actors as well. No one had yet seen Miss Meredith, and when she glided through the centre door there was a hush in which each person could hear the beating of his heart—almost of his neighbor's. There was no applause—not a hand was raised to greet the ethereal creature who looked as if she might be in very truth a visitant from an unseen world. The deadly silence seemed to turn the spectators cold.

Miss Morton and Miss Felix, who were watching from the wings, drew long, half-stifled sighs, but neither spoke. Occasionally they looked at each other, and their eyes said, "What a make-up! She might be a real spirit! It is too awful!"

The ghost had little to do, only to recover a will that had been stolen by a wicked aunt—a will on which the future happiness of the hero and heroine depended—and in doing this to terrify the thief so that she would proclaim her own wickedness and then fall unconscious. But the acting was the most difficult that any actor could undertake, because it was entirely passive—it was necessary to *be* and not to *do*, and there were only a dozen words to speak. The voice that spoke was like the faint sighing of the wind over graves at night, and far away; but every word was distinctly heard and never forgotten by those who heard them. The slender, swaying form in its clinging gray drapery looked impalpable as mist, and it shone with a phosphorescent glow.

As the ghost glided from the scene the curtain dropped, and then it was found that the wicked aunt had really fainted when she fell unconscious, and it was many minutes before she could be revived. The curtain had fallen in utter silence, and that silence continued for nearly half a minute, and then thunders of applause shook the building. The audience would not be calm—men and women seemed glad of an excuse to throw off restrained emotion.

"Where is she? Call her! Bring her back!" cried the stage-manager, in unusual excitement. "Bob, don't stand there like a fool! Quick, go and call Miss Meredith. Hear to that! Lord, they'll have the house down!"

"Miss Meredith ain't in her room, sir," answered Bob. "I ben there already—"

"Go again! She's there by this time—if she isn't, find her! She's somewhere. You *must* find her! By heavens! there's a tumult in front."

But Miss Meredith could not be found. She was not in her room, she was not anywhere behind the scenes; and the door-keeper could only say that someone, wrapped in a cloak, had slipped by him just as the curtain fell—it might ha' been Miss Meredith, then again it mightn't—he hadn't seen her face, but certain she did walk like Miss Meredith sure enough!

Mr. Dwinelle was obliged to go before the curtain and explain. Miss Meredith had been very ill—she was already gone—she had hurried away, etc.

The explanation was not very well received; and the conclusion of the performance was rather flat. But it was over at last, and Mr. Dwinelle said, "Thank Heaven! The ghost scene has made a tremendous hit, and perhaps it will carry the piece." The actors and actresses retired to their dressing-rooms; and once more Bob remembered the twisted piece of paper he had not yet given to the stage-manager.

"I'd ha' given it before, sir," he explained, "but when I seen Miss Meredith come I forgot about it—but mebbe it'll tell why she hurried off so without waitin' to take the call."

"It's from Nelly," said Dwinelle, as he smoothed out the crumpled paper. "She writes that Miss Meredith couldn't possibly appear to-night, and the understudy must take her part. Now I understand! That girl is clean gone about her sister, and didn't want her to act this part at all. Said it excited her too much; and little Meredith managed to steal out in spite of her sister Nelly, and got here just in time. Plucky little woman! This success will make her well again—guess I'll just run over and see if she got home all right."

When he reached the street Dwinelle found a light snow falling, which troubled him a little when he thought of his favorite's delicate health, but he encouraged himself by remembering that the distance was short and perhaps the snow had only just begun to come down. He was still trying to take this hopeful view when he found himself at the door of a small, old-fashioned house in an obscure street—one of the few such houses yet left in the great city. All the windows on the lower floor were bright with light, and the door was opened by Nelly Meredith, who showed no surprise at seeing him. But her appearance gave him a painful shock—for she looked pale and distressed, and her red and swollen eyes had stopped weeping only because she had no more tears to shed.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come, Mr. Dwinelle," she began, wildly, scarce knowing what she said or what he answered in return. "I felt sure you would come!—you got my message?"

"Yes, but not till afterward—don't give way like this, Nelly—of course you've been greatly alarmed, but you might have guessed—may I see her?"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Dwinelle—I'm sure she wouldn't mind—you've always been so good to her! Come in—she's in this room—she preferred this room, you know, all the time, because it's on the lower floor, and saves going up and down stairs." She walked on in front of him toward a bed in the far corner of the large room; and Dwinelle followed, as one in a dream, slowly realizing that the "plucky little woman" had seriously overtaxed her strength; and though he had been so glad of the success her scene had made, he now began to regret it.

"There she lies! Isn't she lovely?" said Nelly Meredith, stepping aside, and slightly moving her hand toward the rigid figure that lay on the bed, still in the gray, mistlike dress of the ghostly character, and looking now as if she slept, but in that one quick glance the stage-manager knew that it was a long, sound sleep.

He reeled backward and would have fallen but for the chair he caught at; and then, steadying himself, he sat down slowly. The hat he had held in his hand



DAWN.

dropped to the floor, and his voice was just audible when he said: "Oh, my God! my God! Poor child—how did it happen? When?—how long since—"

He stopped, quite unable to speak further.

"She kept getting weaker all the afternoon," sobbed Nelly, "but she wouldn't give up—then she insisted on dressing for the part, just as you see her, but I knew she would never leave this room again! I persuaded her to lie down a minute, and she seemed to drop off into a doze. It was then I wrote the message and sent it to you. I ought to have done it sooner, but somehow I couldn't, and the time seemed to fly. When I had sent off the message I came back here and sat down beside her. She was still dozing, and I sat watching her dear, sweet face, so white and still, and the closed eyes that I began to fear would never open again, when all in a moment there came a pink flush like the early morning in her cheeks, her eyes flashed open, and she raised her head. 'Oh, Nelly,' she said, 'if I could only get there in time! I might play this part once. I must—I will!' and then she drew one long, shuddering sigh, and fell back, dead!"

"What?" said Dwinelle, in a muffled, strangled voice. Cold drops were standing on his brow; his temples throbbed, and an icy chill stirred the roots of his hair. He put out his shaking hand and clutched Nelly Meredith by the arm: "What did you say, Nelly? Try to think! At what time did this happen?"

"Just about when the curtain was going up," she answered, drearily, "or perhaps a little before; I looked at the clock, but I didn't seem to see it, only I know it struck eight soon after. I'm afraid I've startled you, Mr. Dwinelle! I forgot you couldn't know when I brought you in so suddenly, but you see I never moved from this spot till I heard you at the door. It seems only a minute since she closed her eyes, and then again it seems so long—as if all the world must know by this time that she was dead. I was expecting you. I felt sure you would come. I'm sorry I startled you. I'm all alone, and I have no one to do anything for me!"

Dwinelle stumbled to his feet and tried to pull himself together; and with trembling, stammering words he promised Nelly to do all that was required. After that he felt his way out of the room, clinging to the door when he reached it; and when he found himself out in the street his limbs were still shaking.

A policeman looked at him and laughed: "Drunk, I suppose." Then, looking more sharply into his face, added: "No; not drunk, I guess—looks as if he'd had a shock, and was upset by it."

But Wright Dwinelle was not drunk, for he was not at any time a drinking man, though certainly he had suffered a shock, and he was greatly upset by it.

ELIZABETH C. WINTER.

THE PATHOS OF A FAT MAN'S ROMANCE.

I AM fat; extremely fat. I know it—I wish I did not. It isn't so much one's defects as the overwhelming consciousness of them that renders this glad life a burden. Nearly everybody has a grievance. Mine is a heavy grievance—it weighs two hundred and thirty-five pounds. It is myself.

The tendency to accumulate adipose tissue is an inheritance from my family. I may mention that it is the only one—at least the only substantial one.

My trouble, therefore, being constitutional, nothing in the way of exercise or diet will lighten it. Knowing this beforehand I have conscientiously tried everything. I still try things occasionally. New things—things absolutely guaranteed by people who, in a burst of gratitude, present a copy of their tintypes to the owner of the "new thing," so that he may know they are not lying about their physical proportions.

Their cases are always so much worse than mine that I grow light-hearted as I read, and decide that perseverance and another bottle are all that is necessary.

But the scheme never works. It may be that I overdo something, or underdo something, and the people who could set me right—those who bear faithful testimony—all live such a long way off, and in places so secluded from observation that one must suppose their one-time malady has driven them from the haunts of their fellow-men, and that presently they will all come trooping back, a slim and happy band of sylphs, ready to teach a lesson, whatever that may be, in the many whirls of our teeming multitudes.

There are persons who, by virtue of their mental attainments, rise superior to this physical deformity. I have done so myself frequently, but it has generally occurred when I have been alone, and this soulful exaltation availeth a man but little unless he can command at least one disinterested spectator.

I cannot help thinking that a man whose weight is above the average leads a somewhat solitary life. He is cut off from the sports of his fellows. Not because his size renders him clumsy (on the contrary, he is frequently quite agile) but because he is conspicuous.

Then, again, he can rarely feel secure in his friendship. There seems to be no happy medium between the chum who tells you in a spirit of candor that you are "more of a Daniel Lambert than ever, by Jove!" and the observant acquaintance who swears that you must have "lost thirty pounds since the week before last," and tries to borrow money on the strength of the assertion.

Sam is one of the former kind, he has even been known to remonstrate with me upon the subject as if it were a matter of obstinate choice on my part. Sam is as thin as a herring and has about as much sense. He is my brother-in-law, but I had no hand in it.

"I've been thinking," says Sam, and the unwanted exercise causes quite a rush of blood to his pale countenance, "I've been thinking that you ought to go in for Turkish baths."

I receive the suggestion with a tolerant smile, while I allow my fancy to carry me back to those blistering, perspiring days when I literally lived in a Turkish bath, and to *one* day in particular, when I received a gratuity of fifty cents from a rheumatic old gentleman, who mistook me for one of the attendants, because he invariably found me in the hottest room when he arrived, and just as invariably left me there when he departed.

Hopkins cured me of the Turkish bath habit. Hopkins is the thinnest man I ever met on a social equality. But for his father's money (made out of leaf lard—fantastic Goddess of Fortune!) he could never have escaped a freak museum.

I met Hopkins at my Turkish bath, and we conversed with the easy naturalness of men who have nothing to hide, or, if they *have*, cannot hide it effectually, owing to the primitive kind of costume prevailing at these establishments.

"I suppose *you* are taking one just for the experience," said I, having already intimated that my *own* object was the banishment of some unheard-of liver trouble.

"Not exactly," murmured Hopkins. "In short"—this in a confidential tone—"I have sentimental reasons for wishing to put on a pound or two, and my new doctor assures me that these baths will do it, if I only persevere." That was my last day at the Turkish bath.

I looked upon that meeting with Hopkins as quite providential, for the very next day I met an acquaintance who convinced me by conclusive argument that my whole scheme had been wrong, and that what I really needed was a course of regular physical exercise. He dwelt with great emphasis upon the regularity being more important than the exercise.

The *treanuill* instantly occurred to me, and I wondered which was the least dishonorable offence I could commit that would insure me the most reliable form of rhythmical movement. But, alas! I discovered that this dignified form of punishment had fallen into desuetude and another hope was gone.

Shortly after this I overheard a railway carriage conversation concerning the benefit of horseback riding to reduce bulk. The next day I bought a horse. I rode him furiously for three weeks. At the end of that time I regretted that I had not listened more attentively to my fellow-travellers, for it was evident that it was the bulk of the horse to which they had referred. I had reduced him to such an extent that the S. P. C. A. had me arrested, and I got off only by paying a heavy fine. I was sorry to part with "Meander"—that was what I called my horse, during our brief but energetic acquaintance. He was a tireless, whole-souled creature, and I am sure he would willingly have reversed our positions and wielded the whip himself had he been able.

We used to take long saunters (I called them "saunters"—I think he would have described them in other terms) over wild expanses of suburban territory, where one might purchase "elegant lots" without any danger of bargain-counter hustling. I always chose—or rather "Meander" always chose—sequestered spots. I followed, naturally, that is, naturally as time and the circumstances would allow. After all, there is nothing so delightful as to be alone with contemplative Nature, especially when engaged in any serious enterprise.

The man who is endeavoring to reduce his weight craves solitude beyond everything. He is hyper-sensitive to ridicule, and, strangely enough, the persons who most derisively object to his form, as it is, are the very ones to banter him upon his effort to scale himself to their better satisfaction, and thus it is that a fat man becomes gradually furtive in his actions, and, whether he is getting shaved or writing lyric poetry, employs the same amount of stealth.

Talking of poetry, by what process of reasoning is deduced the common theory that extremely fat people cannot have poetic imaginations? For my own part, I have a peculiarly sentimental, not to say highly romantic, temperament, which, in a man of slight physical proportions, might have been held in high esteem. In me it is regarded as a jocular kind of disease. Do I dare remark on the beauty of a sunset? —and as for the moon, I have only to become conscious of its existence in order to furnish uproarious mirth. It was my unawares in this respect that led to the blighting of my fondest hopes.

I think I have mentioned that I am a bachelor, if I haven't, you have taken it for granted. Sam says I ought to have "rushed things" that week when I found I was turning the scale at one hundred and ninety pounds, a remark worthy of the polished idiot who perpetrated it. Just fancy a man glancing over the list of his spinster acquaintances and then dashing off to the nearest with the ardent request that she would hurry up and fall in love with him before the tailor should officially introduce another inch into his waistcoats. Then, again, I always had visions of the ideal woman who should one day be mine, and it is a well-known fact that the ideal woman is not to be hurried under any protest. I really thought I had met her on the occasion to which I just now referred.

It was out at Letty's place, during the Christmas holidays three years ago. Letty is my sister, and Sam's wife. The girls of our family are eccentric in the matter of taste. Their standard of manly beauty seems to be a sort of cross between a hop-pole and a Kamachi.

Letty had quite a large house-party, and among the guests was her particular friend, "Phyline." I had heard the name mentioned once or twice casually. It sounded like a drug, and I thought of her as a new specific—something for a headache. But we met. The ignoble reflection vanished. My listlessness fled. I was captivated, bewitched, enslaved. Our acquaintance developed rapidly. She derived an obvious pleasure from my society—in fact, she appeared to be as sensible as she was beautiful. I longed to quote poetry to her—but I didn't dare risk it. I yearned to sing her Italian serenades. I have a very sweet tenor voice, which I rarely venture to use because I can't and won't pipe forth in praise of "foaming bumpers," and that is the sort of rubbish a man of my physique is expected to chant.

While I appealed to the serious side of Phyline's nature, I knew I was all right, but I must not excite her sensibilities, and so I repressed all my poetic fancies, while we discussed himatism, street-paving, and the fluctuations in wheat. Occasionally I would describe a book I had read, but this was approaching dangerous ground, for my taste lay in the direction of ultra-romantic fiction, and on reaching the thrilling point it became necessary to change the whole plot of the story to the utter disregard of sequence.

I remember once starting to describe the tale of "Two Little Wooden Shoes," and having to change the love-sick "Rebebe" into a boy *model*, who robbed the painter's studio, and then drowned himself in the pond, out of fear of the police.

Letty soon observed my devotion to her guest, and I heard her inform her spouse that "poor Old Jim" (I am "poor Old Jim") "seemed to be making a big impression." Sam retorted, in his usual asinine way, that if I made any sort of impression it would necessarily be a "big" one.

Letty's party was to wind up in a dance—quite a swell affair it was to be—and I looked forward to it with the enthusiasm which is tolerated in eighteen, but censured as frivolous in thirty-eight. Now I positively revel in dancing. Most fat people are light on their feet, and I am no exception. But should I be permitted to dance, that was the question.

Well, the particular evening arrived, as all particular evenings do, slowly, and as if they would rather have been excused. Phyline wore something white and fluffy, and was, of course, a dream of beauty. She singled me out for fan-holding purposes and bestowed other marks of her esteem which plunged me into a state of dreamy rapture.

"Now look here, old man, as you don't dance" (so I *didn't* dance). This was Sam, of course, who was settling it for me) "you might keep those old chaps together in the card-room."

I had no words with which to reply, that is to say, I had *plenty*, but they were not the right sort with ladies present. I loathe cards, and I resolved to let the "old chaps" scatter at will before I would budge an inch in their direction.

My strength of mind was rewarded. Phyline presently came and sat beside me. She was beginning to adopt a tone of easy familiarity, and I had about made up my mind to plunge boldly in and ask her for the next waltz, when Letty bore down upon us. She had a large dowager in tow.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Jim. Mrs. Mumpson declares, as you do, that her dancing days are over" (I had never declared any such thing). "So she is going to sit here and keep you company while I carry Phyline away for the quadrille."

I don't know what opinion Mrs. Mumpson formed regarding my conversational powers, and I don't care. I was busy watching a villain in the distance, a dancing villain, who kept putting his arm around something white and fluffy.

The quadrille was finished at last, and back came the white gown to sympathize about the Mumpson episode and to propose a walk in the shrubbery. A little persuasion, and the walk was extended to the garden beyond, and down to the little brook which skirts Letty's grounds. What happened after that I cannot distinctly recall. The scene appears to me now dim and blurred, like a picture that has been sat upon while the paint was wet. I know that it was a gorgeous moonlight night. But whether it was the moon itself, or the rustic bridge, or the combination, I cannot say—a wave of romanticism struck me and knocked me off my guard.

I believe I laid a white kid glove, with a hand in it, somewhere near the region of my heart, and I know that I dropped on one knee and called upon Diana, meaning the moon, to witness something. The sound that recalled me to my senses sent a chill into my very marrow. It was a wild peal of merry laughter at my side. The more Phyline tried to check her spasms of mirth, the more hysterical she became. How we got back to the ball-room, I never knew.

I think we must have gone by separate ways, for I didn't see Phyline again that night. Nor have I ever seen her since.

The morning after the dance I sent an important telegram to myself. I left it on the breakfast-table to account for my early departure.

It was some months after that Letty called on me in town, and in the course of our conversation I learned that Phyline was to be married and to go abroad.

"I shall miss her awfully," remarked my sister, "she is such good company, and, Jim, you may not believe me, but she has the keenest possible sense of humor."

"Indeed!" said I, and we changed the conversation.

MADELINE LUCILLE RILEY.

ON THE ROAD.

RAIL-PATH and wood-path

Join and part asunder;

Dear heart, here again

Shall we meet, I wonder?

You to pleasant, homely tasks,

I 'neath duty's load:

Little one, forget me not

When I'm on the road.

Dewy fern and golden-rod,

Shade and sunshine yellow;

Here, the hum of ringing steel

There, the cow-bell mellow.

Though the stretching miles may part,

Care shall nothing bode;

Thoughts of you shall comfort me

When I'm on the road.

Harvest time and Yule time,

Prithee, dear, remember,

Husk a reddening ear for me,

Stir the Christmas ember;

When there's peace within your heart,

Joy in your abode,

Sweetheart, then remember me

When I'm on the road.

JAMES YOUNG.

THE DOOR-KEEPER AND THE GALLANT.

THE doctor is the door-keeper for the stage of life. He sees that we get in all right, guards us while we are on, and lets us out. But the minister is the gallant who waits outside, and escorts us to our last, eternal hotel.

THE WEAK POINT.

TRAVELLING MANAGER: "How did you like the shipwreck scene in our melodrama?"

THEATRE MANAGER: "It was all right, except the light-house."



NESTA NEILSON.

STAGE FOLK I HAVE KNOWN.

It is a pleasure and a privilege to record a few recollections of the eccentricities of several of the distinguished men and women of our profession.

My first association with Edwin Booth was in Cleveland, where I was cast for the juvenile roles in his repertoire. Having in play accompanied him to Venice, Padua, Denmark, France, Verona, and England, at the conclusion of one performance he asked me, with all his princely grace, to accompany him in person to supper. Hastily dressing, I knocked at the door of Mr. Booth's dressing-room. Thrilling with varied emotions I announced modestly that I was ready to go.

"Go?" he asked. "Here?" and he produced a bag of peanuts and a pitcher of beer! This was not the "feast of Encelus," but by way of dessert he informed me, after a feast of reason and flow of soul, I mean soul, that I was destined to become a genius.

Elated beyond expression I bade him good-night and hurried home, only to meet another disappointment, for on asking my mother the real meaning of "genius" she, with her usual frankness, quaintly replied: "It's a very bad thing to have about the house."

Lawrence Barrett on first meeting me cast me for *Serranus* in "Julius Caesar." I was fortunate enough to win his approbation, and he descended from his lofty pedestal in the green-room one night and asked me if I had made a study of the Master. Not knowing which, what, or whose master he referred to, I mumbled an indefinite reply.

In a sort of "even though it were a dream" voice, he said: "Young man, you have a future." He did not designate what kind of a future, and it has kept me guessing ever since. He suggested that I studiously peruse Schlegel's "Criticism," Plutarch's "Lives," Coleridge's "Essays," Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and numerous other light works, and added: "Eat plenty of fish; you will find it a great brain food."

When next I met him, a year later, I did not feel sufficiently improved to call his attention to our previous interview, but with Richelet-like intuition he discerned and quizzed me on the "higher criticism." In my desire to defend myself I endeavored to convert his own words into a boomerang, and informed him that I had industriously eaten fish for a solid year, and had experienced no improvement in my mental qualifications, and Burton's "Anatomy" was too much for my understanding.

Never shall I forget the merry twinkle of his eyes as he pulled the ground from under me by remarking: "My boy, I merely said *Fish*—I mean fish was a brain food; it has no creative power." But let him *Frighten in fishes*—I mean face.

Just one tear, as I write of genial, big-hearted John McCullough, whose solitary eccentricity revealed itself only when something marred his performances, when he would repair to his dressing-room and administer rebukes with the toes of his Roman sandal to the person of his faithful dresser. "Bob."

But "Bob" was callous both in spirit and flesh to this eccentricity of his master, and remained steadfast to the end. While in the train which bore the temporary genius to God's acre "Bob" came to me with a tear of his own and a Prince Albert coat appropriated from the Governor's effects, and with a sob remarked: "It's a sad mission we are going on." (Sob.) "He was one of Nature's noblemen." (Sob.)

"It's many 's the dressing-room he's wiped up with me." And with a voluminous sob drew forth the old pipe, which by right of dressing-room primogeniture reverted to him, and repaired to the smoker.

In the land of mortals there are Charles Frohman and David Belasco, who were the central figures in a picture too humorous (in them) to grace. Some years ago, while journeying toward the Golden Gate, when the former was only in embryo and the latter had not written the "Heart of Maryland" (though both have retained their golden gait), I was forced to acquire that acquired taste for shrimp. Oh, how they enjoyed the filmy-shelled morsels, not alone by day, for oft in the "wee sma' hours" of the silly night I was rudely jerked from behind the arras to sit between them and watch Napoleon dream (while gazing into the eyes of a lovely shrimp) of what he has now become, and the play-wizard pull his forelock and see visions of "bills" and "towns," while both ate ravenously of shrimp. Oh, shades of the immortal Lawrence! At this late day the truth dawns upon me. Shrimp is fish. They had only need for brain food.

Picture *Damon* supplementing his line, "I stand a senator within the senate house" with the peroration, "I will soon write a play." Yet has not Charles Hoyt done it and proved the wisdom of his versatile ambition? Little did he imagine when boring time-tried friends with unfinished plots and counter-plots, that these same sufferers (in their own estimation) would sue in vain for a play from his prolific pen. I have been, am now, and always will be one of them.

And now just a little dash of farce comedy. Frank Perley, the manager, who says little and accomplishes much, is well known as a musician of no mean order; but he remained obdurate to all entreaties from the Modjeska company to favor them while making Sunday jumps from place to place. He was cornered once in the parlor-car, however, and he consented to sing. Amidst the glowing faces of the elated company he tuned his guitar, played a sympathetic prelude, and sang, plaintively, "Do not Drive those Tacks in Mother's Face."

Of the ladies I must needs mention first that peerless queen of art and perfect womanhood, Madame Modjeska. Her eccentricities? She has but one—she speaks well of everyone. Julia Marlowe has a penchant for "lemon-pie" almost as strong as the public have for her ripening art. Mary Anderson chewed gum and oftentimes would stick it on the edge of a wing as she made her entrance to the stage, and it was fun to watch her looking for it after the scene had been "struck."

And for bonnie Annie Russell "I would lay me down and die," but that I fear being considered a plagiarist. Nevertheless her eccentricity consists in making all her associates think it, even if their coward conscience prevents its utterance. Yet she is not all angelic, for practical jokes awaken in her a responsive chord not in the repertoire of cherubs.

In the second act of "Sue" she mixes a cocktail for the edification of the sheriff and his constable; one night some one substituted a bottle of dandelion bitters for the sweetened water. Being forced to take it first she realized that something was wrong, and simultaneously entered into the spirit of the joke, and put an extra dose in the sheriff's glass. Making her exit in the most conventional manner, she joined the other members of the company and fiendishly watched the unfortunate sheriff quaff it off at a single draught. I was sitting on the edge of the wall; the sheriff looked at me and I tumbled backward, head foremost in.

JOSEPH HAWORTH.



A DEAD GIVE AWAY.

PROFESSOR MELTON: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WILL NOW PERFORM THE MOST DIFFICULT VENTRILOGUE TRICK—IMITATING AN ECHO FROM A SUBTERRANEAN CAVE. HELLO! HELLO! SAY, DO YOU HEAR ME?"

THE ASSISTANT: "VAAS, I HEARD VER, BUT VER DON'T GIT NO ECHO THA. I GIT DAT HALF-DOLLAR VER PROMISED ME, SEE?"



CARTOON OF THE BOOTH-KEAN CONTROVERSY IN LONDON IN 1817.

A CURIOUS MEMENTO.

An old-fashioned scrap-book in a dingy print-shop one day attracted my attention. It was large, thick, and had a grandfather's library odor. Upon opening, it displayed a fine lot of old-time pictures. Turning the leaves with varying interest, I came upon a page which riveted my attention. The dealer had told me that he was selling the prints out of the book, so I hesitated not to ask him to extract the curious drawing before me and transfer it to my possession.

It is an original caricature executed at the time of the great Booth-Kean controversy in London in 1817 and never published. Evidently it is the work of a partisan of Junius Brutus Booth, and intended to enhance the cause of that great actor at a time when the furore of excitement about his treatment by Edmund Kean and the latter's followers was at its height.

In the centre of the cartoon a manikin with the face of Kean, but bearing satirical announcements, is about to be torn down by the frantic Keanites, who in their rage do not see that they are destroying their own idol, while Booth, in the background, is borne safely out of the ruck by a winged Fame. The proceeds of Booth's performances at Drury Lane are being ladled out to rapacious critics, while a gigantic bottle of pear cider or *perry* (James Perry was the owner of the *Morning Chronicle*) is frothing paper over the contest. The *Wolves*, members of a club which attached itself to Kean's side of the dispute, are conspicuous in front, as are the writers of the *Post*.

All this forms a curious and, I believe, unique memento of the first great triumph of the father of Edwin Booth, when, at the age of twenty-one, his name appeared in the house bill of Covent Garden Theatre, February 11, 1817, as follows:

"To-morrow, Shakespeare's Tragedy of
KING RICHARD the THIRD,
King Richard by MR. BOOTH
(of the Brighton and Worthing Theatres)."

Modestly the bill for the next day gives his name for *Gloster*, but an instantaneous and brilliant success on the night of Wednesday the 12th caused the placing of this in Thursday's bill:

"MR. BOOTH
IN HIS PERFORMANCE OF
KING RICHARD

was greeted with applause as enthusiastic as ever was heard within the walls of a Theatre. He repeats the character This Evening at the
UNANIMOUS DEMAND OF THE AUDIENCE."

Booth had gone from his country theatre to London without positive terms, and before he could obtain suitable agreements with Covent Garden Edmund Kean engaged him for Drury Lane, where he appeared Thursday, February 20, 1817, as *Iago* to Kean's *Othello*. The managers of Covent Garden induced Booth to think he had acted unjustly in leaving them and to quit Kean's theatre. When he came on at Covent Garden as

Gloster on the evening of February 25th a fearful riot ensued. For a little more than the age of a wonder the town was harried by the rival parties, but the *habeas corpus* act was suspended, the hot bloods cooled, and Mr. Booth's engagement at Covent Garden went quietly on to the end of a prosperous term.

JOHN MALONE.

COURAGE!

THOUGH the day be dark and dreary,
And the clouds o'erspread the sun,
Be not listless, be not weary
Till your time on earth be done.

Remember there's a silver lining
To the cloud of earthly pain,
Let us not then be repining,
For the sun must shine again;

Shine upon us with the glory
And the brightness of success;
Hope will come with sweetest story,
Come to help us, come to bless.

Look not backward o'er the sorrow
Of a life that's full of pain,
But think upon the glad to-morrow
Bringing peace and joy again.

The old year now will soon be ending,
With its chances gone for aye,
To the new year be attending,
The night is passing, greet the day!

The night of failure, night of sadness,
Hopes and plans forever dead,
Dawning is the day of gladness—
Courage, brother; look ahead!

STEWART ALLEN.

NO PIRATES NEED APPLY.

ADVANCE AGENT: "Our repertoire consists of Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, and Macbeth."

LOCAL MANAGER: "Have you paid royalties on those plays?"

ADVANCE AGENT: "Why do you ask?"

LOCAL MANAGER: "Because we don't allow pirates in this house."



EMILY BANCER.

OUR MIDNIGHT BURGLAR.

A COUNTRY IDYL.

"WHY, Harry, can it be possible? You have never seen 'Clover'—never seen me dance the fandango with the white ivory castanets and the pointed toe? Ah, my boy, you have missed the treat of your life! There is no help; we shall have to improvise a *soirée musicale*, and the *pièce de résistance* shall be the fandango."

Never was a suggestion of mine greeted with greater enthusiasm than this promise of a jolly evening. To be sure, our days were lively enough; but the celebration of the glorious Fourth with fireworks on the lawn had been our last festivity, and the hours between supper and bedtime, which nearly all of us spent in the stuffy parlor to please Harry, had become very dull and uninteresting; and yet what was there on the face of the earth that any one of our little household would not have done for the dear boy, who by mere chance had preferred my little country cottage to the gay and fashionable hotels of Saratoga, Long Branch, and other watering-places?

Invalid from his childhood days, carried or wheeled about by his ever-loving, devoted valet, he had the happy faculty of seeing the pleasant side of everything. Highly intelligent, with a desire for good books, a crayon or a paint-brush in the morning, he loved nothing better than to spend the afternoon on the lawn, boating games and having everybody join in real good fun. Who would have hesitated to turn a whole house upside down to see a happy smile on his handsome face? I could not help but look

were showing their appreciation by taking part in the general conversation. Who of the party will ever forget that summer of 1891? The memory of it will always occupy the choicest corner of my heart.

Of course, a little croquet was tried to test the merit of the new stairway, which turned out to be an immense improvement, as the balls flew over and around Marcella down into the road more than once. Not until sundown did the party adjourn to the house to prepare for the *musicala*, the quadrupeds being excused this time. Mannele, an expert pianist, started the *soirée* by playing some selections from Mendelssohn exquisitely; Franle, with a little Tyrolean hat on her locks, delighted us with some of her famous yodel songs, and afterward joined Susie, my little niece, in some duets; Victor recited Kosinsky's tragic story from Schiller's *Robbeis*; and in the meantime, while listening to all the treats in an adjoining room, I dressed myself for the fandango. The original costume being packed away, I had to "fake" something picturesque; high, red-heeled slippers, a short gingham skirt, and black velvet waist without sleeves was all I could find, but I was the happy possessor of a handsome, large Spanish lace mantilla, and draping this over the general outfit, I thought it would fit the occasion. Large bouquets of scarlet poppies pinned on shoulder and waist, and an immense garden hat, generally used as a cradle for the lap-dogs, but now trimmed with lace and flowers, gave a finishing touch to this unique costume. A last look in the mirror assured me that I looked a "stunner," and I went away grabbing my castanets (the only instrument in which I fear no rival) and with a real Spanish *grandeza* I appeared before my

upon him as a sacred trust until the return of his parents, who had gone away on a several months' trip to manage the divine Sarah in Australia.

Sunday morning found us up early. The 7 A.M. train brought our ever-welcome guests, members of the German Theatre of New York—Mr. Freese and his wife, of comic-opera fame (called by us Mannele and Franle), and handsome Victor, the juvenile leading man, whom I had nicknamed "pale herring." This very tall and white-faced young man on a previous visit had made himself immortal by painting, with green and white oil-paint, our cow-stable, garden-benches, and tables, and, in addition, all the sofa-cushions, table-linen, portières, silk furniture, and everybody's wearing apparel with which his paint-brush had come in contact. Besides, to the intense delight of Harry, he could jump over large flower-beds, make most of the noise at the arguments of the daily game of croquet, and at times devour enormous quantities of home-made pie.

The day was a glorious one, and after breakfast we all went to finish a natural stairway which the Freeses had begun a week before. It was sadly needed around the corner at the end of the garden-terrace for the convenience of those who had to pick up the croquet balls, which would roll down from the slanting grounds into the middle of the street almost every five minutes. Harry, of course, from his chair, superintended the work, if only for the benefit of exchanging languages, as neither of the three had too much knowledge of the English tongue, and Harry knew he would collect material for a whole week's enjoyment.

After dinner, our dear boy, as usual, held court on the lawn, or—as Franle had christened it—"the kindergarten," amid huge platters of cakes, ice-cream, and coffee, in which everybody, including the animals, had to take part.

Like a king on his throne sat Harry in his big chair, an umbrella dangling from the height of a small tree over his head. Clover and Dutchy, the big Leonberger dogs, were taken from their houses and chained on the upper terrace. These handsome big brutes were cordially feared by everyone in the village; but they had restored rest and sleep to the neighbors, for, since I had taken this big corner property, tramps and burglars stopped annoying them with their visits, and no more midnight shooting was heard. Marcella, our handsome Jersey cow, was chewing her cud on the croquet ground, and the old foxie, Falka, sat faithfully as ever under Harry's chair; two little Jap spaniels played around a tree, from behind which Marguerite, the cat, encouraged their barking; Lora, one of the finest talking parrots in existence, entertained us by reciting long pieces of German poetry, or sang:

Ein, zwei, drei,
An der Bank vorbei,

in which we all joined, winding up with her "Hurrah;" and last of all Rigi III., the red-breasted bullfinch, whistled in his cage from the window above, his sweet and favorite tune, "How can I leave thee."

All the animals knew precisely the hour for this, their every afternoon "kindergarten," and

audience. A long and prolonged "Ah-h-h!" greeted me. Harry's face beamed with joy; the little rogue delighted in drawing caricatures of us, and too well I read in his smiles that nothing could save me this time, as he was just choosing me for his next victim.

Mannele played the accompaniment and joined in the singing, but the dance, of course, was left to me, and with a proud and haughty shake of my Spanish laces and clatter of the castanets, I dashed away on an eight by ten foot space.

This ended the programme, which, of course, had been a success from start to finish, as our distinguished, solitary audience—Harry—assured us that he at least was very tired and was anticipating a royal night's sleep.

Whoever saw me presiding at the supper-table must have imagined that I gloried in the beauty and comfort of my dress. This was a sad mistake; but, to tell the truth, I had pinned myself together in such a complicated fashion that even the removal of my cradle hat would have torn everything to pieces, and to save my mantilla I preferred to stay in the costume for the rest of the evening, especially as immediately after supper Harry and his valet, as well as Franle, retired to their respective rooms. Mannele was improvising softly and sweetly at the piano in the dark parlor, and Susie, Victor, and myself were seeking rest in the large rockers on the porch. The night was very dark, but the air was so fragrant, so refreshing, after the long spell of heat, that none of us four seemed to get tired until the old cuckoo-clock struck twelve.

"It's midnight," said Susie, "and we have to milk the cow in the pasture at six. I'll see if the dogs have water and then let's all retire." She went through the garden to the back of the house where Dutchy and Clover were chained. As she did not return after five or ten minutes, I sent Victor to see what was the matter, Mannele and I remaining on the porch. Suddenly, like a ghost, appeared Victor before us again with the startling cry of "Tramps—burglars in the garden!"

I jumped to my feet. "Where is Susie?"

"With the dogs, trying to unfasten Clover from his chain. They are awfully excited, growling and trying to break loose. Susie is keeping them quiet to listen."

"Go and get her at once."

"But if she should turn the dogs loose?"

"Well?"

"Well, they might make mincemeat of me. I don't trust them on a dark night like this."

"Oh, don't be such a coward! We must get Susie back and one of the dogs." But hardly had I finished when Susie appeared dragging Clover along on his chain. The poor girl was trembling from head to foot.

"Auntie, burglars among the vegetables, hiding! They must have come up that new stairway. I am sure they are sneaking toward the house. I can hear the noise of footsteps on the gravel path. Oh! what shall we do?"

I knew quick action was necessary. We had no immediate neighbors, as opposite our corner lot were large pastures and swamps. The dogs were trained not to bark at people in the distance, as the place had no fence; but I knew I could count on them only too well in case of danger. I gave my orders. "You, Susie, watch this side where Dutchy is still chained. As soon as she barks loudly, you run into the house and lock the door. I am well protected by Clover, and shall walk around this side with him and warn—or if it must be—face the burglar."

"Oh, Auntie, you, alone! Never. Let Victor go with you."

"I? In this darkness and not knowing the grounds well enough? And, pray, who shall protect the house? We certainly do not want to alarm Harry or to wake his valet."

"That's so," rejoined Mannele. "I tell you, candidly, I am more afraid of the dogs than of the burglar, and especially out in the dark."

"Never mind, then; you two men stay on the porch and I will go with Auntie. I shall never let her go alone."

Brave little Susie! I had feared more for her; but the scare of the two men had given her courage. While they were having this argument I had looked for a weapon. I could find nothing but a long garden-rake, with which I armed myself, thinking of using it as a halberd. I had loosened Clover's chain to give him free action in case of need, and was leading him by his collar. A growl from Dutchy proved that the burglar was still there or nearer, perhaps, and I hesitated no longer.

Hardly had we passed the back of the house when we heard the noise of what seemed to be footsteps. Krack-krack-krack! I had always thought myself to be unusually courageous, but I confess that my blood seemed to curdle that very minute. Having cautioned Susie to stay a few feet behind me and as soon as I should turn Clover loose to run back to the porch so that I could follow her quickly, I summoned up all my courage, calling loudly in the stillness of the night, "Who is there?"

The noise seemed to stop a minute; then again krack-krack-krack!

"Who is it?" I asked. "Answer quickly or I will turn the dogs on you." Clover accompanied these words with an impatient growl. Krack-krack-krack! coming nearer.

"I will give you two minutes to quit this place. If you hesitate, you are a dead man." Krack-krack-krack! Over-excited and maddened not to receive an answer, I went with quick steps toward the place from where the noise came.

"Oh, Auntie, if he shoots!"

"I don't care. Will you speak? I shall count three to give you time to escape or—one, two, well—three. Clover, go!"

Off he went with a bound. There was a crash, an awful jump, a shuffle, and dead silence followed. Susie had clasped her arms around my waist in a half faint. I felt as cold as ice. Neither of us thought of running. We seemed glued to the spot.

"Is he dead?"

The night air brought these words over to us from the lions on the porch. No doubt they were more dead than alive with fright. It brought me back to the realization of what horrors were in store for me. A burglar killed on my place—torn to pieces by my dog. But perhaps he is not killed; only badly lacerated. To verify this last thought Clover came back, putting both of his feet on my shoulder, wagging his tail in grim satisfaction, as if to say, "Come, I will show you what I have done."

"Susie, let us get our stable-lantern. We must see what has become of the man. The silence assures us that there is no more danger—only horror; and Victor will have his share of it this time—not you. Here, Victor, take this property pistol—it can't be



ROBERT V. FERGUSON.

loaded, but you may make a bluff with it. Give me back my rake and lantern, and follow—or if it must be—face the burglar."

On we went over sweet-peas, beans, and parsley; Clover was leading. We had reached the corn, which stood man-high, and had grown unusually fine that summer, when suddenly Clover paused, and right in front of me, almost in my face, I heard the mysterious krack-krack-krack again. For a moment my heart stopped beating; Victor shuddered. Then I noticed that the noise was almost as exact as the pendulum of a clock, and before I could form any idea, two great big horns and a joyous moo-o, like a good friend's "How do you do," stared me in the face.

"Daisy, how dare you come here to scare us like this?" Moo-o, krack-krack-krack.

"Stop eating all my corn; get out of here!"

It was Daisy, one of my neighbor's big cows. I knew her immediately by her horns, as I had often befriended her in sickness and pain, and she in return seemed to be particularly fond of me, or, perhaps, of my vegetables. She had found her way from the pasture to make one meal of a three months' growth of a big corn-patch, refusing to leave us the last few stalks, as nothing could drive her away, and she was without a rope or halter.

So this was the burglar! Shall I describe the jumping over hedges and fences to reach the cow owner's house? The assemblage of half-a-dozen neighbors who, awakened by the shouting, had at last come to my rescue? And the final tableau, when I appeared before them in the field leading Daisy by her horns, still in the stunning costume of the fandango? Alas! like the Spanish Armada, had my Spanish beauty been disrobed. My lace mantilla was hanging in tatters about me—a female *Don Caesar de Bazaar*.

It was two o'clock when, with Susie's assistance, I became my own plain self again. Harry and the others (thanks to the *musical*) slept peacefully through the whole excitement; but before I closed my eyes for a well-earned sleep I gave Susie the wise counsel: "Never wear a Spanish ballet costume to meet a midnight burglar."

MATHILDE COTTRELLY.

HIGH AND DRY.

JACKSON: "Why do you think Smith's Comic Opera Company is not in deep water?"

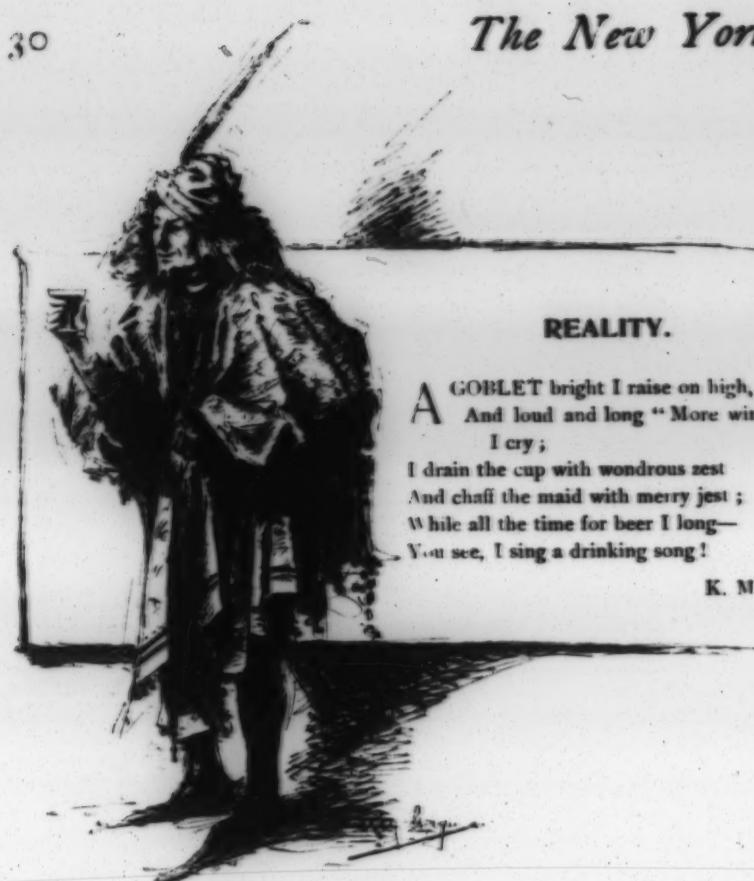
McCOMMICK: "A despatch from Corncobville this morning states they are stranded."

IN KEEPING.

MCCAUSTIC: "During the performance at the Vaudeville last night a live lion was brought on the stage."

MADISON: "I suppose it's quite tame."

MCCAUSTIC: "It would be out of place in that show if it wasn't."



REALITY.

A GOBLETT bright I raise on high,
And loud and long "More wine!" I cry;
I drain the cup with wondrous zest
And chaff the maid with merry jest;
While all the time for beer I long—
You see, I sing a drinking song!

K. M.

THE TALE OF MY FIRST SUCCESS.

RELUCTANTLY TOLD.

OF course you will be interested in this, as it does not concern yourselves. It is an early experience of my own. I do not like to relate my experiences, so I shall suffer just as much as anyone does who reads this. You need not think that you are the only ones to be pitied.

Some years ago I was playing an engagement at the little old Park Theatre—since deceased—corner of Twenty-second street and Broadway. It was the first New York run of *Colonel Sellers*. John T. Raymond was the star. My part was the Foreman of the Jury—a very responsible position. Not a mere jurymen you understand, but the Foreman. Just before the close of the entertainment the Clerk of the Court asks: "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" whereupon I reply "We have!" Then the Clerk goes further and cries out, "What say you, gentlemen ——" (You will observe that he uses the word *gentlemen*—an expression that made my part much stronger and more dignified.) "What say you, gentlemen," the Clerk calls out; "is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" And amid a profound hush of suspense—such was my power of suppressed dramatic force—I answer back "Not guilty!" Whereupon the curtain at once falls down. I have finished my work, and there is nothing for the audience to stay for. "We have" and "Not guilty" was the extent of my part. I called it two pages, and it was, as I arranged it—one line to a page.

This was my third or fourth dramatic season, and although I realized the importance of the part, it did not seem that my ambition to be a great star was being gratified quite as rapidly as one might desire. I observed with pain that the metropolitan managers, hearing me say these lines, did not at once engage me for next season. I found, much to my astonishment, that I was not snapped up; and it became evident to me that something would have to be done. I did it. I wrote a play. Only a short one, you understand. One act, that was all. But it was enough. If it had been four acts you would now be able—if you cared to look for it—to find my tombstone, already slightly discolored by age, and with my name spelled incorrectly, I dare say, and commas sprinkled in here and there in a manner that would annoy me exceedingly could I rise up and see it.

My idea was that I could produce this one-act drama in the variety theatres; play in it myself, and thus, by the sensation I would make, call the attention of the real theatre managers to my existence and my great value to them. I saw that the variety theatres played short pieces—with stars, who travelled from one city to another, supporting them with members of the company employed in these theatres at the time. I read many advertisements of such attractions in the *New York Clipper*.

After I had written my drama I put an advertisement in the *Clipper*, and I am willing to state that, though I am well aware of the intrinsic value of that sheet, and what a solid and trustworthy affair it is, I can never look at its advertising pages to this day without a feeling of nausea and a dryness at the roots of the hair.

I wrote a pretty good advertisement, speaking in high terms of my play, and stating that I had still some open time. This was absolutely true. My whole term of existence was wide open. If that wasn't some open time what did they want?

To my surprise—for I had already become acclimated to no results in my various efforts—I received quite a number of letters in response to this advertisement. My estimation of the influence exerted by the *Clipper* rose, and I felt that at last the opportunity of my life was at hand. Most of these letters simply made inquiries about my piece, my terms, etc. But one—it was from the Queen's Theatre, Toronto—distinctly made me an offer for a certain week. I did not stop to see what the offer was, or what the week was. I simply closed. After that I looked at the letter again and found that it was for a week's engagement, beginning on October 6th.

My friends, October 6th is a day that never passes without sending hot chills down my spine, and to the very uttermost parts of my anatomy. The *New York Clipper*—October 6th—and Toronto. There you have the three unspeakable horrors of my existence.

I went out to Toronto on the Thursday before the date of opening. The manuscript and parts had been forwarded a week earlier. They wrote me, however, that

that would be plenty soon enough for me to come. It seemed to me a short time to allow for rehearsals; but I wished it to appear that I had been playing somewhere else early in the week, and so took the chances on arriving as late as that. I attended the performance that night, observed that I was underlined as the star attraction for the following week, and began to draw breaths.

It was my supposition that there would be a rehearsal on Friday; but there was none. They told me nobody could come—it was quite unusual. On Saturday the matinée prevented. I confidently expected to have a good long whack at it on Sunday, but it seems such a thing was contrary to all custom. Toronto, as we all know, is a very religious town. It would not do at all. But they assured me the Monday rehearsal would be ample sufficient.

Monday, I regret to say, dawned. I don't know what it had against me that it should go on and dawn in that way, but it did—and there it was. The time for the rehearsal unfeeling came. Several of the people who were to perform parts in my piece were there—not all, but nearly a quorum. The stage-manager hustled around and found my manuscript and parts. He asked me what they were for. I said, "For the people—to learn their lines from." "Why!" said he in surprise; "isn't this a nigger act?" "A nigger act?" said I. "No, sir! the people in the piece are all white." "Yes, of course," said he, "but it's a nigger act, ain't it?" For the benefit of the uninformed—of which I was one at the time—I will say that a nigger act is a piece where no parts are used. The people are told to do this and that, go off and on, etc., but no lines are given, and the literary part of the entertainment is whatever happens to occur to them at the time.

Reluctantly the stage-manager gave out parts to the different people. He didn't look at them, but shuffled and dealt them out. Those that remained over he left in the pack to draw from. The people, much astonished, held them and asked what it was. I tried to describe the piece, telling them it was based on the idea that an old Professor or Doctor, who had been all his life experimenting on the thing, had at last discovered or concocted what he thought was a true elixir that would actually bring people to life again—if they hadn't been dead too long. Some young friends of the old Doctor who live in the same house with him, hit upon the idea of hiring a poor fellow they picked up in the street to impersonate a corpse, to allow himself to be brought into the Doctor's office, and to come to life when the elixir was administered. Thereafter would follow Cain generally, complicated by one of the young ladies who was not in the secret discovering that the Doctor had inadvertently raised an old sweetheart of hers, etc., etc.

The two important parts, of course, were the old Doctor and the Young Corpse. I was to impersonate the Young Corpse.

The man who was to play the Doctor did not attend the rehearsal. Everybody spoke in high terms of him, but said he never came—he couldn't; he was drunk all the time. But in spite of this, or as a consequence of it, he was always great at night. Once they had sobered him up and brought him to a rehearsal; but when night came he was unable to do a thing. He was sober, and could not imagine who he was. In this dazed condition he had gone on the stage, and utterly went to pieces. They got a quart of whiskey into him, and by the last sketch of the evening he was himself again and was able to go on and do a turn.

I was rather glad he wasn't at rehearsal. The stage-manager assured me that he could tell him all about it and he'd be immense. It was just the part for him, and I needn't worry a minute. And so, after this informal talk, the rehearsal was dismissed.

There is only one thing to say here, and that is, night came. After several unimportant numbers the curtain went up on my piece. I was to be brought in on a stretcher, apparently dead. As I lay there waiting I noticed that strange and unfamiliar things seemed to be taking place on the stage—dialogue that was new to me, dances, songs, and other exercises that I did not recognize as being in my drama. All at once the men lifted the stretcher and carried me on. No cue had been given, and the audience had in no way been led to expect me. When the old Doctor saw me he gave a whoop and jumped over me two or three times, the last time landing on my stomach. I lay there looking up at the border lights. (I never look at border lights now if I can help it.) I lay there waiting to be revived—but I never was. It is a solemn fact that I have never been resuscitated to this day. The Doctor was certainly immense. He kept the audience in shrieks and laughter; and after he had had all the fun with me that he wanted to the curtain was rung down.

I am unable to say exactly how I got out of that theatre. I know that as I made for the stairs the stage-manager pushed a parcel into my hands; also that when I reached the foot of the stairs, a man from the front of the house gave me an envelope. I found myself in the railroad station a few minutes later with these things clutched to my bosom and dressed in the ragged clothes which had been used for the part.

As I walked toward the ticket-office it occurred to me that my money was in my street clothes at the Queen's Theatre. Go back for it? Not if it had been a fortune!

People were looking at me. A policeman kept his eye on me. I went outside. It was raining. Watching my chance I crawled under a freight car and tried to make my mind revolve. Perhaps I could steal a ride on the trucks. I tried them, but found that I was too long for that mode of travel—my legs would drag. Besides that the car might not go for a week. After awhile I saw a man dodging around near. He finally crawled under the car. I had no doubt he would arrest me and drag me to prison. We saw each other by the faint light from a street-lamp. And he was only a tramp. I loved him for that.

"Where are you goin'?" said he.

"Out of this town," said I, "if there's any way."

"No cash?" said he.

"None," said I.

"You'd better git on the boat," said he.

The boat! An idea. They couldn't put me off. They could arrest me for not paying my fare, but it would be out of Toronto. It left at six in the morning, and crossed the lake to a point near Niagara Falls.

I remained under the car till five and then went down to the wharf and watched my chance. I got on board by closely following a truck. Then I crawled up on some barrels of flour and waited for six o'clock. It came. You see everything came, and dawned, and all that sort of thing. It had to. Sometimes it does that yet.

As we pulled away from the wharf, my relief was too intense to talk about. Please try to imagine, but don't ask me to describe it. We were out on Lake Ontario. No one could harm me now! Arrest? It would be mere child's play after what I had been



through. I came out on deck. In my hands were still the package and the envelope, shoved at me as I escaped from the theatre. I opened the envelope. It was a note from the management: "Dear Sir:—You must be perfectly aware that it will be impossible to continue your engagement beyond to-night. You will find herewith \$25 for half your week's salary. We trust this will be satisfactory. Blank and Blanker—or whatever it was—Managers Queen's Theatre, Toronto."

And there was the twenty-five! Imagine those people doing that instead of tarring and feathering me! Now I opened the package. It was the manuscript of my piece! With a shriek I threw it overboard into the surging waters of the lake. It sunk. I have been lately thinking of having the lake dragged for it. It might be some good—you can't tell.

WILLIAM GILLETT.

WOOD LEAVES AND ASHES.

THE room is red with the fire's fierce blaze,
And the black storm blares from the sea;
So darkness and light weave this patchwork of life,
For there never was peace but was followed by strife,
And so it must ever be.
Eating the heart knows the cruellest pain,
Robbing the soul of grace;
And I see the ghosts in the coal's bright glow,
As they fall in a million atoms below,
But there ever remains a face,
Tender and true, with eyes of blue;
Flooded in light—the face of Sue.

She was a sun-flecked, bare-foot girl,
And I was a bare-legged clod;
And we loved each other as children do,
When life is guileless and glad and new,
Clear cut from the moulds of God.
She was but seven and I was ten,
But I cannot fairly remember when
I wasn't her sweetheart and she was mine,
On neighboring farms by the Brandywine.

And I fought for her sake 'gainst bigger boys,
And many a thrashing got;
But she clung to me true, as fond hearts do,
For it worked no change in the heart of Sue,
Whether I won or not.
I was her knight and her colors bore,
Though nothing she knew about knightly lore;
And she laughed through her tears, with a hand in mine,
As she bathed my scars in the Brandywine.

I gathered field flowers to grace her hair,
And I carried her over the brook;



FLORRIE WEST.

I picked the thorns from her brier-torn feet,
And found her screens from the summer's heat,
Crowned like a king, with a look.
The old woods chorused our laugh and song,
All days too short and all nights too long;
And when at eve I drove up the kine,
Sue tripped by my side on the Brandywine.

We hunted the fields for the skylark's nest,
And the four-leaved clover's charm;
And she sat by the brook while I baited her hook,
Or we spelled through a wonderland fairy book,
Cheeks close, with arm through arm.
She wrestled me down in the new mown hay,
And in spring-time I crowned her my Queen of the May;
No cloud on our lives, all was merry sunshine;
It was young love's dream on the Brandywine.

I've romped with her pick-a-back through the snow
To school, like a thoroughbred;
And the Dominie's strap my feelings stirred,
As she cut me down on a rock-ribbed word,
And winked as she went up head.
She could change my moods with one winsome beck,
And I kissed the brown mole in the cup of her neck.
My boyhood's unselfish valentine;
My little child-wife on the Brandywine.

Ambition's whisper is thunder for fools,
I tired of the ways of old;
And we sealed our lives to a bond with fate—
I was to work and she was to wait,
All for the greed of gold.
Distance and time twist a ravelled rope,
And absence is quicksand to trusting hope;
We drifted apart,—the shame was mine,
And a woman's heart snapped on the Brandywine.

But over the Great Divide—beyond!
We shall be of the shadowless shades;
Nearer and dearer than here below,
In love's everlasting Afterglow,
In Eternity's Everglades.
Tender and true, with eyes of blue,
Flooded in light,—my spirit wife Sue!
And may we not hope, from those heights divine,
To know our old homes on the Brandywine?

ARDEN SMITH.



ROBERT DROUET.



WELL, you bet it was a picnic,
When the circus came to town,
With the music, an' the banners,
An' the horses, an' the clown !
An' Bill an' me was up an' out
Afore the chickens was about,
To watch 'em spadin' up the rings,
An' see 'em h'ist the tents an' things ;
An' Bill 'ud say he never see
So big a show, an' I'd agree,
When the circus came to town.

Tell you what, but we was busy,
When the circus came to town,
Fer they'd let us fetch the water
Fer the horses—mebbe now'n
Then they'd let us hold a tent-spike.
Er a guy rope, er we'd run, like
As not, on errands fer 'em, till
The other fellers look'd so ill
That Bill 'ud kinder wink at me—
Warn't many on 'em big as we,
When the circus came to town.

An' you'd orter seen us racin'
Back along the rуд to town,
Jus' to get the bestest places
When the p'rade was comin' 'n-un',
An' then you'd heard us cheerin' so
Ez folks mos' thought we own'd the show—
Hollerin', yellin', clappin' han's,
Nigh loud enough to drown the ban's ;
An' Bill 'ud say he never knew
So many posters comin' true,
When the circus came to town.

There warn't no ling'ring over meals,
When the circus came to town,
Ner waitin' 'roun' fer Ma to fret,
Ner Dad to cuss and frown ;
But Bill an' me was back agin,
Afore they'd got the waggins in—

'Tain't so hard crawlin' under tents,
When all you've got is seven cents,
An' Bill 'ud say he was afraid
O' popcorn balls an' lemonade,
When the circus came to town.

An' we was in the frontest seats,
When the circus came to town,
Wonderin' at the grand entray,
Laffin' at the silly clown,
A-cheerin' ev'rything in sight—
The elephants, the beauty bright
What rode the hoss almighty nice,
The man what somersaulted twice,
The—what's the use o' tellin' you ?
You know the sort o' things they do,
When the circus comes to town.

An' then we'd kinder loaf, an' look
Ez if we'd lost our way aroun',
To see the an'mals gettin' fed,
When the circus came to town ;
An' then we'd hurry home to eat,
An' Ma'd smile sorter soft an' sweet
To hear us crackin' up the show
Till Dad said guess'd he'd have to go—
Said thought the show at night 'ud be
Some better than the matine,
When the circus came to town.

'Tween you an' me, warn't much we miss'd,
When the circus came to town,
An' we was nigh to tucker'd out,
When bedtime came aroun'.
But, pshaw ! we couldn't get no sleep—
Jus' only lay awake, an' keep
A-thinkin' how we'd like to go
A-trav'lin' with a circus show,
An' Bill 'ud say he guess'd that we
Could do *some* stunts, an' I'd agree,
When the circus came to town.

GEORGE TAGGART.



THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS.

To M. M. F.

NOT theirs who toward a bright illusion press,
Denying sorrow and the dark world's stress,
Not theirs the right, who claim a right, to happiness.

But theirs who weary, yet have willing feet
To aid the needy one across the street—
Theirs who from suffering have risen strong and sweet—

Who stretch tender hand to haggard sin,
Saying, "No alien thou, but near of kin,
Who art as but for saving grace I might have been."

Who simply say, "It is as God hath planned.
The nearer life, the nearer Him I stand.
Heaven is what we make of life—is close at hand!"

Who nothing claim, but till the wilderness
Humbly, intent their fellow-men to bless—
Ah, theirs unsought, the right divine, to happiness!

MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

OLD DRY INK.



MAN feels a curious interest, after he is fifty years old, in turning, dreamily and half-awake, the leaves of a book in which he has written, from time to time, his own random thoughts—or, perhaps, we should call them fancies—about life and the world. Now and then his brain is startled from its half-dreams into serious activity; for some unexpected passage illustrates a tendency of his mind, or habit of thought, in years long past, which has since found expression in accomplished work. In the case of a dramatic writer, he stumbles, here and there, upon the first dim outlines of thoughts which compelled him, long after they were first noted in the book, to write some particular play; more frequently, he finds the germs of ideas afterward developed in dialogue; oftener still, suggestions of social observations which have guided him in all his work.

In my own case, turning the pages of such a commonplace-book, now before me, I find myself following up a curious series of notes on the subject of "Aristocracy," recurring at intervals through a number of years. The final expression of the ideas contained in them did not come until the year 1892, in my last play, at the completion of my fiftieth year. Here is a mere hint, I imagine, for possible future use in dialogue:

"There is as little in the title of the average European nobleman as there is in his coronet, when it's on his head."

As if to illustrate the above lines, I find a statistical note, which called for enough patient research to show my profound interest in the subject at the time. It gives a list of sixteen great English dukedoms, ranging from the year 1513 to the date of the note; and, of all the men who inherited these titles, with their estates and privileges, during more than three hundred and fifty years, only thirteen did anything whatever, good or bad, of sufficient importance to be mentioned in an English biographical dictionary; not one man for each of the dukedoms during their whole existence; and six of them showed none at all. The remaining five dukedoms of England—there are only twenty-one—are left out of the calculation, because they are too modern in origin to be significant in this connection; they have been equally barren thus far. I have been charged with doing injustice to the British nobility, in making a Marquis and an Earl, in the play of "Aristocracy," both nobodies. But in spite of some brilliant exceptions, the above statistics of the highest of all British titles (except royalty) seem to justify me. At the present day, furthermore, considering that there are about four thousand men who have titles, from "Sir" to "Duke," in Great Britain, the number who show themselves of any personal value in politics, business, or society, is absurdly small; it denotes a very low average of intellectual culture or force. Matthew Arnold, with patronizing good-humor, takes this fact for granted, in one of his essays; and he appears to approve of it as a rather good thing in English life—probably, I always suspected, because the English nobility can do less harm, under these circumstances, in this age of active brain-power. But to return to the old notes before me, and going farther backward in time, I still trace through them influences that have acted upon me from that day to the present. For instance:

"Our ideas of poetry and romance are strangely confused with hairbreadth escapes and agony, as if they were the essential elements. Yet how soon they lose their charm if love be lacking—how shockingly practical the salvation of a maiden's life—by a married man! It is love, not the situation, that lends the poetry; and true love is ever true poetry, whether proved by valor, tried by suffering, uttered upon the banks of Ayr, or whispered in commonplace language, under commonplace gas-light in a commonplace drawing-room."

Nearly all of my own plays, written since the above, have been so-called "drawing-room" dramas or comedies; and they are all love-stories, whatever secondary motives they may have. They all belong, too, to what may be called the "straight ticket" in love; mere regular, common, orthodox love between men and women. Here, by the bye, is another of these notes:

"Plato suggested the idea of what is called 'Platonic love,' but he neglected to tell us how to keep it Platonic."

Every writer of "society plays" is impressed with the vast importance of "fashion," "good breeding," "etiquette," etc.; whatever its constantly changing name happens to be. In the days of these earlier notes it was "etiquette," to-day the term "good form" has been in vogue for some years. I dare say the "swagger" set has some new expression for it since I made my last observations. But call it what you like, we writers of these society plays, like novelists of the same ilk, overestimate its value and importance, whether we satirize it or not. Here is that youngster, in the earlier memoranda before me, sounding a note of warning in the first sentence of the following extract; in the remainder of the passage he seems to be looking down the years at his reverend older self and giving him the "grand guy":

"That mysterious generality called 'etiquette,' in social life, overrides many matters which, at first sight, seem more serious. In an open boat, at sea, it is perfectly consistent with the best breeding and the highest culture to eat the gentleman who sits next to you. Yet even this process, however polite in itself, has its social limitations; it requires, for instance, the usual deference to ladies. A gentleman is bound to allow the lady at his elbow to eat her share of the other gentleman first. So, also, if we heard that a man of our own acquaintance, under pressure of starvation, had proposed to eat a female companion (and women, having more tender flesh, are superior to our sex, gastronomically—tempting, so to speak, under these, as under all other, circumstances) we should be disgusted with his want of politeness. If, indeed, we should hear that he had overstepped any rule of respectful courtesy in his relations to her—in this as in any other meal—we should feel that he had committed an unpardonable breach of etiquette. The mere fact that he was starving would not be accepted as an apology for his want of good breeding; and after that he could make no pretence to being a man of fashion. We could not forgive a gentleman for theft, merely on the ground of extreme hunger; nor, even, perhaps, admit his right to beg; much less would we justify him in an act of discourtesy to a lady. The utmost we can do, in friendly charity, is to justify his cannibalism; and this only under strictly proper conditions: we cannot possibly tolerate a breach of etiquette."

In the matter of "studying human nature," which dramatic writers are supposed to do at all hours of the day or night, except when sleeping, I have always accepted the philosophical theory that there is no such thing as an original Principle of Evil. The more fully we accept and understand this theory, the more likely we are to study our fellows with intelligent charity. Mephistopheles and Satan are interesting poetical characters in the hands of Goethe and Milton; but untrue, even figuratively. This may be bad for poetry and the drama; but I doubt whether truth will harm either art in the long run. Here, in the ink of thirty years ago, the principle which has been my guide, since that time, in all observations of mankind, is expressed in its broadest possible form:

"The ingenuity of wickedness has yet to produce a vice which has not a corresponding virtue; issuing from the same source; traceable to the same origin in the human soul. Virtue and vice, indeed, are identical in origin; and that origin is good. A railway accident is brought about by the beneficent laws of motion and gravity. A husband's love is own brother to the libertine's lust; without the same good mother, among the natural emotions, neither would have existed. We may disown a disreputable relation, but he is still of our blood."

But the young man I have been quoting does not confine himself to general principles. I find a whole succession of pages discussing what was then known as "the coming woman." Since that time, she has arrived, and is now known as "the new woman." These prophecies cannot boast of fulfilment; and I doubt whether anyone, of thirty years ago, formed a true conception of what a charming, bright, natural, sincere creature "the coming woman" was destined to be. If this young man, however, was not a true prophet of woman, as none was at that time, he seems to have given them considerable thought. Most of his views agreed so well with those of other young men as to run the risk of being called "commonplace," though I am glad on the whole that he did not differ radically from the rest of his sex in this particular. I find him, at one place, deeply impressed with one of those fads which come so unexpectedly and pass so rapidly among young women, that the young men of the day always look on agog:

"The Grecian Bend! If the women took a sudden fancy for the Venus de Milo style, they would all have their arms cut off. Fashionable surgeons would make fortunes."

Now and then, I see, he could look beyond the conventional ideas of the sex:

"If you decide not to keep a secret yourself, give it to a woman. She will keep a secret for the same reason that she keeps a solitaire diamond; because she values it. A man throws it away as carelessly as he tosses a penny to a beggar."

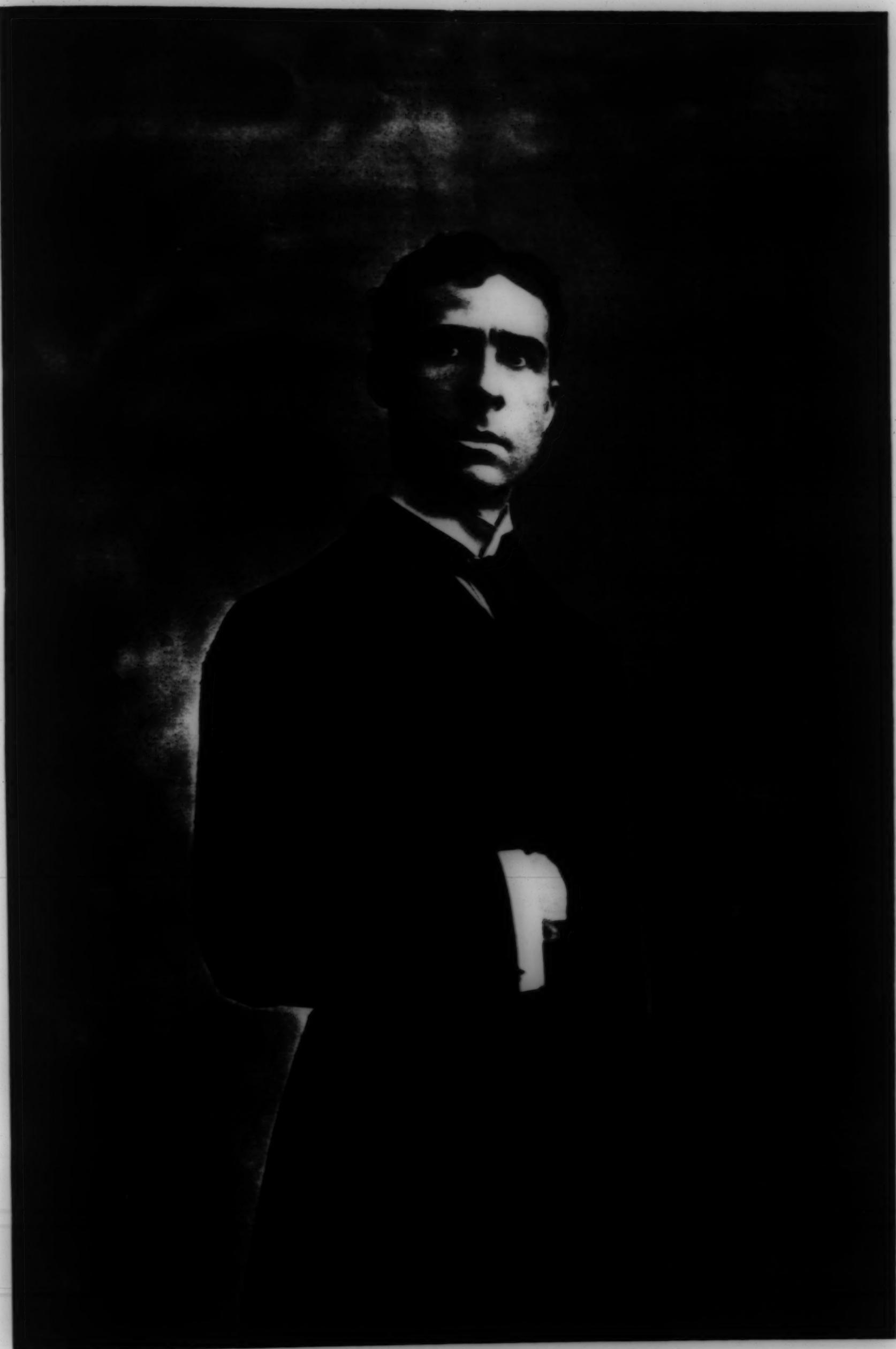
If I had ever written any thing derogatory to the due respect of man for woman, I could hardly look my own youth in the face as I read the following words, and I know of nothing more uncomfortable, in one's latter years, than that situation. The young man is speaking of someone who had professed to despise the sex:

"Where does his contempt for woman begin? After his mother's death? Where will it end? At the altar? Surely, if these be not its limits, he despises his own birth and he will suspect the paternity of his children. One does not exactly envy him."

Among hints for characters and situation, scattered along through the book, there are many outlines of plots, some original, some not; some fairly good, others of no value. On second thought, I will bring these random quotations to an end by presenting one of these plots to my younger brothers and sisters, among dramatic writers; it is put into what one may call the algebraic formula:

"A. has become engaged to X., almost without knowing it. Very blue. B. meets him. Confidence. B. says he will do what little he can, if anything, to get him out of the scrape. A. interested in another girl, Z. He saves Z.'s life, almost at sacrifice of his own. A. delirious. X. and B. attend him. When A. recovers, X. releases him; having discovered, in his delirium, while she was nursing him, that he loves Z. A. discovers that B. has become interested in X. and has 'got him out of the scrape' by offering himself to X.'s mother in A.'s place. X.'s mother had brought about the original engagement of A. and X. B. being quite as rich as A., X.'s mother is perfectly satisfied with the change. Query—Shall X., also, be satisfied and in love with B., at end of play? or shall B. purpose to win X. gradually? In either case, good scene for B. and X., while taking care of A. Of course, A. and Z. will be O.K."

BRONSON HOWARD.



JOSEPH HAWORTH.

HOW HE GOT THAT COLD.

"NELL, you had much better go into the drawing-room car; you've got a five hours' ride before you. This car is full of draughts. It may get very cold.

"And if this car gets cold, I may have a chance to get warm somehow. But if I go into the drawing-room car I am sure to be baked brown with no hope or possibility of getting a breath of air. No, dear, please. I'd rather stay here."

"Well, I don't half like letting you go off by yourself. I don't a bit like leaving you."

Small blame to him!

What man would have cared to leave her, having had the luck to get her?

He—Charlie Reynolds—had had that luck something more than a year ago. For that time little Nellie had been his wife. If Nellie was one-half as good as she looked, she was well worth the getting; better worth the keeping. She was a plump, pretty little blonde; she was round and soft and fair, and she had a pair of round, wide-open, innocent-looking eyes.

Though the car was rapidly filling, and the minutes were flying, Charlie still lingered. He whispered to his little wife:

"I wish I hadn't said you might go. If I'd known how miserable I was going to feel about it I would never have said yes."

"Oh, Charlie! How can you say so? Just think if I had never said 'yes'! I haven't seen mother, nor the boys, nor sister, since we were married, and—"

"And now you're going to see her without any wedding-ring on your finger. What d'ye think she'll say to that, eh?"

As he spoke he lifted her left hand and laid it in his open palm. True enough, there was no wedding-ring on that third finger where it belonged; but where it ought to have been there was a smooth little line, and on either side of this little line the sweet little finger puffed up.

"Well, Charlie," said Nellie, looking up into his face and nodding her head sedately, "Mother will be pretty sure you have been good to me when she sees that in the little while we've been married I've grown so—so—fat (oh! what a dreadful word

that is!) that I had to have it cut off."

But there came just then that warning bump which told of the arrival of the locomotive, and the imminent departure of the train. So with a hasty, but a hearty, parting kiss, Charlie left his little wife, and had just time to clear the train before it started.

As Charlie Reynolds left the car by the rear door the Reverend Ebenezer Thwackdesk entered it by the front. The gentleman was somewhat "breathed" by the haste which he had made to catch the train, his movements having evidently been a good deal impeded by his heavy overcoat, his "Arctica," and his muffler.

But good, careful little Martha, the Reverend Ebenezer's faithful wife, was very watchful of her "Eben;" for he had a very delicate throat. The slightest exposure brought on a heavy cold, the cold produced a stubborn hoarseness and loss of voice, and this loss of voice had, more than once, seriously interrupted the ministrations of Mr. Thwackdesk.

It was most important that, on this occasion, no such untoward accident should happen. Mr. Thwackdesk was going to "Conference;" he had that, in the inside pocket of his clerical waistcoat, which, delivered in his impressive manner, would, he confidently and confidently told his admiring little wife, undoubtedly make a profound impression upon the brethren assembled, and attract the attention of the bishop."

The Reverend Ebenezer looked up and down the car. There were very few vacant seats. One of these was the one beside Nellie.

Mr. Thwackdesk looked at that vacant place, and then he looked at Nellie. He determined to take that vacant place. After due permission—asked and given—he did so.

For an hour or so Nellie looked out of the window, and the Reverend Ebenezer looked at Nellie. By this time the sun had got low, and the air began to grow very chill. Nellie gave a little sort of a "shivery shake" and turned the collar of her jacket up around her ears. Her ears were very pretty! Ebenezer thought. So were her hands.

She was crocheting some dainty trifle, and it was hard to say which was the prettiest pink, the "Saxony yarn" or Nellie's fingers.

"Girl going home from school," thought Ebenezer; "not married, evidently, got no ring."

Nellie put up her work, drew on her mittens, and settled herself down into her jacket. Then Ebenezer had a happy thought. He really did not need his muffler. The car was very warm; he would place it under her pretty little head, where it leaned against the side of the car.

"No," Nellie thanked him, she would not deprive him of his muffler.

"Then maybe she would like to change places with him?"

"No," she thanked him, she "liked to look out of the window."

"Then, really—she must allow him!"

And he proceeded to place the muffler under her head.

Nellie made a faint protest, but she nestled her sleek, pretty, little head down among the soft, warm folds, and she thanked her thoughtful travelling companion

with a grateful little smile. When Ebenezer beheld that smile, which revealed to him a little row of pearls, nestling in a casket of pink coral, he felt only regret for the loss of his muffler.

It was a nice muffler. Martha had knitted it of double mohair, having in her mind, at the time, "her Eben's delicate throat."

Then there began small, disjointed attempts at conversation, "Eben" fumbling off, Nellie responding reluctantly and in monosyllables. Then the lamps were lighted, and the car became a very little lighter and a good deal colder. Nellie stamped her foot on the floor, to warm them.

Another happy thought!

"Eben" improvised a foot-warmer. This was composed of his "Arctica" which formed the base. He removed them from his own feet for the purpose, and his travelling-rug. Nellie again protested, but with even less firmness than before.

As the train sped on, the snow in the fields and woods past which it dashed and flashed grew deeper and deeper. Every moment the cold grew sharper. Nellie, in her jaunty little jacket, was very cold. So was the Reverend Ebenezer, too, for that matter! "But," as he inwardly told himself, "he was a man, and therefore fitted to endure the cold that was this pretty little creature," who sat beside him. "She had no protector with her, therefore it was all the more incumbent upon me to shield and protect her from all harm." And "she certainly was very pretty!"

So, when the train entered a tunnel, and the atmosphere in the car took on several degrees of icy air, Ebenezer rose, took off his overcoat, and wrapped it carefully—very carefully—around Nellie, and while he was doing this, he said to her, in a very low voice, that she was "far too pretty and precious to be allowed to suffer."

Nellie turned her wide-open, innocent, blue eyes upon him, and said "Oh, thank you! You are so kind! That's so nice!"

Then she gave a little lurch to her trim little self, and turned herself completely around toward the window, leaving to Ebenezer "the full front of her back," and, before that gentleman had had time to recover from his astonishment at this "mazy" of hers, her regular breathing indicated that she had gone to sleep.

If there be any truth in the axiom that a faculty for sleep denotes a good science, Nellie's must certainly have been snow-white, for she not only slept in an incredibly brief space of time, but she had, evidently, like the good folks in the Christmas song, "Settled herself for a long winter's nap."

On the train sped. And on Nellie slept. But Ebenezer did not sleep. He was a great deal too cold! And he was a great deal too mad!

He was obliged to confess to himself that, when moved by Nellie's beauty, and sympathizing with her discomfort, he had sacrificed to her, one by one, his garments and wraps, he had not expected that she would retire into a cavern, formed out of his overcoat, and there hibernate for the rest of the journey.

He had had visions of a nice little chat, on serious subjects of course. But these did not seem the most remote probability of conversation.

Nellie slept on calmly, contentedly, cosily, and continually. Mr. Thwackdesk was not only disappointed, he was wretched. He was cold to the very marrow of his bones. His feet were icy. His legs felt as if they were gradually paralyzing.



"THE REVEREND EBENEZER THWACKDESK ENTERED."



"OH, THANK YOU! YOU ARE SO KIND!"

The wind whistled around his ears and piped the Dead March in "Saul" down the back of his neck.

It is not for one moment to be supposed that he made no effort to extricate him:

self from the horrors of his situation. He did not submit in silence. He coughed, he cleared his throat, he cried "Ahem," loud enough to attract the attention of everyone in the car—except Nellie. She slept on, undisturbed. But if Mr. Thwackdesk had observed that somnolent young lady closely, he would have discovered that occasionally she was seized with a sort of vibratory movement of her shoulders, and, at these times her regular breathing was interrupted by a sort of suppressed splutter. These peculiar symptoms usually exhibited themselves when Mr. Thwackdesk was



"I'M SURE IF HE WERE HERE HE WOULD THANK YOU, TOO."

making his most energetic efforts to arouse her. But they did not seem to disturb her in the slightest degree.

She gently, but firmly slumbered on. And she continued to slumber on till the journey ended, the train pulled into the depot, and came to a stop. Then Nellie emerged from the seclusion of Mr. Thwackdesk's overcoat. She extricated her sleek head and innocent-looking face from Martha's muffler. She lifted her plump little feet out of the warm nest of rug, and, looking as warm and rosy as a bunch of pink peonies, turned to the Reverend Mr. Thwackdesk, who, blue with cold, sat beside her, she said :

"My! I do believe I've been asleep! Oh!" she continued, jumping up, "there's brother Tom!"

She threw aside the belongings of her blue travelling companion, and flung herself into the arms of a young man who had made his way into the car as soon as the train had stopped. Then followed greetings, kissings, inquiries.

After a moment's pause to get her breath, she said, turning to Mr. Thwackdesk : "Oh! Thank you so much! You have been so kind! Oh, Tom, I don't know what I should have done; it was so dreadfully cold. Charlie said I had better bring a shawl—Charlie is my husband; I'm sure if he were here he would thank you, too!"

And Tom thanked Mr. Thwackdesk too. That gentleman essayed to reply, to—speak. It was useless. He had no voice!

The daily papers, in giving an account of the proceedings at the "Conference," mentioned that, owing to a severe cold, the Reverend Ebenezer Thwackdesk was unable to read a paper, to the preparation of which he had devoted much prayerful thought.

"Poor, dear Eben!" remarked good little Mrs. Martha Thwackdesk to a sympathizing parishioner, "he has not been able to preach these six weeks. He took a dreadful cold in the car when he was going up to 'Conference.' And I thought he would be sure to escape one of his bad colds, for I made him wear his 'Arctics,' and take a nice, warm rug, and that muffler I knitted for him. But there! Eben often says I am a great deal too careful of him."

ROSE EYTINGE.



THE FIRST SEASON.

YEARS ago—my first season in the business—I was engaged to play utility by John T. Raymond and Theodore Hamilton, the former dead and gone, the latter at present playing *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. Well, I started to join the company, which had opened its season in Savannah. On my way my trunk went astray.

The morning I arrived I was cast for *Seyton*, in "Macbeth," to open that night. I was then a tall, slender boy of sixteen, very slender (perhaps you wouldn't think it!). I could not find my trunk, and I was unable to buy tights anywhere.

I rehearsed from the book. After rehearsal looked about to get a costume for the night. Mrs. Raymond (Marie Gordon) came to my assistance. She lent me a plaid poplin street skirt of her own, and was kind enough to turn it up to make it the required length for *Mr. Seyton*, but she forgot to make it wide enough in the waist. Well, I bought two pairs of white cotton stockings, cut the feet off one pair, pulled them up high, and then put the other pair on, pinning them together at the knee. For shoes I had a pair of rubbers. The skirt was pinned over in front, which made it stick out rather ungracefully.

I made up my face and appeared on the scene a sight! As we all had to go on in the witch scenes, like the rest I was covered with a black domino. As soon as I came off I had to hurry to get ready for my line. I was shaking with stage fright. But as all concerned were nervous, I was not noticed very closely.

When it came time for me to go on *Macbeth* called out, "What, oh, *Seyton*?" On the first mention of *Seyton* I skipped. In the excitement of changing the pins had dropped from my stockings, and as I went on I felt the cold air on my bare knees. The upper and lower stockings had parted company. Of course there was a titter, and as I rushed at the first call of "Oh, *Seyton*," instead of the third, I slunk off the entrance amid loud laughter.

I was no sooner in the wings before his Royals called loudly again, "What, oh, *Seyton*!" I fairly jumped on the stage, my eyes starting out of my head, my teeth chattering, my knees knocking together, and my hair standing on end. I was once more previous, so I returned with shrieks of laughter ringing in my ears, and curses, not loud, but deep, from *Macbeth*.

Then, when he called *Seyton* once more, there was "nit" *Seyton*, and nothing could induce me to appear.

Poor, dear, dead and gone John Raymond stood in the first entrance rubbing his hands and laughing so hard that tears were all over his face. I thought he was crying because I would not go on again. But neither laughter, tears, nor curses could drive me before the public again that night.

GEORGE K. FORTESCUE.

AT DAWN.

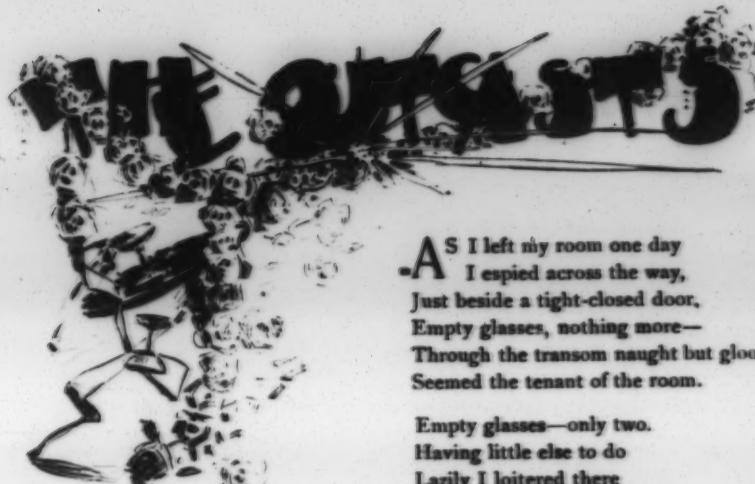
SAW the fragile, blue-eyed M—n
Rise blushing from her rest;
She drew her cloudy garments torn
Across her pulsing breast.

She girdled them with bands of gold,
Hung dew-drops in her hair,
A perfume fell from every fold
And languished on the air.

JAMES YOUNG.



LEOLA MITCHELL.



AS I left my room one day
I espied across the way,
Just beside a tight-closed door,
Empty glasses, nothing more—
Through the transom naught but gloom
Seemed the tenant of the room.

Empty glasses—only two.
Having little else to do
Lazily I loitered there
Wondering at the lonely pair,
Gaily kissed awhile before
Outcasts now beside the door.

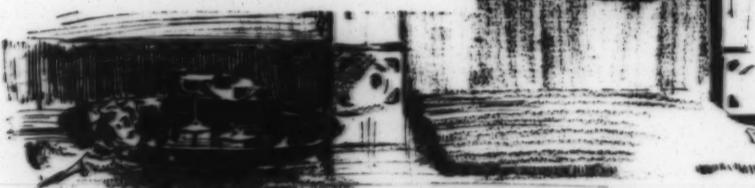
Mayhap it was some lone body,
Rising from a night with toddy,
Rising minus all the fun—
Bracer—then another one;
Hallway's shades could not conceal
Tiny bits of lemon peel.

Or perhaps two fond hearts brightly,
Taking life's hard raps but lightly,
Pledged their love with honest lips
Mingling kisses with the sips.
Loved and lover—whole world o'er,
Which, I wondered, loved the more?

Peradventure some sad heart
Hiding grief with cunning art,
Smiling into eyes beside her,
Yearning for the love denied her,
Smiling when she suffered most,
Drank a sacred, silent toast.

Empty glasses—nothing more,
Just outside a tight-closed door,
Idle dreaming, useless dreaming
In a world where shrewdest scheming
Does not always bring success—
Foolish pastime, I confess!

CHARLES DONALD MACKAY.



ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

WILL you write something for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, Aunt Louisa?" was the message I received one morning in November. I confess I felt flattered, and at once answered, "Yes;" but when I began to think it over I said to myself: "What shall I write about?" Suddenly it occurred to me that I would tell the readers of THE MIRROR of a Christmas spent in the society of that great tragedian and most lovable man, the late Edwin Booth, as I felt sure that the relation of any incident in his life would be read with interest, even though written by a literary novice.

It was my good fortune to be associated with Edwin Booth through several theatrical seasons, each one of which was pleasanter than the last, for as one became better acquainted with that great man, and grew accustomed to his gentle, quiet, kindly manner, it was impossible not to love, indeed almost to reverence him. He was thoughtful of the welfare and comfort of each member of his company. It made no difference whether it was the leading man or woman, or the humble utility people; all were treated alike, for Edwin Booth never passed the stage door-keeper, or the stage-carpenter, or the property-man, without a kind "good-morning" or a cheerful "good-night." Take pattern, ye new-fledged stars, and do likewise. No one ever thought of presuming on his kindness—he was loved too well.

It was the season of 1881-82, under the auspices of that prince of managers, the late Henry E. Abbey. The season opened on October 3d, at Booth's Theatre, of which John Stetson was then proprietor. "Richelieu" was the first play. Mr. Abbey had engaged a large and expensive company to support the great star, including Samuel Piercy, the leading man, who died of small-pox in Boston, in December, 1881; David C. Anderson, Mr. Booth's oldest and best friend in the profession, since dead; the late Cyril Searle, William A. Whitecar, F. C. Hubener, Robert Pateman, Mason Mitchell, Fred. G. Ross, Frank Lander, Edwin Cleary, Henry Bristol, Newton Chisnall, Willett Carpenter, Harry Everett, Mrs. Bella Pateman, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Adelaide Calvert, Eva Garrick, myself, and others. The engagement was for four weeks, and the business was simply enormous. At the end of four weeks we



VERNER CLARGES AS "SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE."

started on our travels, and a very jolly, contented company we were. Our manager was generosity itself, and our star a man incapable of an unkind thought; therefore we were truly happy.

But it is of Christmas, 1881, that I intend to tell you. It was Mr. Booth's custom to partake of supper after the performance, and his old friend, "Uncle Davy," as he affectionately called Mr. Anderson, was always his boon companion.

Miss Booth, who travelled with her illustrious father, and Mrs. Anderson, "Uncle Davy's" dear old wife, also travelling with us, never ate late suppers. Both ladies invariably retired early, while Mr. Booth and "Uncle Davy" sat together smoking a pipe and talking over old times, and of the future, till the "wee sma' hours." We were playing at the Park Theatre, Boston, during that month of December. Mr. Booth, his daughter, "Uncle Davy" and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pateman, and I stayed at the Hotel Vendome. On Christmas-eve Mr. Booth, during the evening, asked us to join him at supper after the performance, in his private sitting-room. Of course we all gladly accepted. We were tired, and so was our kind host, but so happy were we, one and all, that no one could possibly believe we had done a hard night's work. Mr. Booth seemed happy to have so many friends with him and exerted himself to please. He entertained us like a prince. Anecdote followed anecdote, some a little sad, others more gay, and full of quiet fun, such as he knew so well how to diffuse. At twelve o'clock Miss Booth arose, kissed her well-beloved father affectionately, and bidding us "good-night," retired.

So interesting was Mr. Booth's conversation that no one wished to talk—all were content to listen. He told us of his boyhood, and talked of his father, that great genius, with whom I had the honor of acting when I was a young girl. I mentioned the fact to him, and told him where and when the engagement had been.

He remembered it at once, and recalled several incidents of the time which I had almost forgotten. He was on a visit to his father; though only a boy, he remembered everything connected with that great man, whom he dearly loved. Speaking of home life and boyhood's days, he said, quite gayly, "Yes, my brother John and—" he suddenly stopped. We looked at each other. Then he moved his hand slowly, and with a look of anguish on his classic face, and in a voice choking with emotion, while looking straight before him with those wonderful eyes, he said, slowly, and as though to himself: "Yes, my *unfortunate* brother John." He dropped his head till his face was almost hidden from view, but we could see the tears falling. Dead silence followed, when suddenly he seemed to realize that he was not alone. Pulling himself together, and with an attempt at cheerfulness which we well knew was feigned, he arose to his feet, and with a never-to-be-forgotten smile, he said: "Come, come, I have displaced the mirth. Let us drink to a merry Christmas." We drank standing. Then concluding that it was time to say good-night we begged to be excused.

Mr. Booth shook hands warmly with every one, saying a kind word to each, except "Uncle Davy," who remained to smoke a pipe with "his boy Jed," as he always called him, while the rest of the little party quietly retired to their apartments.

As for me, the words, "My unfortunate brother John," were ringing in my ears till the merry Christmas bells began to ring out their joyful peal. Then I fell asleep, but so long as I live I shall never forget that Christmas, nor that look of anguish on the kind, gentle, beautiful face of Edwin Booth.

AUNT LOUISA ELDRIDGE.

AN INCIDENT.

NOTHING could have been more marked than the contrast between the two—the dainty, beautiful woman at his side, and the miserable, haggard, poorly clad creature who held out her hand to him in a mute appeal for charity. As the man dropped a coin into the outstretched palm, something in her face caught his attention, and their eyes met for an instant—his with a flash of startled recognition, hers with a look of mingled defiance, shame, and pride. His handsome face lost something of its wonted expression of careless good nature; her white lips framed his name, though they uttered no sound. An instant later and they had passed on, but eyes less observant than those of the wife might have read the whole miserable story in this brief chance encounter.

"Robert," she said to her husband, "tell me—"

"Yes, dear," he answered, simply. "It's the old, sad story."

"And you were—the first?"

"I'm afraid so, Donna. It was a miserable business and I was bitterly sorry afterward. I have lost sight of her for years. I did not know—I had no idea—"

"Robert, did she—care for you very much?"

His handsome, dark face flushed.

"I'm afraid so," he said again.

She glanced back.

"She is still in sight," she said. "Will you walk on slowly, please, Robert? I want to go back and speak to her."

"I wouldn't, Donna. The fault was mine—God knows she wasn't to blame, poor girl. Don't be hard on her, Don. You don't understand—"

But she had turned and was hastening after the retreating figure, moving slowly, waveringly, down the crowded street.

The other woman, when they had passed her by, had stood for a moment as if bereft of all power of motion, till the curious glances of the passers-by recalled her to herself, and she began to move forward, uncertainly, hesitatingly, like one suddenly stricken blind. A rush of intense bitterness filled her heart. She had known intuitively that that lovely, stately woman was his wife—his loved and honored wife—

while she was an outcast—a beggar in the street. He was prosperous, happy, beloved, while she—she had taken charity from him. The coin he had given her, and which she still clutched tightly, seemed to sear her hand.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice beside her.

Startled, she looked up to see before her the wife of the man she had loved.

"May I speak to you for a moment?" Donna asked, and before the other could resist she had drawn her into the shelter of a doorway. "Forgive me, but you looked ill—unhappy—and I could not help coming back to ask you to let me be of service to you."

Steadily, stolidly, the other looked at her.

"You are Robert Kingsley's wife?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then you do not know?"

"I know," said Donna, gently. "That is why I came—to try to make reparation—atonement—" She paused as a realization of the hopelessness of her task was borne in upon her. "Won't you take this, please? No, no," as the other made a gesture of refusal. "You need not hesitate, the money is mine. Oh, believe me, I will do anything in my power to make up—to atone—if you will only tell me how I can help you."

"You mean it—you really wish to help me?"

"Believe me, yes."

"God knows, I only want a chance to lead a different—a better life."

"You shall have it," cried Donna, eagerly. "I have independent means and I will gladly, willingly, assist you in any possible way. Can you meet me at the entrance to the Public Library at this hour to-morrow? Meanwhile I will try to think—to devise some plan, some arrangement. You will come?"

The other looked at the beautiful, earnest face—all the hardness and bitterness gone out of her own.

"You are his wife," she said, brokenly. "You know—and yet you are willing to help me. You do not condemn me—despise me for loving him?"

A light of great tenderness came into Donna's dark eyes.

"Ah," she said, simply, "I love him, too."

LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

EN TOUR, '96-7.



OLD Father Time's four daughters came to him—
Each lovely as a dream—fair, stately, slim;
"Papa," quoth they, "we're all of us of age;
We've come to say we're going on the stage!"

"What's this I hear?" Old Time flies in a passion
And raves, in true, melodramatic fashion.

Says Spring, her eyes like violets drenched in dew;
"Papa, dear, I'm the coming Ingénue!
All tears and smiles, with snow-drops in my hair,
A linnet's voice, a shy, coquettish air;
All Arcady in my blithe, artless dances,
And Cupid's arrows gleaming in my glances!
Papa, please can't I go and take my chances?"

Then Summer, in a rose-brocaded gown:
"Oh, much, my sire, I fear thy freezing frown!
But couldst thou see me in some Rives-y rôle
(Say *Carmen*, *Cleopatra*, the *Créole*),

Thou'dst call me queen of passionate emotion!
Let my Delsartean poses give a notion:
Here's 'Camille's Death,' this, 'Juliet takes the Potion!'"

Enter Miss Autumn—most piquante of maids,
Now cold, now warm; bright-eyed, with sunset braids;
A goblet raised; she sings—"Tra-la-la-la!"
(The "Drinking Song," *Giroffé-Giroffá*,
Or "Brown October Ale" from *Robin Hood*)—"you
Just couldn't match my colorature, could you?
You wouldn't dash my lyric hopes, dad, would you?"

Last comes the Winter, classical in white,
A dream, frappé, a most glacé-d delight!
Mute, marble, matchless Queen Hermione,
Fair Galatea, Niobe—all three!
Across Old Time's face sweeps a swift transference,
"I do consent," he cries, "my pretty torments!
We'll tour the world—continuous performance!"

STELLA WEILER-TAYLOR.

THEIR THANKSGIVING.

HE was pretty, petite, but oh! so delicate and fragile that it did not seem possible for her to endure the strain of study and hard work the theatrical profession demanded of its members in those days. And the man—well he was a strong, robust, well looking fellow, with muscles of iron that suited well with his tenacity of purpose. He was clever, too, and a good, industrious student. No time for enjoyment. All the time outside of the theatre had to be spent in study for the next production, which often became (in the days I am writing about) a daily thing.

But human nature is the same all the world over, in or out of the theatre, and so the man fell in love with the delicate girl—that is to say, the big leading man wanted to marry his little ingénue. Inexorable parents said, "No! impossible!"—impossible, because "too young." I think she was, too, for when I saw her some months afterward, with her long curls floating over her shoulders (girls wore their hair *au naturel* in those days), I wondered if she was fully conscious of what she had done.

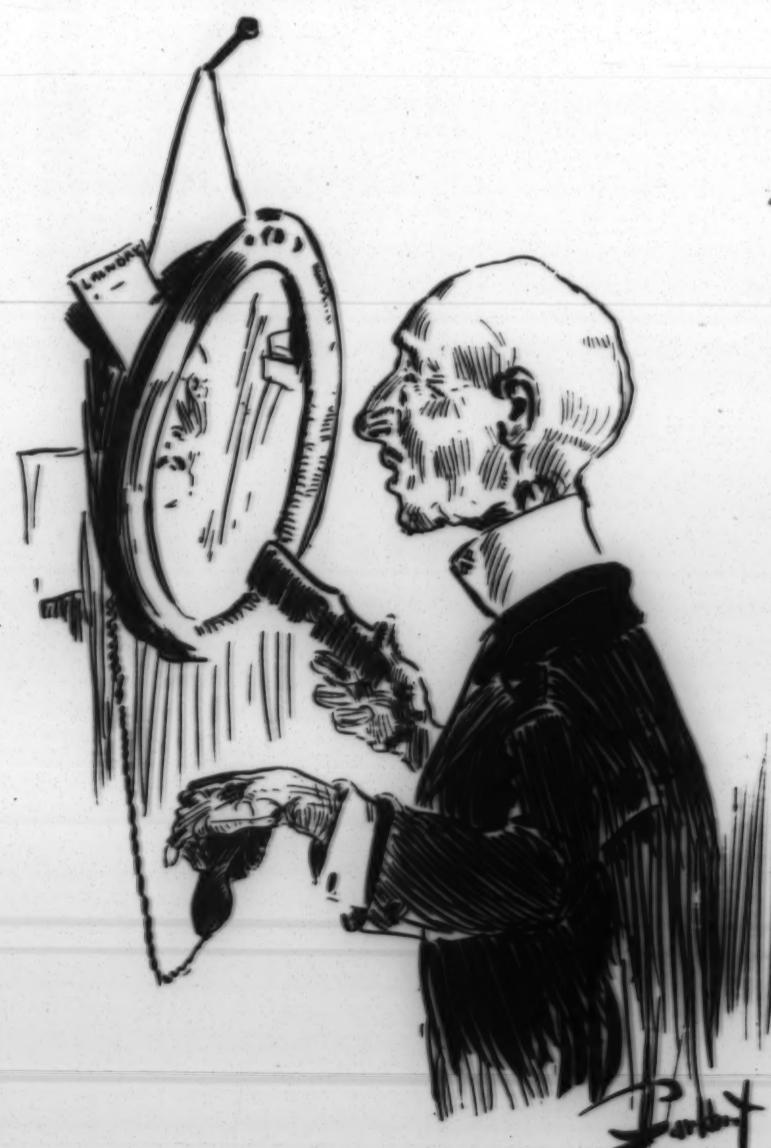
It happened this way. They had been acting love-scenes together until it was the easiest thing in the world to do, and he had proposed to her so often during the season in play, and had been accepted in play, that she did not know how to refuse when he became in earnest.

So they were married in spite of parents, and the worst of it was, they eloped. It was quite an event then. It was not so easy as to slip over into Jersey from Philadelphia or New York. My young friends were in Virginia, and to get out of it they had to travel by a canal-boat. No fast express trains in Virginia then. The theatrical season was over, and my loving pair having joined their fate started on a matrimonial tour. Could anything be more unromantic or devoid of sentiment than running away on a canal-boat? It was the mail-packet leaving L—— at six in the morning, so that when my friends' parents saw the light about 8 A.M. my young travellers were two hours ahead on their journey, and there were no telegraph-wires yet from L——. They started on the day great in the Eastern country, the day of turkey, cranberry-sauce, etc. They sat on the deck of the boat trying to look unconcerned and passive, watching the lean donkey slowly meandering down the tow-path with a sleepy darkey on his back. She told me afterward (my little friend) that she thought everybody on the boat knew exactly what she was doing—running away! Running away to his home in the North, away with him to become a great actress, a loving wife, something surely besides a simple little ingénue in a travelling company in the South. It was not until late in the afternoon that she felt comfortable. She was reading alone in the cabin when the stewardess came and said: "Miss, your brother wants you on deck, they are going through the locks at —, and he wants you to see them." Joy! Then they did not know she was eloping. He was thought to be her brother—a good idea, which they adopted for the rest of the journey.

His home was reached, and the usual ceremony of introducing "My wife" was gone through with, when a feeling of disappointment stole into the heart of my little friend. A sort of "What-are-you-going-to-do-with-that-child-tacked-to-you" reception



VALERIE BERGERE.



"HE COULDN'T FIND HIS PART."

pervaded the atmosphere and threw a chill over her. Still they were all kind to her in his home. She had been well brought up, but she was ready and willing to work. A brief honeymoon and the young pair started off, he as leading man at F——, she as the soubrette. Their joint salaries would not make as much as one respectable actor gets in these days, but they were frugal, and saved a nice little sum.

Another season elsewhere, with a fair salary for both, and then came an opportunity for the leading man to become a manager. It was not in a big city, and it did not require much capital; but something had to be done. The little ingénue could not act just now. Her busy fingers were making tiny garments, and they had gone to house-keeping, and she was doing her own work, too. I saw her, pale and delicate as usual, but as cheerful and ambitious as ever. She had shown everyone that the What-are-you-going-to-do-with-that-child-wife could meet all the duties of a woman without trembling.

Her parlor did duty as kitchen and dining-room, the floor was covered with a rag carpet (she walks on velvet now), and the stove was as bright as a looking-glass. The little bedroom close by was scrupulously clean, and the bed was of snowy whiteness, while the windows were shaded with a pretty blue paper curtain. Things looked very dark for the new manager at first, but Thanksgiving-day was near, and a hope that something would come of it kept him keyed up to his work. And the What-are-you, etc., wife carried her share of his burthen still. She could not wash, but she ironed, she who had been brought up to touch the strings of a guitar with a dainty touch, and play Chopin on the piano to admiring friends.

Then her cooking! How she has laughed over it to me many times, telling me of the first griddle-cakes she made. A blow from a hammer would not have made a dent in them, but when she said to her husband, timidly, "Dear, I'm afraid they are not very good," he said, "Oh, yes, they're lovely," and gulped them down with a fixed determination of purpose which left her no alternative but to do the same, although they almost choked her.

Their pocket-book had been materially reduced by recent demands, and hope seemed growing fainter, but next week would be Thanksgiving. Would it save them from despair? Yes, it did! It was a glorious holiday, and when all was settled up my friend had four hundred dollars clear of all expenses. There was no happier man in town than when he leaned over the pale little wife and kissed her as he pressed the roll of bills into the baby's tiny fingers and said, "My boy, we are rich to-day. God bless Thanksgiving-day!"

And many after found them at their posts, he as manager, she at the topmost round of the ladder, by force of energy and industry. She had proved what she was going to do "tacked to him." But they have often told me that no change of fortune ever brought them greater happiness than they enjoyed on that Thanksgiving-day that gave them their dear boy and four hundred dollars, in the little rooms with their rag carpet and paper curtains.

ETTE HENDERSON.

FIRST VAUDEVILLIAN: "That was a rather far-fetched joke you got off this evening."

SECOND VAUDEVILLIAN: "It oughter be. I fetched it all the way from a London music-hall."

OVER THE SEA.

BALLAD

Written and composed for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR by Frederic Solomon.

Moderato con gusto.

Allegretto scherzando.

1. I had a dream one night while
2. We stood to - geth - er love en -

sleep - ing, Vis - ion so bright it seemed to me, And a fair form stood by me weep - ing, One I had left a -
- trane - ing. That eve be - fore the bri - dal morn, Sweet no - sy dreams be - fore us glanc - ing, Sweet ro - ses pure with -

Ped.

delicate.

Allegretto.

- cross the sea; With lov - ing gaze she smiled and told me My re - turn home with joy she'd greet. There by my
- out the thorn; That vis - ion scarce - ly held more pleas - ure Or ees - ta - sy so tru - ly dear. And as our

Con fuoco.

Allegretto scherzando.

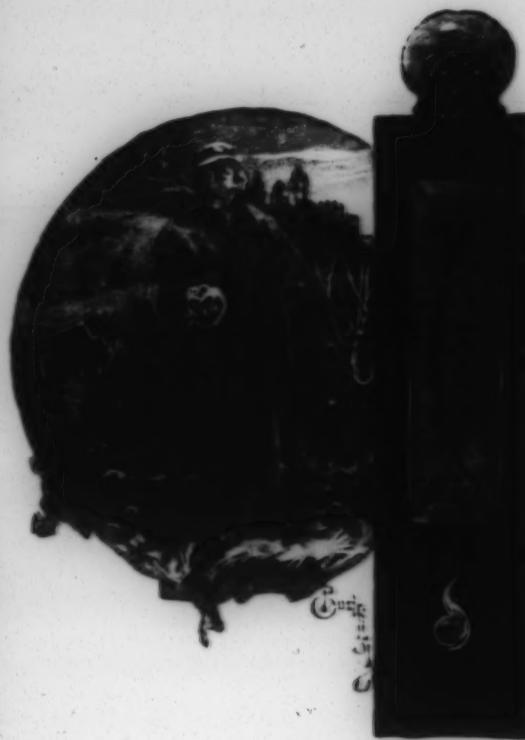
couch I soft - ly heard the voice of a bird whispering these words so sweet: O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea,
fu - ture troth we plight - ed that lit - tle bird sang a - gain in my ear: O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea,

2d verse.

That's what a lit - tle bird whispered to me,... O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, You'll find your true love a - waiting for thee!

Cres - - ondo.

D.S.

THE SPECTRAL TRAGEDIAN.

WILL tell you the story of the farewell appearance of Cullings.

The time is during the "palmy days." You have heard of the "palmy days." Any old actor will tell you of them. From all accounts, they were the most unpleasant days ever undergone, in the memory of living men, by the actor as a person and the drama as an art. I may be wrong. It matters not.

The scene is in a certain theatre that no longer exists; one of the true old-fashioned play-houses with visible shades for the foot-lights, with really private boxes, and with mysterious stage-doors under flickering gas-lamps in dark, deserted alleys between tall, black buildings.

Cullings was a tragic actor. He was a splendid type of the old-school tragedian—tall, slender, gloomy-eyed, smooth-faced, long-haired, given to striding and attitudinizing. Personally he was dignified and punctilious. It was his pride that he never failed to keep his word.

Cullings was a favorite actor with the patrons of the theatre that I have mentioned. He was the regular Christmas week star there, and on every Christmas Eve he would play *Hamlet*, supported by the theatre's stock company. This was in the times of travelling stars and stationary companies.

Cullings grew old. He was annoyed by gout, by dyspepsia, and by the train of ailments attendant on a life of hearty eating and drinking.

But he continued to draw the public. The gallery especially remained true to Cullings. The dear, faithful, impulsive gallery, so constant to old friends, so quick to accept new ones!

His increasing debility was at last noticeable. At the end of the Christmas engagement in which it became so, he said as usual to the manager of the theatre:

"You'll hold next Christmas week for me, of course? It opens on December 24th."

The manager looked at the floor and coughed, and then replied:

"Well, Mr. Cullings, nothing would more delight me. But—er—do you believe you will feel inclined to fill the week? I should like to be sure at once, for the fact is, Willingham offers me very good terms for next Christmas week. He has a new fairy piece, with a great ballet, and if he can't get my house he'll go to the Winter Street Theatre."

Cullings elevated his head, with much hauteur.

"So?" he said, "You lack confidence in the endurance of my powers for one brief year more! I had not deserved this."

"No, no! It's not that. If you give me your word, I'll let Willingham go to the Winter Street. But—"

"But me no buts, sir! Enough has been said. I do not desire your week. One thing only would I ask: Give me the Monday night, the Christmas Eve. Willingham can open on Tuesday night. I so far forfeit my pride as to ask this of you, for I long once more to play *Hamlet* on Christmas Eve in this house, as has been my custom these dozen years, ere the curtain goes down on my career forever. Reserve for me that night. I shall not fail you. I swear it now, and let it so be provided in the contract, that nothing shall hinder me from fulfilling my engagement, not even death; for if I die before the time I shall rise from my grave to keep it, or my spirit shall make good my oath to play *Hamlet* on your stage next Christmas Eve."

The manager acquiesced, and so it was stipulated.

Cullings died during the next summer. The manager framed his contract and hung it in his office as a curiosity.

Willingham abandoned the intention of producing the fairy play, and the manager engaged a new tragedian to occupy his stage in Christmas week. He decided to preserve the custom of presenting "*Hamlet*" on Christmas Eve, and the play was announced for the opening night of the new tragedian's visit. The theatre's stock company rehearsed Shakespearean plays for the engagement, and the public was interested in the new player's advent.

Two days before Christmas, there began a snow-storm which developed into a "blizzard." Railroad travel was stopped and the new tragedian was prevented from reaching the city.

But the stock companies of those days were ready for such emergencies. It was not necessary even to change the bill. "*Hamlet*" would be down with Towers in the title-part, his own rôle of *Laertes* being assigned to the *Orric*, whose place was allotted to the *Gildenstern*, the last-named rôle falling to a newly graduated super.

The snow-storm did not keep the theatre empty on Christmas Eve. A large audience was there, mainly for old times' sake, some eager for the success of Towers, others full of memories of Cullings. The curtain rose.

The opening scene had been acted and the time had arrived for the throne-room scene, wherein *Hamlet* first appears in the play. While *Horatio* and the soldiers were still holding the stage and the courtiers were assembling behind the front scene, Towers was suddenly attacked by an agonizing cramp. Two supers carried him to his dressing-room before the other actors knew exactly what was the matter. The scene-shifters and the stage-manager remained ignorant of Towers's illness. The manager, being in "the front" of the house, was waiting with the audience for the change of scene that would reveal the emergency *Hamlet*.

How it happened, none of the actors rightly knew. The news of Towers's illness reached them just as the scene was about to open. The *King* and the *Queen* and the others looked embarrassed at each other. How could the scene be carried on without a *Hamlet*? But they had no time to discuss the situation, for the front flats flew apart, the lights were turned up, and the Royal Court of Denmark was in the presence of the audience.

And there, in his proper place, in brooding attitude, stood *Hamlet*.

First the actors had to undergo amazement at the mere presence of any *Hamlet* at all. And then the audience and the manager had to doubt their eyes, and, in the deathlike stillness, to ask themselves if they were dreaming.

For, by all the ancient gods, the *Hamlet* was Cullings!

The spectators held their breath. Perhaps this was but a marvellous resemblance, a feat of "make-up" and mimicry on the part of Towers. The voice would tell the whole truth.

In spite of his bewilderment, *King Claudius* began his speech, from mere force of habit. *Laertes* and *Polonius* took up their cues in similar astonishment, and then came the moment for *Hamlet* to speak. Audience and actors waited in a hush of almost fearful anticipation.

"A little more than kin and less than kind."

A thrill passed through the house. It was indeed the voice of Cullings.

In costume, in mien, in every minute detail of personality and aspect, here was the favorite *Hamlet* of past seasons. Had the accounts of his death and burial been false, or had he indeed come back from the tomb to fulfil his engagement? The manager hurried to the stage and waited in the wings with eyes full of wonderment, for *Hamlet's* first exit.

All the others of the court of Denmark have to leave the stage before *Hamlet* does. They gathered in the wings, talking in low whispers about this apparent miracle, some going to Towers's room to make sure he still lay there, as he did, and in keen internal pain.

When at the end of his long scene with *Horatio* and the officers, *Hamlet* strode from the stage, he came no farther than that point where the wings and the open stage meet. Having reached this line, *Hamlet* became nothing, vanished into air.

The manager wiped his perspiring face with his handkerchief and looked at the empty atmosphere with bulging eyes. Not daring to go again to the front of the house, lest he should be asked to explain this wonder, he remained behind the scenes. You can imagine, perhaps, the nature of the audience's subdued conversation. An awe dwelt upon the assembly.

Would *Hamlet* answer his next cue?

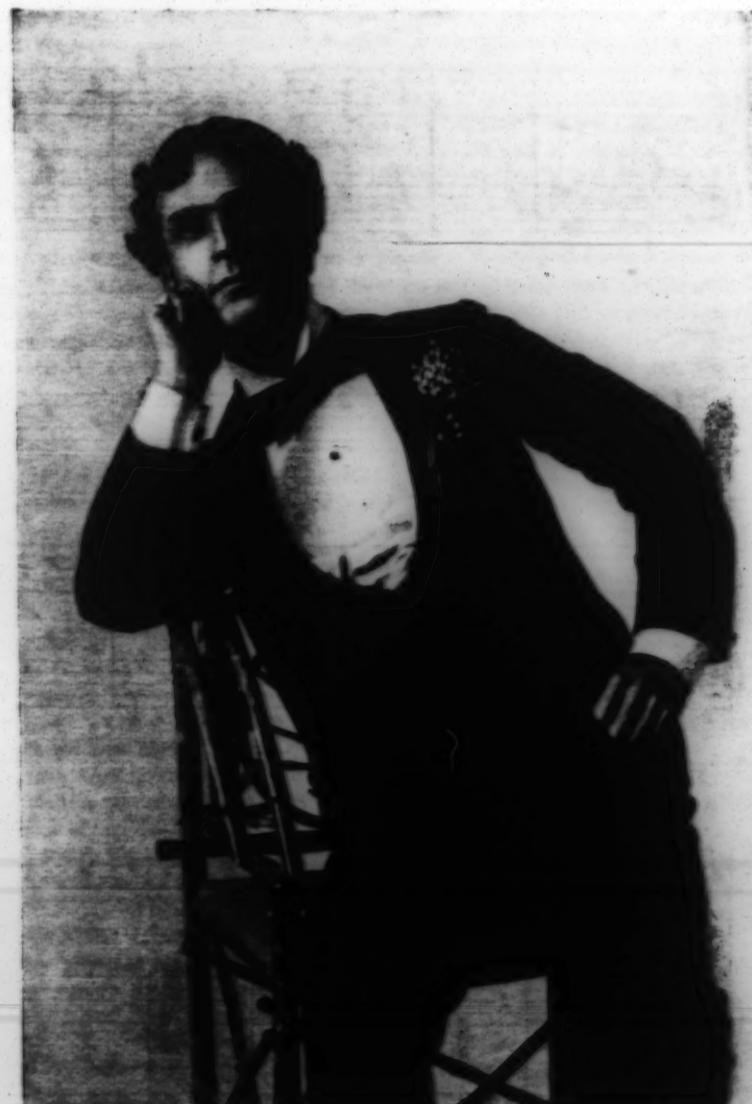
Yes. He appeared duly upon the platform with the speech, "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold," materializing at the very entrance to the visible stage.

But when, during the ensuing scene, *Horatio* and *Marcellus* tried to lay hands upon him to prevent his following the *Ghost*, their hands met no resistance. Cullings's apparition could be seen and heard, not felt.

There was no longer any doubt as to the spectrality, if I may coin the word, of the evening's *Hamlet*.

But people can become used to any marvel in a short time, and so well did Cullings's ghost play the part that night that the audience soon gave itself up to the drama. There were cheers and curtain-calls for Cullings, as of old. He would not go before the curtain, but at each call he would stand upon the stage and bow in his stately fashion. The actors became accustomed to the presence of an impalpable player on the stage. The performance was really superb.

Never had a more melancholy, mystic *Hamlet* trodden that stage. It was a great night for Shakespeare.



CHARLES W. TERRISS.

Certain lines were given in a specially significant manner, one of these being: "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in all your philosophy." The ghostly *Hamlet* seemed to revel in the grave-yard scene. He

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is in truth my last appearance. In order to redeem a contract made during the continuance of my former condition, I have come here to-night at the expense of some disarrangement of the affairs of the hidden world.



lingered over *Yorick's* skull, and he displayed a new familiarity with the grave-diggers. He seemed to be enjoying a grin all to himself when he delivered the great soliloquy, and some say that he distinctly winked the other eye when he spoke about "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

The enthusiastic audience called him back after the performance, and from the stanch gallery came the shout:

"Speech! Speech!"

The ghost of Cullings bowed with a gentle graciousness and raised his hand as a token of assent. Then he spoke this speech:

I resign my share of the pecuniary receipts, as they would be of no use to me. I am profoundly glad of this final opportunity to thank—

But his voice, which had begun to grow faint at the very opening of his speech, now sank to a low murmur, like the sighing of the wind in the distance; and even while the people stood and looked he seemed to melt away, and within a moment the place where he had been was void.

He had gone back to the world of phantoms.

ROBERT N. STEPHENS.

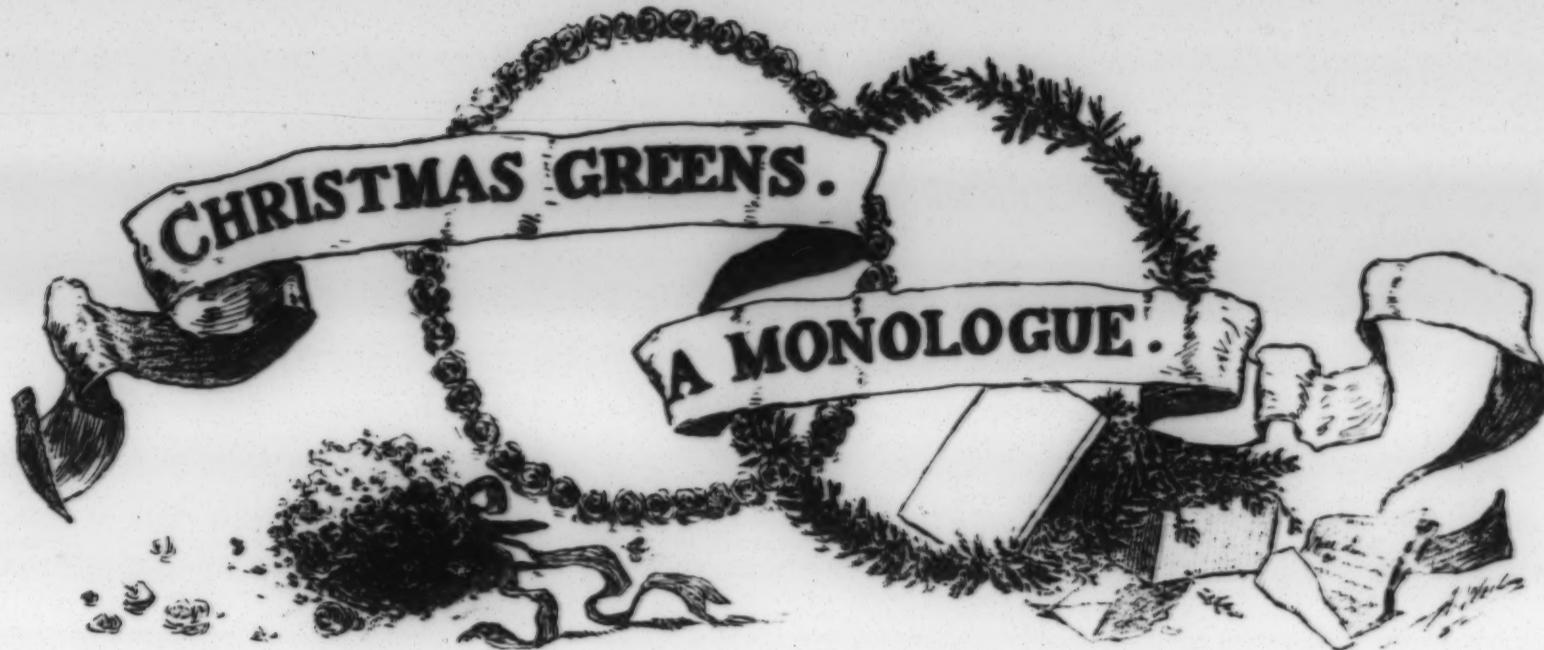
THE GLITTER AND THE GRIEF.

A VISION in spangled net
In the foremost rank of the ballet!
The music is thrilling—and yet
The vision in spangled net



Hears only a sick child's fret
In a dingy room, down an alley—
The vision in spangled net
In the foremost rank of the ballet!

LILIAN ESTELLE WEILER.



CHARACTER: Miss Nell Hetherton, leading woman of the Comedy Theatre, New York, and the idol of the town.

SCENE: The drawing-room of Miss Hetherton's pretty apartment in Gramercy Park. A fire burns in the grate, and a luxurious negligé gown and slippers are over a chair before it. Table, with shaded lamp, boxes, letters, flowers.

TIME: Near midnight on Christmas Eve.

There is the sound of a cab-door slammed, the rumble of wheels, and in another moment Miss Hetherton enters with her arms full of red roses. She wears an opera cloak over her evening dress, and she tosses the roses on a couch, turns up the light, walks back to the door, and speaks :

" That will do, Celeste ; take all those other flowers and put them where they will keep cool and fresh till morning. To-morrow you and I will arrange them in the vases. Yes, I'll keep these here with me." (Takes up one of the roses and touches it to her lips and whispers.) " They remind me of home—and here, Celeste, you may take my cloak" (drops it off shoulders, as though giving it to maid), " and good-night and a Merry Christmas to you!—and oh ! Celeste" (takes up a parcel from the corner), " here's something for you—a new silk gown, Celeste—and I bought it for you myself ! " (Laughs.) " Yes—thank you, Celeste—you spoil me " (laughingly). " Oui—oui—mademoiselle—merci—merci— ! " (Bows the maid out laughingly, then throws herself in the chair before the fire and clasps her hands above her head.)

" Well, there is no place like my own little snuggy, and yet I am here like a veritable old maid, alone on Christmas Eve " (looks around), " and not a bit of Christmas green ; but the roses will do. What a delightful little supper that was they gave me to-night on the stage after the play—and such a lot of notables ! Dear me ! And all presented to poor little Nell Hetherton, two years ago a prim schoolma'am in a Western mining town ! Ah me ! " (looks at bracelet on her arm) " that was nice of them to give me this bracelet. I value it more than all the rest." (Takes it from her arm and reads inscription.) " To Miss Nell Hetherton, from the Company."

" Well, I wonder now, if I had never been seized with that wild desire for the stage, and if I had not worked and saved and struggled to get to New York—and if I had married Jack—where I should be to-night." (Leans her head on her hand and looks in the fire.) " I can see a little Western home, the logs blazing on the hearth, the table spread for supper, the Christmas greens upon the wall—and Jack—and I—heigh ho !—I in a gingham apron, I suppose, mixing biscuit—instead of being Miss Nell Hetherton, whose name is all over the town in letters as big as I am, and all the men running after me, and the women copying my bonnets, and a real live prince at my feet ! " (Laughs.)

" I know he will ask me to many him ! Since he came to the city fresh from his Newport adulation and attention he has been my most devoted admirer. And no diamond bracelets or supper invitations or coroneted cabs, but only the most kind and courteous attentions : his morning call and bunch of roses, as though I were a *debutante* in my first season ! It makes me almost love him. And yet—he hasn't spoken ; but if he does—well, he is not so bad. Old, of course, but *distingué*, unassuming, with Old World manners and a great old name, and an estate that half the mothers in New York have been angling for. Princesse ! Princesse ! How fine it sounds." (Muses.)

" And Jack has not sent me even a word—for Christmas. Another sweetheart, I suppose." (Hums.)

" Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever."

(Talks to the rose.) " Would he be even a little bit jealous, do you think, if he knew I had all of you beautiful roses sent me by the Prince—American beauties—instead of the wild roses he used to gather for me on the mountain ? " (Takes photograph from mantel and gazes at it.) " What did I ever see in dear old Jack to make me love him as I used to ?—square chin" (squares her chin), " mouth with just a little sarcastic laugh always at the corners of it, straight nose, mine turned up, he always said. He doesn't know what a howling beauty I have become—and eyes—well, his eyes are good—yes—it must have been the eyes ! " (Throws the picture suddenly from her.)

" And he has never sent me even one little word. What will he say, I wonder, when he hears that I am a princess ? And, of course, I'll have a coronet—yes, indeed, the very latest kind. How will I look in a coronet, I wonder ? " (Play-

fully unfastens her necklace and places it about her hair, looks in the mirror, rises from her chair and curtseys as though receiving someone.)

" He will be introduced, of course, and I shall put up my lorgnette—so, and turning the full light of my coronet upon him—so—I'll say : " Ah, quite so. I remember you so well, Lord Randolph. At Baden it was we met, was it not ? And how is dear Lady Randolph ? " (Suddenly sinks into chair, as though tired of the jesting mood.)

" After all, he's not asked me yet ; but I know what his eyes said to-night when he kissed my hand at the carriage-door. ' And to-morrow, mademoiselle,' he said, ' may I send you a *white* rose ? '

" That is so like a Frenchman—he had just sent me all these beautiful red ones." (Rises.) " Perhaps Jack *has* written." (Looks through notes and boxes on table ; tosses them aside without opening.) " Dear me, what a time I shall have writing acknowledgments of all these pretty things. What beautiful perfume is that ? " (Sniffs.) " Why—WHY—it's like PINE—from the old tree—near the school-house—where Jack and I—" (Catches sight of the large box, which she lifts on chair, cuts string, and removes cover.) " Oh ! how beautiful ! " (Lifts a mass of the green, sweet-smelling pine branches to her bosom, with her arms clasped about them and face upraised, pale and smiling.) " Why—it—must be—from Jack ! Thank God ! " (Picks letter from among the branches in box, opens, and reads.)

" **NELL DEAR :** Of course I have heard of all your social triumphs of the last few months, and your final *coup*, the capture of the Prince Veronneux. Every New York paper that has reached here contains accounts of your engagement to him. I do not believe them, but I am forced to think that even your true heart must be turned with all this adulation. I do not care to hear this from you, but I send you word that I prefer to have our promise as though it had never been made. This for your sake. You know how much I love you. But I knew that I will have to give more than another year before I can realize the success which my work here is sure to bring. I hope to have wealth in a few years sufficient to take care of you, Nell, and make a home for you ; but until then can I ask you to give up such brilliant chances as are offered to you ? It would be selfish and ungenerous of me to expect anything of the kind. Let your own heart tell you what to do, not any fancied *duty* to a promise that I shall never hold you to unless you choose to have it so. God bless you, Nell. I send you a box of pine from the old tree, which you may like to have for Christmas greens—just as you used at home—you remember, Nell— ? "

(She drops her head upon her hands for a moment, as though weeping silently. A knock at the door. Hastily takes the necklace from her head, turns down the light.)

" Well ! Ah, Celeste ! Well, Celeste ? " (Goes to the door.) " Ah, it is Christmas morning—Im-possible ! I must have been dreaming by the fire, and these beautiful white roses ! For me !—and a letter— ? "

(Comes back with large basket of white roses, tied with white satin ribbon ; places them on floor. Christmas chimes sound faintly from without. She opens large white envelope, takes out letter, and reads.)

" **MADEMOISELLE :**

" You know you have my heart. I lay it at your feet with these blossoms. I ask you, mademoiselle, if you will be my wife ? I will not say more. Yesterday I sent you red roses, which spoke of my love. This Christmas morning I send you bride roses, for my princess that is to be, I fondly hope. I shall be proud, mademoiselle, if you will but send me one little rose by my messenger, who will wait. Send me no cruel letter, but the rose or nothing."

" Allow me, mademoiselle, to sign myself

" Your most devoted admirer,

" VERONNEUX."

(The letter flutters from her hands to the ground. She stands as though frightened for a moment. Falls dazed into the chair. Then she takes a spray of pine from the box, places it upon her hair where the crown has been, rises to her feet, and looks in the mirror over the mantel with a smile, then she turns to the door.)

" Celeste, tell him—there is no answer ! "

KATE MASTERS.



CHRISTMAS GREENS.

"TAKE ALL THOSE OTHER FLOWERS—I'LL KEEP THESE HERE."

A CHRISTMAS EVE EXPERIENCE.



CHRISTMAS! The joys of Yule-tide and the solemn tolling of the bells carrying the message of hope and redemption to high and low, rich and poor, have never failed to strengthen my impression that life is really worth living, after all. If not solely on account of the benefits one himself may derive directly, yet through the fortunate circumstances which enable one to come to the assistance of a fellow-being, be it even only a child. And in all my career, possibly because it has been the life of an actor, I have found this to be true in every instance, even on the stage.

When does an actor's performance please himself best? When it pleases the public; when he knows that by his efforts he has been able to convey some sense of comfort and satisfaction to his audience.

One of my best Christmas experiences dates back seven years, to a meeting with a poor little girl on the streets of New York.

I may say, without incurring the danger of being considered immodest, that my impersonation of *Abbé Busoni* in "Monte Cristo" is known to almost all theatre-goers in this country. I have to mention my connection with the priest of "Monte Cristo" in order to tell my story in a comprehensible manner. It may be owing to the great number of times I have played *Abbé Busoni*, or it may be due to the fact that I am said to resemble a priest in appearance—so much so that, even off the stage, on more occasions than one I have been taken for a Catholic minister.

The one occasion I shall never forget, was my meeting with the little girl on the night before Christmas, seven years ago. I was playing an engagement in the city, and after the Saturday matinée found myself on Eighth Avenue, on my way home.

It was about half-past five in the afternoon; the streets were covered with a heavy fall of snow and crowded with the usual throng of busy buyers of Christmas presents. The professional beggar was out in full force, and I could not help contrasting his ragged person with the well-dressed people in the brilliantly lighted stores.

The comparison made me weary at heart, and for the moment I wished that every poor man once in his life could get a chance to play the part of a rich man. Imagination sometimes is better than reality. Would that every *Edmond Dantes*, the prisoner of cell 17, could be metamorphosed into a *Count of Monte Cristo*!

But I am digressing.



Between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, there are several rows of houses inhabited by poor people.

As I was passing one of them, the door between the narrow alley and the sidewalk was suddenly thrown open and a little girl came tumbling head foremost toward me. She was only about ten years of age, and the force required in opening the door had completely exhausted her.

I picked her up; she was crying, and in answer to my questions whether she was hurt or not, she did not reply, but merely hid her head in her hands and continued sobbing.

Unable to get a word from her, I finally forcibly raised her head, and made her look into my eyes. My long dark coat was buttoned tightly, and the collar turned

up. The little girl's beautiful and expressive eyes, dimmed with tears, looked into mine, and by soothing and caressing her, I at last succeeded in calming the frightened little soul.

She looked up and noticed my appearance—she watched my coat, my hat, and scanned my features closely. Then she whispered "Father," and raising her voice, said, "Yes, yes, you are a father, a priest, are you not? Please come with me to mamma. She is sick and alone and no one with her."

I could not refuse the child's request, neither could I explain the mistake to her, as she, by that time had me almost pulled through the narrow doorway. She led the way up a rickety staircase and into a small room.

May I never see such a sight again!

A thin, emaciated woman with hardly any covering on a body that was continually racked by a consumptive cough, stretched on a mattress in a cold, fireless room! The little girl knelt down by her mother's side, threw her arms around her bony neck, saying, softly, "He is here, mamma, the good father is here, and he will cure you all right."

The sick woman turned her head toward me and gave me a look such as I shall never forget. It was a mute appeal of the deer as it sinks to the ground with the teeth of the hunter's dog at its throat.



Telling the little girl to stay by her mother until I returned, I quickly made for the street. At the neighboring drug store, I obtained the address of a physician after whom I sent a messenger.

The woman was in her last throes when I arrived in the room again. A few minutes afterward the physician came, but his efforts were of no avail.

While the Christmas bells were tolling from the near-by churches, they rang the knell for the sick woman. The last stroke of the bell sent her soul among the stars.

The physician and myself took the little girl away and placed her for the night with some of the neighbors. A few days ago, I received a letter from the physician, telling me that the little girl was getting along splendidly in the institution in which she was placed.

Is it any wonder that when I returned to the theatre that evening for the night's performance, I played *Abbé Busoni* as I have never played the part before?

JAMES O'NEILL.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

CALVE—CARMEN.

WHAT poetry is to thought and language,
What love to heart and soul to being be;
That art thou unto song, its own creation,
The sweeter self of sweetest melody.

ADA REHAN.

Thou art the handmaiden of nature's self,
In human guise more radiant grown;
When on thy features Genius looks,
She sees her own.

MODJESKA.

It is told that once a goddess in some sweet realm far away,
Defiled, dethroned, and dying, dreamed she heard the night winds say,
That the one she loved still served her, and she lived defying death
At the murmur of the message borne upon the evening's breath.
So, if Art lay dead or dying, by men vanquished or defamed,
She would live again triumphant if Modjeska were but named.

MANTELL.

When we're tired of things prosaic found in life's humdrum routine,
When the blending colors vary and we crave a change of scene
From the every-day occurrence unto thoughts and deeds sublime,
Where the click of sword and poignard mingle with the muse's rhyme;
Supremest then in fields of romance, endowed with all its heart bought spell,
Linked we'll find these names forever: Loris, Monbars, and Mantell.

WILLIS GRANGER.

MY FRIEND MR. WEST, OF CHICAGO.

IT has occurred to me that the best way I can meet the suggestion to write something for the *Christmas Mirror* is to recount an incident that actually happened when I was on a vacation trip through the maritime provinces. To do so, I must first introduce a fellow-traveller on that occasion, Arthur West. His companionship was half the pleasure of the journey, albeit he was a bit peculiar. Not that West was notably eccentric—he was generally the soul of good spirits, and his bright wit and never-failing fund of anecdote and experience beguiled many an hour of travel; but once in a while he would be overcome with a depressed mood, when it was as useless to expect a word from him as to look to a cigar-store Indian for a *hoo-mot*.

West was a lawyer, and came from Chicago, where he said he was connected in some way with the legal machine of the municipality—assistant city attorney or something like that. He had made the tour of the Annapolis valley, and in the Grand Pré region had tried to find the fountain-spring of the sweetness of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, but the Arcadia of the poet is hard to discover in the prosaic Nova Scotian country, and especially so when the search is made with no more magnifying faculties than the practical eyes of a Chicago lawyer, so West had been disappointed. He arrived in Moncton about noon of the same day that I was introduced, perforce, to the little New Brunswick town, and we met at the only hotel, right in front of the clerk's desk. I am not sure but we asked the clerk in chorus to be directed to the bar. At any rate, our acquaintance really began in the little room where the Scott act, which seeks to impose temperance upon the Dominion, was openly defied.

Moncton had the time-table of the Inter-Colonial Railway Company to thank for the privilege of the presence of two such distinguished tourists. The express to the North would not leave until one o'clock in the morning, and even as friendships are made on shipboard, we were on familiar terms with each other within a few hours, for the precincts of the village did not allow much more opportunity for a man to escape his neighbor than a good-sized ocean liner. An exchange of plans for the next few days disclosed that we both intended going up the Saguenay River, and later to visit Quebec and points beyond. It was resolved unanimously and enthusiastically to pool our plans.

One little incident disturbed me on the night ride to Rivière-du-Loup, but not very seriously. West, from the abundance of his good-nature, insisted that I take the lower berth in the sleeping-car section that we had engaged in advance by telegraph. I tumbled in without loss of time after making a weak protest, for I was tired; but West went back to the smoking compartment, saying he did not feel sleepy. When he got ready to retire, and as he climbed to his berth, the noise awoke me. I had almost dozed off again, when there was a flash within a few inches of my eyes and something dropped to the floor. It was a dagger, long and thin, and so sharp that having struck on its point it stood erect with its "handle toward my hand." West jumped down to recover the weapon, which had evidently slipped from his garments while he was undressing, and I felt his glance sweep across my face as he looked to see if I were awake. I feigned sleep, and after a passing wonder that a man of peaceful disposition should carry a dagger of such unusual and dangerous proportions, I ceased to dissemble and gave up to real unconsciousness, for, as I have said, I was very tired. In the morning the incident had escaped my mind, not to be recalled until under the most alarming circumstances.

If any conditions of nature can peculiarly strengthen a human friendship they will be found on the Saguenay River, where the perpendicular cliffs of granite and syenite tower above you for two thousand feet in awesome grandeur like the threat of a god. Poor mortals feel like huddling together in an impotent attempt to yield each other protection against the solemn majesty of the black river and the gigantic crags. When one emerges from the shadows of Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, and enters into the sunshine and beauties of Grand Bay, it is natural to turn to his fellow-tourists with a new appreciation of companionship, induced by the terrible impressiveness of the solitude of the scenes that have been passed. And so it was that West and I had another bond between us, and we enjoyed the sights of Chicoutimi, Tadousac, and other points along the Saguenay and up to Quebec, in a degree that would have been impossible but for the chance meeting at Moncton.

At the dinner-table in the Château Frontenac we had the company of a distinguished-appearing old gentleman, who chatted pleasantly and gave us much acceptable advice as to what to see and how to go about it. He had been in Quebec for a week and was well posted. West excused himself before dessert to take a smoke on the esplanade, and I promised to join him. I exchanged cards with my new acquaintance over our coffee, and was delighted to find that I had been talking to the eminent Dr. Gillespie, the New York physician, who had attained particular prominence as a specialist in brain diseases. I recalled seeing his name many times in connection with the trials of notorious criminals, and our subsequent chat revealed a mutual friend and the bond of acquaintance was sealed.

"How long have you known Mr. West?" asked the doctor.

I told him in enthusiastic words how short, but how pleasant, had been our friendship, and the doctor smiled significantly. So strange was the expression on his face that I begged him to explain.

"I may be mistaken," he said, "but the conviction is strong in me that the man was once confined in an institution which I visit occasionally."

In a second I thought of all the little odd things that West had done, his occasional moodiness, and most of all, the incident of the dagger.

"If my recollection serves me right," the doctor went on, "he is afflicted with the most dangerous form of insanity—the kind that allows men to seem perfectly sane, yet which makes them doubly desperate and destructive when they are forced to yield to the instigations of their malady."

In spite of my forebodings I repaired to Duffield Terrace, and found West as jolly as ever. His matter-of-fact manner and his clear, sensible remarks disarmed my suspicions. I spoke of Dr. Gillespie, and noted that his face did not change its expression, and that he gave no evidence of having previously met the physician. So in the same friendly style as before we joined in admiration of the architectural beauties of the Château, and went into ecstasies over the view of the old town at our feet, the



TUNIS F. DEAN.

sublime St. Lawrence in the middle ground, and the grand hills back of Lévis, on the opposite bank, in the distance.

For several days we revelled in the medieval-like attractions of Quebec. We dined one day at the little white inn opposite Montmorency Falls; we were moved by a vesper service in the grand Basilica; we visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, and dropped a wreath in fancy upon the graves of the city's heroes.

I confess that I was careful not to be left alone too much with West, and generally arranged to have Dr. Gillespie with us. He watched West intently, and I knew he was studying the case, ready to note the faintest indication of a relapse into the violent stage. I tried to say that I would return to the States without going to Montreal and the Thousand Islands, as I had originally intended, but West reminded me so forcibly of the promises we had made to finish the trip together that I dropped the subject.

Dr. Gillespie had planned to remain in Quebec some time longer, but at my earnest solicitation he agreed to go to Montreal with us. He remarked to me that he rather liked the opportunity to observe the unfortunate man outside the walls of an asylum. It was a great relief to me when the doctor suggested that he and West share the same state-room on the boat. I was growing nervous in the company of West, and shunned him as much as possible. The doctor added fuel to my fears by admitting that he detected in the actions of West signs of a coming explosion. I determined to desert my dangerous companion by getting ashore before him when we reached Montreal.

It was early morning when we approached the wharf, and I was the only passenger ready to leave the boat when the gang-plank was put in place. But there was a delay owing to the captain having received a message from the Company's office ordering that no one be allowed to disembark. Two men came on board and were closeted with the captain. Then I was astonished to receive a summons to present myself at the wheel-house. The captain immediately relieved my first apprehension that I was the victim of mistaken identity, a complication that is more common on the stage than in real life, when he said that I had been travelling with a lunatic whom the men were there to recapture.

I knew West was packing up his traps and I conducted the keepers to his state-room. Feeling full of pity and just a bit guilty, I pushed open the door and pointed to my erstwhile friend.

"That isn't our man," said the first keeper, promptly.

"But here he is," cried the other, and he jumped upon Dr. Gillespie, who had tried to slip out of the door. It took the strength of the four of us to subdue the lunatic and get him into handcuffs.

The man's mania was to fancy himself sane and to fasten a suspicion of insanity upon others. He was a patient of the real Dr. Gillespie, and I learned later that he had wrought confusion and mortification at other times by impersonating the distinguished physician.

I explained it all to West, even to my cold shivers on the sleeping-car, and he received my apologies with his usual generosity and good-nature, pressing upon me, as we parted at Alexandria Bay, a memento of the trip in the shape of a long, thin dagger that he had picked up at some old curiosity-shop.

ROBERT HILLIARD.

THE HUMORS OF A BELGIAN FAIR.

THERE are some droll things done at the annual fairs held in the early autumn in various parts of Belgium, and especially in Brussels. I happened to pass through that city last September when a local *Kermesse*, as it is called, was in progress, and it presented several points of interest, not to say novelty.

I was on my way to England from Spa, one of the few interior watering-places that Belgium possesses, which is much patronized by Royalty, not only for its health-giving ferruginous springs, but for its surrounding enchanting, picturesque sides and drives through leafy lanes that will be pleasantly remembered by all who have ever visited lovely Spa in the spring-time.

As far back as the period of Charles II. this town enjoyed a notable reputation as a fashionable and agreeable health-resort, and it is recorded that the merry monarch of England, the historical "gay dog" of his time, used to spend several weeks here every summer before and after he came to the throne. Ostend-by-the-Sea, in those far-off days, was not a resort, and Baden-Baden was too remote in the old days of the dawdling, rumbling diligence.

The traditions of the pretty little opéra bouffe-looking town have been faithfully maintained by M. Dhainaut, the present director of the *Cercle des Étrangers*, M. Albin Bodu (an old resident of Spa), the Bürgermeister, and other public spirited gentlemen, who not only take a pride in keeping up the prestige of the place, but also in bringing it up to date and keeping abreast of the times by introducing every summer brilliant programmes of entertainments for the incessant amusement of visitors who assemble here from every part of Europe and America.

Spa, too, has the additional attraction of excellent hotels, admirably managed, not too dear, with the pick of Parisian chefs, who wisely take a summer holiday here, combining business with pleasure. French and English gourmets protest that the famous *Hôtel d'Orange* can honestly boast the finest wine-cellars in Europe. I believe it is true.

Belgium has long been distinguished for the number and excellence of its societies, and those devoted to music have often carried its fame over the surrounding frontiers, where, at the many annual *carnavals*, they generally manage to carry off the honors. The precision of the societies during the last National Fête, when cyclists, anglers, archers, gymnasts, and the representatives of all sorts of sport paraded in front of the *Hôtel de Ville*, afforded a fair idea of their numbers and variety. However, apart from the mention of them I do not purpose to touch upon such admirably organized institutions, but to speak of the clubs and societies *pour rire*—and they are legion.

Brussels is particularly noted for the latter, and it is only necessary to take a glance at the *cartels* or sign-boards that do duty for banners in the festival processions, bearing such inscriptions as "The Mouse-hunters," "The Calves' Heads," "The Infatuated Pigs," to at once learn the antic disposition of the members. The Bruxellois has the reputation of being an incorrigible practical joker, and his aptitude in this respect often gets him into hot water with his "country cousins," by whom he is usually feared, and often most heartily detested. But to see him at his best is when he is drawing up the programme for the *kermesse de quartier* (local fair). Over his beloved glass of *juwe*, and in the society of two or three sympathetic jokers, his humorous spirit obtains full play when he introduces into the programme such characteristic "events" as "Cotton-swallowing," "Coffee-drinking," "Eel-biting," and "Grimace-making." I had an opportunity when passing through Brussels of examining one of their programmes, and, despite its failings from an aesthetic point of view, some of its "numbers" possessed the merit of being amusing. The rivals in the cotton-swallowing competitions are generally sweet, tender creatures whose ages may be anything between thirty to eighty. The two opponents are placed several yards apart, each holding an end of the cotton between her teeth, and which, on a signal given, they proceed to shorten by sucking it into their mouths till their noses touch. The cotton is then cut and measured, and the fair competitor who has secured the longest piece is proclaimed the victor. The desperate efforts and contortions of countenance in such a contest can better be imagined than described, and create immense merriment among the spectators.

Another no less original contest is the "Coffee-drinking" competition. This event, like the cotton-sucking, is reserved for the gentler sex, and it is said that some of the females are capable of drinking from twenty to thirty cups of hot coffee, minus sugar or milk, at one sitting. The competitors are recruited from the Whitechapel quarter of the city known as the "Marolles," and prizes varying from a gorgeously-colored bonnet to a baby's feeding-bottle are awarded to the successful competitors. Nor are the men forgotten in these local fêtes, and some of the games set apart for them are often quite as original as the cotton in the mouth; such, for instance, as molasses-dipping, and searching for prizes in the color-boxes. In this latter contest boxes of soot, flour, yellow ochre, and Turkey red are used, prizes being concealed in them. The competitors, blindfolded, are required to dip and withdraw the rewards with their teeth, when, of course, their faces present great grotesque smudges of color and grime.

Another mirth-provoking exercise is the tub-tilting competition, and one that is also popular with the public. A strong cord is stretched across the street and secured on each side, and a large washing-tub suspended from the centre with a ring underneath. The worthy "Chevalier," with sleeves uprolled and lance poised, takes his place in a hand-barrow and rides full tilt at the ring, and he is a lucky man who escapes a copious sousing from the well-filled tub of water to which the ring is attached. There were other attractions at the *Kermesse* in the way of a "Concours de Grimaces," a Baby Show, and a Competition of Beauty.

When I arrived, a large and exceedingly mixed audience of odds and ends of humanity had assembled before the platform on which were seated the competitors for the Grimace contest. None of them would have secured a certificate for personal comeliness. A plainer, not to say uglier, array of awkward-looking men, I think I never gazed upon. Long noses, flat noses, pug noses spread across the face, with squint eyes, blear eyes, flapping ears, and mouths extending from ear to ear. And the winner! It would only have been impossible for him, in the words of Schloss, the famous photographer, "to try and *not* please," to have taken first prize in nine out of ten competitions of the kind. His grins and "mugs" were masterpieces of hideous ugliness. His extraordinary facial contortions would have converted the most determined antagonist to the much-debated Darwinian theory.

One of the fakirs at this fair was a lightning draughtsman and sketcher, who was curiously clever with his bit of charcoal or carbon on a surface of white cardboard. He

skillfully sketched each picture if he could care to, to build a correct representation of one of his noble ancestors. The reply was invariably "Yes," and then with a few rapid strokes, in a short space of time, he produced fantastic figures full of character, writing quaint legends under them, such as "Head of the nymph in jail," or "Hung and quartered during the Wars of the Roses," or *plus autre*. He asked me if I would like to see one of my illustrious ancestors. "Who, exactly?" He imagined I was an Englishman, I suppose, and he produced in about five minutes the funny head that accompanied this article. "What was the date of my ancestor?" I inquired. "About 1522," he replied, and he immediately added, with a twirl of the top lip and a twinkle in his other eye, "but I'm sorry to tell you that he was a bold, bad man and was choked to death with cold traps on a hot Sunday evening, after coming from a *duel à mort* with a long-legged leather-tongue."

I accepted with equanimity these interesting details, and straightway gave my signature to the commanding parsonage of Sir Guy de Montmorency Paulino. I thought I would have a few more odds & ends about it. The fair approved of my selection and sold me the sketch for two francs, of which the picture herewith is a reduced, simplified, and carefully finished copy.

I looked up at the *Ring Show*, where there were a number of fine fat infants, "fatby dayby babies," as Tom Hood called them, and afterward paid a visit to the *Beauty Show*. The competitors at the latter function were mainly country girls from the various provinces of Belgium, with several rustic importations from Holland and Germany. Some of these lasses, despite their dowdy, shabby, and over-accented, home-made costumes, were really quite pretty. The jury's efforts, I observed, were



MY ASTHME.

(Sir Guy de Montmorency Paulino; born 1851; choked with cold traps, December 4, 1876.)

not always appreciated, and some of the decisions at both shows gave cause for vexation and active discontent. The mothers of the overlooked infants were especially demonstrative, and the "beauties" who had been passed over without prizes expressed themselves in explosive terms. But at last all ill-will was drowned in the numerous glasses of sparkling ginger-champagne that reminded me of the "Equinox" article, so popular in America, that comes from Manchester, State of Vermont, that circulated freely on all sides, and the proceedings were brought to a close by an extemporized *bal populaire* on the rough cobble stones of a wide square hard by the site of the fair. Here everybody danced themselves into good-humor and went home disreputably late, quite contented with their jolly day at the *kermesse*.

It is not, however, the Bruxellois alone who amuses himself with eccentric sports and queer games. At Liège the workmen in the iron-factories have substituted a curious pastime for the once popular but cruel sport of cock-fighting, viz., competitions for cock-crowing, at which valuable prizes are contested and abundant speculation takes place. In the Ardennes, too, the same vocal entertainments are given. Rows of cages, each containing a cock, are placed in a garden, with a judge appointed by the organizers, whose duty it is to note down the number of crows made by each bird. The match is of one hour's duration, the winner being the one who has scored the greatest number of crows in the allotted time. The marking of the points is carried out with scrupulous care, and the excitement becomes intense toward the close of the match. A great number of these competitions take place in the Liège district, with considerable sums of money depending on the result. At Rotheau-Rivière no less than fifty-four competitors took part, and at La Neuville and Pouleur the match attracted thirty-two and thirty birds, respectively. In the match at Pouleur one feathered artist scored 134 crows within the hour, while an Italian cock was a good second with 120 crows to his credit. It was noticeable that the best "singers" were birds of English strain, and their value has been much enhanced, it being impossible to obtain one for less than twenty francs.

HOWARD PAUL.

THE "OLD BOWERY"

WHAT a wealth of pleasant recollections rolls in upon the memories of old theatre-goers at the very mention of the "Old Bowery"! White-haired men there are in all parts of the globe, in the mines, in the forum, in legislative halls, and in every walk and pursuit of life, who, upon hearing that name, pause in the midst of life's struggle to revel in happy reminiscence that brings a joy like the strains of distant music. Memory at a bound leaps the gulf of years and seats them once again in the "Old Bowery" pit where, in that other day and time, they gorged themselves with nightly feasts of tragedy, farce, and melodrama, and song, and dance, and jest, for a consideration that at the present day would be considered merely nominal. Critics they were, ay! and good ones, too. Not in the sense of a Crynkle or a Winter, who with keen analytical minds sit in the quietude of their studies and calmly dissect the merits of each aspiring Thespian, but loud, vociferous, and marvellously true. Woe betide the aspirations of the star who met their forcibly expressed disapprobation; yet what music to the ear was the stamping, clapping, shouts, yells, and whistles, ever increasing in force, and only ceasing when the star, with bow and smile, and kisses, repaid their loud-toned expression of approval!

Many an old-timer who kept warm the non-upholstered seats, and in whose veins the warm blood of youth still coursed, sighed at the distress of some special favorite whose mimic portrayal of impending peril and hair-breadth escape had for him a living realism. How his heart sunk within him as in awful tones the villain shouted, "Spurned, and by a woman! Ha! ha! Then die you must and now," and oh! his joy at the fortuitous entrance of the hero, who, drawing a bowie-knife from his dress suit, dodged a shower of bullets, and buried the blade in the "vile carcass" of his rival. Long after midnight would he wend his way homeward, his brain filled with airy visions of knights and ladies, and lords and dukes, and, even when warmly tucked between the sheets, Queen Mab still played her tricks as the mercurial Mercutio hath described it.

The "Old Bowery" was built away back in the year 1823, on land that was formerly part of the Henry Astor estate, he being a brother of John Jacob Astor, the founder of the fame and fortunes of the present family of that name. It was then known as the "Bull's Head Lot." The building was considered a marvel of architectural beauty, and traces of its former splendor are still visible in its imposing columns and massive facade. Its solidity is best evidenced by the fact that although four devastating fires have attacked its walls, they still remain, strong, safe, and reliable.

Its first manager was Charles Gilfert, a French musician, who had formerly led the orchestra in the old Chatham Theatre. Mrs. Charles Gilfert was the first of that galaxy of brilliant, beautiful, and talented actresses whose efforts have done so much to adorn the stage and make pleasant the reading of its history. She is described as

transcendently beautiful, and as rivaling in histrionic ability the justly famed Mrs. Cibber. Whether in tragedy or comedy she was equally acceptable, and from 1823 to 1828 Mrs. Gilfert was the acknowledged queen of the stage in New York City.

Another lady who deserves favorable mention was the wife of George H. Barrett, himself an actor of merit and stage-manager of the theatre. Nature had gifted Mrs. Barrett with great beauty, and she occupied a position on the local stage analogous to that of Mrs. Langtry. Her praises were sung by all the gallants of that age. Her sad ending, alone and unbefriended, years afterward, in Boston, serves as another lesson of the transitory nature of the pride and glory of life.

After the death of Gilfert the management fell into the hands of Hackett and Hamblin. James H. Hackett was the father of the brilliant actor of to-day, who honors in his genius the name and memory of his gifted father. James H. Hackett, the elder, was the original *Rip Van Winkle*, and much of his work is copied by his successors of to-day. He retired from the management

in a short time, leaving the burden to big, capable, and efficient "Tom" Hamblin, spoken of as "the noblest Roman of them all."

He was a tragedian of the first rank, and his magnificent personality, coupled with his great talents, made him the romantic actor of the day. As *Arbaces*, in "The Last Days of Pompeii," I doubt if he has ever been surpassed. One Anderson, an English actor, having made a statement reflecting upon our country, Hamblin, in a spirit of patriotism, changed the name of the theatre and called it the American. The masses, however, had become so accustomed to the old name that they refused to accept any change and it soon resumed its old title.

During Hamblin's management the "Old Bowery" became the *alma mater* of many of the brightest ornaments of the American stage. Louisa H. Medina was engaged as dramatist, and, in quick succession, prepared for the stage such well-known novels as "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Norman Leslie," "Ernest Maltravers," "Zanoni," and a host of others.

Edwin Forrest, then spoken of as a rising young tragedian, although having made his *début* at the Park, really laid the foundation of his future greatness upon the stage at the "Old Bowery." A. A. Adams, who had fair to rival Forrest, commenced his career at the "Old Drury," but the fascination of the wine-cup soon cut off all hope of lasting fame.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to speak at any length of the host of brilliant women who, during Hamblin's time, added new flowers to the wreaths that crown the brows of Melpomene and Thalia. It were vain even to attempt to name them all. A few only must suffice: Caroline Wemyss, Ann Waring, afterward Mrs. J. W. Wallack; Mrs. McClure, Mary Duff, the great Celeste, the incomparable Malibran, Mrs. Shaw, Charlotte Crampton, Matilda Heron, and Charlotte Cushman, artists all, every one of whom earned her niche in the Temple of Fame by beauty, talent, and ability, and not by the artificial embellishments of modes nor the notoriety attendant upon social vagaries.

About the year 1838 Eliza Ann Shaw, wife of Dr. Shaw, arrived from England and opened at the old Park Theatre on Park Row. Her success was instantaneous, and she was spoken of by the critics as a worthy successor to Mrs. Siddons. After the death of Dr. Shaw she became the wife of Hamblin, and for ten years reigned supreme as leading lady in the "Old Bowery." Her voice was of marvellous sweetness, and, combined with a lovely face and perfect form, never failed to thrill the hearts of her listeners. Few women of the stage could boast of more admirers than Mrs. Shaw.

More than passing mention is also due the name and fame of Mary Duff. She was the most admired of the famous Dyke sisters, known in Dublin as the "Three Graces." The poet Thomas Moore was an ardent suitor for her hand, but her heart went out to John Duff, a young actor, then performing at the Theatre Royal,



MRS. J. W. WALLACK.



MATILDA HERON.



BULL'S HEAD TAVERN ON THE SITE OF THE "OLD BOWERY."



MADAME CELESTE.

Dublin, with whom she eloped and came to America. Duff secured an engagement at the Boston Theatre at a small salary, and his young wife, to increase their scant income, accepted an engagement to do general business. Her success was deserved and great. While supporting the elder Booth he is said to have complained :

"Mrs. Duff, you have attracted from me my night's share of the applause."

Horace Greeley has stated that her Lady Macbeth "had never been equalled," and the late John Gilbert asserted that she was without exception the best tragic actress he ever saw. Her late life was a strange contrast to the brilliant triumphs of her early days. After the year 1838 she dropped completely out of the public's eye and nothing more was heard of her until the close of the war, when it was discovered that she had married a Western lawyer, named Seaver, after whose death she lived in seclusion and quietude with her daughter, Mrs. Von Leer, in Brooklyn.

So absolute was her renunciation of the stage that even her grandchildren were ignorant of her early celebrity and fame. In a quiet corner in Greenwood the passing stranger may read the humble inscription : "Here lies Mary Seaver, aged 63." *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

To the names of Forrest, Adams, Hamblin, and Hackett, already mentioned, let me add those of David Ingersoll, Charles R. Thorne, Sr., and J. R. Scott, as further illustrating the brilliant array of talent that made the "Old Bowery" famous. Ingersoll, Thorne, and, I should add, George Jones, were three fine specimens of physical manhood as ever delighted the eyes or sent a flutter to the hearts of the grandmothers of to-day. Had Ingersoll lived in these times, he would have been a prime matinée favorite.

Charles R. Thorne, Jr., inherited many of the gifts of his father, and in later days stood pre-eminent for talent and ability among the artists of the Union Square. Mrs. John Chamberlain, wife of the famed Boniface of Washington, D. C., is a daughter of the elder Thorne, and her remarkable beauty, retained to this day, is but the inherited reflex of the combined physical perfections of her parents. George Jones, known as the "Count Johannes," was in his young days the personification of manly grace.

To have seen him as I have seen him, in the early forties, treading the boards of the "Old Bowery," handsome, dashing, and talented, petted by the daughters of fashion and admired by all, and then to contrast the senile efforts of the chattering old man of recent years, was painful in the extreme. The trouble with poor George was that he forgot the lapse of years; that he still thought himself the *Claude Melnotte* of the past, and in his day-dreams saw again the beauty and wealth of the metropolis vying to catch a glimpse of his handsome face and figure. He deserved a better fate than to have become the butt of an unthinking populace.

After many successes in the legitimate drama Hamblin turned his attention to the presentation of the spectacular and for several years such attractions as "Mazepa," "The Bronze Horse," "Thalala," and "Cherry and Fair Star," held the boards. After the spectacular followed the melodrama, and it is by the latter class of productions that the "Old Bowery" is the best known. It has been called the home of melodrama. In quick succession the old walls rang with the echoes of "Nick of the Woods," "Wizard of the Wave," "The Flying Dutchman," "Der Freischütz," and many

ELIZA A. SHAW.

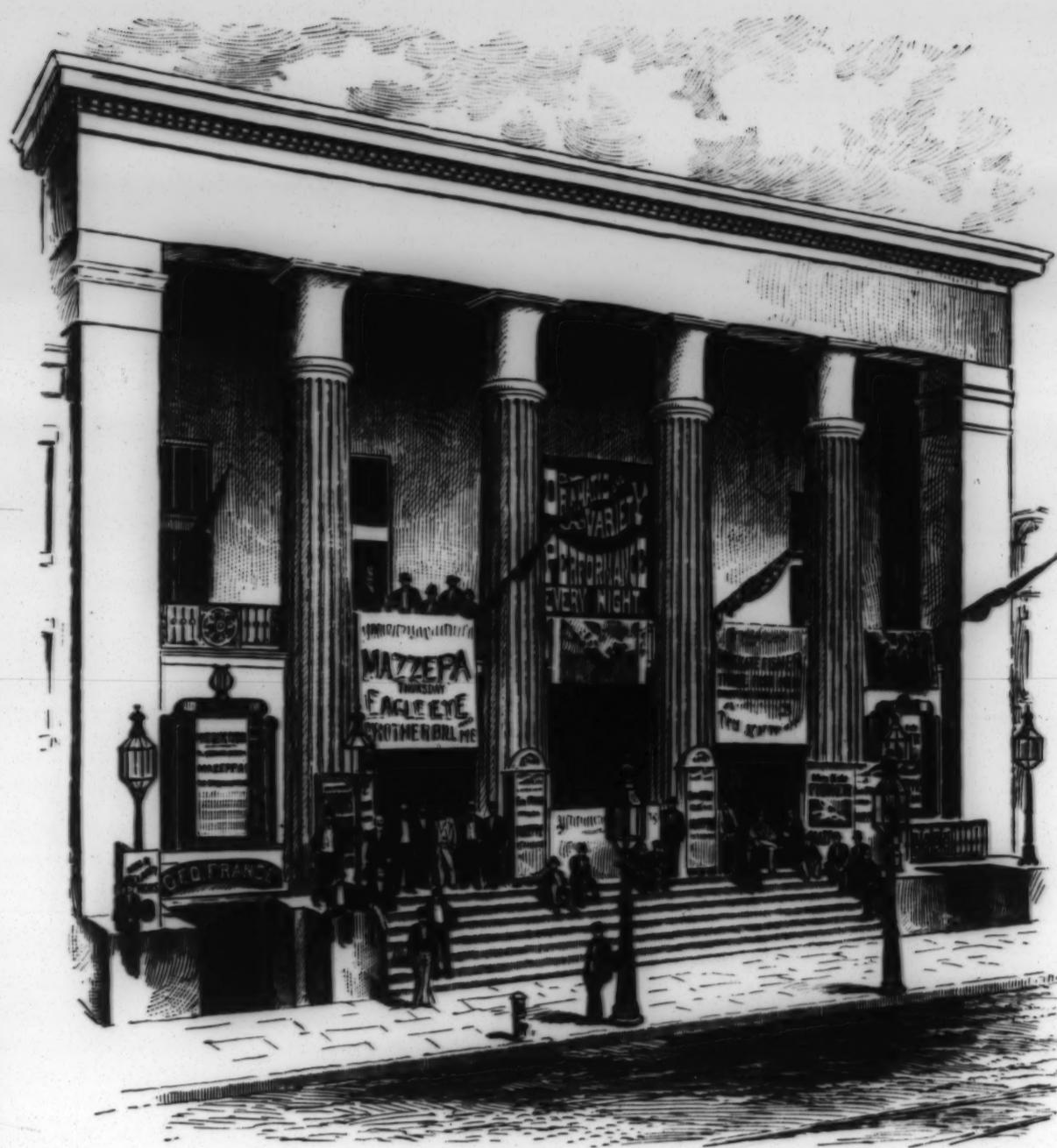
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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.



MATILDA HERON.



THE BOWERY THEATRE IN 1872.

others, the glories of whose thrilling and blood-curdling incidents are still fresh in the minds of old theatre-goers.

Upon the death of Hamblin in 1845, the management was taken up by A. W. Jackson, known by reason of his swarthy appearance as "Black Jack," who kept up the traditions of the old house. John R. Scott, already mentioned, became the leading tragedian. Scott, the romantic! Scott, the robustious! "J. R." as the boys in the gallery hailed him! How the memory of his triumphs flashes upon me as I write! He was the only American tragedian to whom the people of England first accorded a hearing. Forrest was denied their approval, because he dimmed the lustre of their idol, Macready, and even Edwin Booth failed to win their applause until Henry Irving threw the weight of his friendship in his favor.

Charlotte Cushman, by sheer strength of her great genius, forced England's acknowledgment of her merit, and Davenport, after long and earnest effort, and after separating from Mrs. Mowatt, scored a success where failure seemed inevitable. Davenport was a great "all-around" actor and general good fellow. His engagement at the "Old Bowery" was singular. He was to play juvenile business, but made his greatest successes in comedy. It made no difference to "Ned" whether it was high or low, neat or dialect, his clear ringing voice heard before an entrance would set the boys wild. As *The Yankee Captain* in the "Iron Son of '76," he created a furore, developing new points of merit nightly. His rendition of the line : "Rats, come out of your hole!" is indelibly stamped in the minds of all who heard him.

Another great favorite in the early forties was Barney Williams. Between the years 1844 and 1849 appeared Edward Eddy, one of the best of leading men; Billy O'Neil, the first song-and-dance man of his day; and on one occasion was seen "Daddy," better known as "Jim Crow" Rice, who, after making a fortune abroad, passed his last



CHARLES R. THORNE, SR.

days in poverty. Other sterling actors and actresses during Jackson's management were Stevens, Lessingwell, John Reed, "Ned" Lamb, George Milner, "Billy" Vache,

JOHN R. SCOTT.

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Mrs. Herring, "Bill" Gates, Young Chanfrau, Mrs. Phillips, Mary Ann Lee, Gertrude Dawes, and "Bob" Johnson, many of whose names are unknown to the playgoers of this generation.

Upon the death of Manager Purdy of the National Theatre, George L. Fox severed his connection with the Chatham Street house, and, in company with J. W. Lingard, leased the New Bowery, then located on the



E. L. DAVENPORT.



GEORGE L. FOX.

working company, no one of whom was engaged for one particular line, but each capable of "playing many parts." His first company included the following well-known names: Joseph E. Nagle, Welsh Edwards, John Nunan, George C. Boniface, C. K. Fox, William Stanton, Maurice Pike, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Fanny Herring, Kate Fisher, the great manager himself, and the humble author of this sketch, some of whom are still living, and all of whom are known to the present generation.

Ah! those were the days of hard work, with comparatively small remuneration for the disciples of the drama. Three and four different plays in one night, and the programme changing nightly; new parts to be studied, and old ones to be rehearsed, with changes of "make-up" and costumes that would reflect credit on the lightning-change artists of this day. A return to the "palmy" days would scarcely be relished by the well-groomed and richly millined sons and daughters of the dramatic art, whose greatest labor to-day consists of the incessant repeating of the same lines incidental to a "one hundred nights' run."

The art of criticism has much improved, and methods of advertising changed greatly in favor of the actor of to-day. I have seen as fine pieces of acting by Young Wallack, as *King of the Commons*, in "The Man of the Iron Mask"; by Ned Davenport as *William*, in "Black-Eyed Susan"; by Mrs. Shaw as *Imogene*, or as *Constance*, and by George L. Fox, as *Jacques Sstrap*, receive but passing comment in the papers of that day, although equaling, and I say it by way of praise, and not of de-



GEORGE JONES.

famed thoroughfare between Canal and Hester Streets. Their management of this house lasted about two years. Fox surrounded himself with what might be called a great



J. E. NAGLE.

preception, the meritorious work of Wilton Lackey as *Svengali*, in praise of which whole columns of the dramatic and daily papers were filled.

George L. Fox himself was a man of peculiar temperament. Strong in his likes and dislikes, the first impression of him was, as a rule, repellent. I remember well the occasion of my first speaking-acquaintance with him. The advent of the matinée had reached the old Broadway Theatre where I was playing, but not the Old Chatham. Fox, with some others, attended the matinée. It so happened that I was cast for *Dick Turpin* in "Rookwood," doing the riding and acting in conjunction with a light comedy part, which suited Fox's ideas for membership in his proposed working company. After the performance he offered to engage me, but his repellent manner made me waver, until the inducement of higher pay overcame my personal dislike. I remained with him for ten years, and learned to appreciate the many good qualities that lay hidden beneath his unattractive manner. He was wonderfully funny even in his most serious parts. His facial expression was marvellous, and its capability for creating laughter illimitable. In most productions I was cast as his antithesis, with every opportunity of observing his remarkable impersonations. His death scene in "Jacques Sstrap," after revelling for an hour in the mirth and laughter which his genius created, was most startling in its reality and contrast. Night after night, dozens of carriages lined the curb in front of the "Old Bowery," carrying members of the then "Four Hundred" to witness his wonderful mimicry.

Year after year pantomime held her sway, each production surpassing the former in originality of trick and scenic display. "Sinbad the Sailor," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," "Jack and Gill," "The Seven Dwarfs," "Aladdin," "Mother Goose," and others, were the vehicles employed by



FANNY HERRING.

Fox for the carrying of a marvellous pantomimic genius that has never since been equalled. On a recent visit to Boston I strolled out to Mount Auburn Cemetery, and,

BOWERY

THEATRE

FERDINAND W. HOFFLE, LESSEE and MANAGER

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1879
GRAND GALA NIGHT!
Last Night of the Old Drury!

A GRAND
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO
FERDINAND W.
HOFFLE
A HOST OF VOLUNTEERS!

Among which will be found names of OLD FAVORITES, viz:
Master N. S. Wood, Miss Rachel Denvil,
Mr. H. T. Stetson, Frank Drew, W. T. Stephens,
Miss Minnie Oscar Gray, Mr. J. J. McCloskey,
Mr. Thomas Leigh, Messrs. Curran & Rice,
Miss Ettie Lyons, and many others.

Mr. Hoffle on closing the season, returns his sincere thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him during his management of the Bowery Theatre, and trusts the Bill offered on this occasion, together with his endeavors to enter for their amusement, will meet their kind patronage and support.

TO COMMENCE WITH THE FIRST ACT OF THE
BOY DETECTIVE!

Master N. S. WOOD!

MESSRS. CURRAN & RICE

SAVED FROM THE STORM

THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS!

MR. TELL

MISS TELL

MR. TELL

MISS TELL

standing over the ashes of him that was, I thought of Hamlet's lines: "Where be your jibes, now? your jests and flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?"

C. K. Fox was a good actor, but the light of his genius was dimmed by the more powerful rays of his distinguished brother. Welsh Edwards is well known to the



CHARLES R. THORNE, JR.



GEORGE C. BONIFACE.

modern theatre-goer, as is the versatile, brilliant, and ever-young Fanny Herring. I have seen Fanny play "Leah," "The French Spy," and "Sally Scraggs," all in one night, and in each acquit herself in a manner that brought down thunders of applause. With a petite figure, marvellous taste in dress, and a fire and dash peculiarly her own, she has ever been a great favorite with all patrons of the drama. Her versatility is inherited from her mother, who, in Hamlin's time, whether as *Lady Macbeth*, or as *Lisette*, in "A Swiss Cottage," commanded equal applause.

The saturnine John Nunn, little Billy Stanton, the harlequin; Rachel Denvil, Louisa Eldridge, and George C. Boniface, all deserve honorable mention for conscientious and competent work. Handsome Tom Keene, since Booth's death America's foremost tragedian; William Whally, now dead, and Charles Thorne, Jr., mentioned above, all laid the foundation of their subsequent success in the "Old Bowery."



KATE FISHER.



MRS. W. G. JONES.

Before closing this article I desire to pay a merited tribute of respect to the genius, character, and virtue of one whose loveliness, affability, and artistic grace stamp her as best beloved of her time. I allude to Mrs. W. G. Jones. Whether viewed as wife, mother, or actress, she was ever true to the duties of each sphere. She was beloved by her associates, honored by her friends, and adored even by the street urchins, whose "Hello, Mrs. Jones!" was ever repaid with a smile and a coin. When the old stock companies were abandoned she was eagerly sought after, and her fame as an actress is as great to-day as when she played as child-actress, until she reached the position of leading lady for thirty years in the "Old Bowery."

And now I will drop the curtain upon the scenes conjured up by the recollection of the events and people that form the subject of this article—many of them necessarily sad, many reminiscent of the glories and triumphs of the past. If these lines



GEORGE THOMPSON.



W. J. THOMPSON.

serve to refresh and keep alive in memory the glories of the old Temple of Thespis my task is not without reward. If any old-time devotee of the "Old Bowery," in the personnel of this article, has forgotten the burden of years, to live again for a brief period in the pleasures and joys of his youth, then "not in vain I wore my sandal shoon and scallop shell."

Let the curtain fall.

J. J. McCLOSKEY.

A FEW "EVERLASTING VERITIES."

CERTAIN things are "eternal verities." They are the true things that will be true forever and forever. The Theatre has its traditions, its myths, its proverbs—mostly rubbish. The Theatre has also its eternal verities—things that will abide. It was once a tradition that the actor must never turn his back upon the audience. We know now that this is a foolishness. We wonder that any actor ever thought it wisdom till we learn its natural history.

"The play is the thing" sounds commonplace, yet it is an everlasting verity, and it will forever be the truth that the play is the only excuse for the Theatre and the actor. Without the play the actor must be idle, unheard, unknown, and the Theatre would not be built.

"The Theatre is a place of amusement." This is only a half truth, because, while it seems true now, it was not at one time true, and may not be precisely true to-day, as a long-suffering public is sometimes inclined to think. Not all plays amuse. Some inspire, uplift, instruct in all good things. Some show forth knowledge (of the human heart) to the ends of the earth. It could be expressed better by saying that the Theatre is a place of combined art, instruction, entertainment, and recreation. It is not true that the Theatre is a place of amusement and nothing else. The reported sayings of sundry theatrical persons only prove the ignorance behind the lack of observation that inspires them. These sayings are somewhat as follows: "The public wants to be amused." "Write your play to the laughing limit." "Do anything, say anything on the stage that will raise a laugh." A great play like "Secret Service," that is only amusing at intervals, appears, and in the light of its success we see these things are only half truths.

The eternal verity of this matter is that the Theatre is a place of recreation. It recreates. We go to the Theatre for recreation, refreshment for mind and heart, to be interested in something other than ourselves. We are tired, worried, vexed perhaps with ourselves and the world. We want to see something different from the everlasting grind, injustice, strife, selfishness and greed of the world, or our own unhappy lives. We want to see another life, imaginary perhaps, yet a life where justice is done, love is rewarded, and happiness is the end of labor. A good play recreates by taking us out of ourselves, by stirring the heart to new sympathy, by inspiring us to renewed courage, confidence, and faith in ourselves and humanity. Amusement recreates. Certainly it does. Pure fun is tonic. Laughter is sane and sanitary. But to think that laughter is the end and all, that amusement will do everything, is a mistake. It does not and cannot recreate, refresh, and benefit, because amusement is only half of recreation. We may feel better for seeing a funny play. If all plays were just funny and nothing more the theatres would soon close their doors.

It has been said that certain plays were "constructed for laughing purposes only." There seems to be some uncertainty as to what these words mean. This is, however, a detail. What is intended to be said (it may be supposed) is that certain plays are simply funny, and that they are, for this reason, good and desirable plays, and worthy of general patronage. This assumption, that because a play is funny, therefore, it must be a good play to see, is wholly unwarranted and displays a curious ignorance of human nature. To say that any play will make you laugh and will produce no other effect is not true. Every play makes an impression—good or bad. The people who come out of a theatre are never the same people who enter it. They are better or worse, wiser, happier, more cheerful, more human, or they are something less, something lower and poorer in spirit than before. This is the everlasting verity of the drama—that he who sees and hears can never again be the same.

The play is the greatest object-lesson ever invented. The actor, whether he know it or not, is teacher, guide, inspirer, example—for good or for ill—according to his lines and his reading of them. No actor or author can escape responsibility by saying that he is acting or writing for "laughing purposes only." Just as the "book of jokes" on the news-stand is rated by all as the very lowest form of printed matter and, as literature, unworthy of contempt, so the merely funny play is the lowest form of theatrical production. Such plays draw large houses—the joke-book has its sale.

The eternal verity of this matter lies in this: The play that recreates and amuses in the best sense is the play that combines everything. It may, and should be funny, but its fun is sane, pure, sweet, and without malice, thinking no evil. The best play is the play that is inspired with a sweet reasonableness. It amuses, but it is never heartless. It gives a chance for everything, for all the arts, scenic, dramatic; it welcomes literature, music, painting; it is touched with pathos, wit, sense, humor, and, above all, it is human.

CHARLES BARNARD.

MELPOMENE.

EACTING mistress, who will brook no sign
Of superficial feeling in the heart;
Who lives to demonstrate the gifts divine
By which she rules as empress of her art.

Spent with the loss of energy outpoured,
With quickened pulse and agitated breath;
She stands a figure gaunt and pale, adored,
With every wooing overture, of Death.

Pathetic, fragile, haggard, yet what power
Lies locked within her breast and what surprise:
An art unfolding like a perfect flower—
Supplied with dew from our o'erwhelmed eyes.

LEON MEAD.

LEADING LADY: "As the company disbands next week, let's make up our quarrel and part friends."

Soubrette: "Very well, I'll make up for the part."



CORSE PAYTON.



THE ROMANCE OF THE MASK OF ROSCIUS.

NOW it happened, one day, when Sylla was master of Rome and Roscius an actor therein, a torn and meagre fellow came to Sylla and said :

"Pray, dictator, hear me declaim, for some say I act as well as does Roscius, upon whom Rome heaps such favors."

But Sylla scoffed him off and called him presumptuous and over-reaching, and had him driven from the place as being of too boastful and vaunting a spirit.

For Sylla said :

"Who can act as Roscius acts !"

* * * * *

Now it occurred that a sixth month went, the third day of the Saturnalia came, and young Cesar, but just created Edile, had judged this day for the greatest feast of sports that Rome had ever known. He sent for Phaedrus, the Epicurean ; Philo, the Academic ; Diodotus, the Stoic ; and Milo, the Rhodian, the flower of philosophy and oration. He showed three hundred pairs of gladiators, and men of iron, descendants of Lycurgus, who threw oves in the air as men did Olympic quoits, and felled them with the fist, and all of these Cesar displayed to the people upon that third day of the Saturnalia, and this magnificence was to buy him Rome.

And all the while Sylla frowned in silence, for he saw young Cesar buying Rome. But though Cesar chose many different orators and athletes and gladiators, he chose to appear but a single actor—Rome's favorite—Roscius.

Forsooth, that third day of the Saturnalia was merry with magnificence, and one that Rome never forgot. The people came from far and wide ; from Athens and Rhodes and Sicily, and filled the place to overflowing, and they wore their gayest colors and applauded Cesar for the kingly show, while Sylla behind his purple frowned.

And each who showed surpassed in greatness the one who had shown before him until the people's blood ran riot with enjoyment—until it came to Roscius's turn, and then the people's spirit bounded even higher. For they said :

"Roscius will surely act greater than he ever has ; and great Roscius, greater than himself, will be greater than all."

And the people clamored for Roscius.

Now upon this day, while Roscius and his servant were wending their way to the amphitheatre, the servant bearing the masks and costumes, they both were waylaid in a lonely spot, and tied, hand, foot, and mouth, and hidden a great distance from the thoroughfare, while masks and costumes were pillaged from the bundle.

But more of this anon.

Now, when Roscius appeared before the expectant multitude, one mighty roar of greeting followed, and great was the cheering done by the people that day. They cheered the well-known mask, the well-known robe, the well-known strut, and, lastly, they cheered because they had always cheered Roscius.

But when Roscius declaimed and paused, they cheered again, and this time much louder, for each one said unto his neighbor :

"Roscius was never so great as he is to-day," and "Roscius to-day is greater even than Roscius," or "Roscius was great to-day, divine."

Or said other things such as these.

But there was stupendous surprise when suddenly there bounded before them another Roscius—another man, in all manner alike to the one upon the platform. And the second man rushed upon the first ; there was an encounter until Sylla cried :

"Hold. What means this, thou intruder ?"

The intruder answered :

"I am Roscius, dictator ; this other an impostor."

"Take off thy mask and let me see thy visage," cried Sylla.

The intruder did so, but in the mêlée the mask had scratched, so that blood now disfigured his face beyond recognition.

Then the dictator said to the other :

"Take thou off now thy mask."

And the other did. But with him, too, the mask had torn his face and covered it with blood.

And these strange facts caused unbounded wonder to the dictator and Cesar and the people, and they looked perplexed, one at the other.

"There is yet an easy way to decide it all," said Sylla. He called to the intruder (who in reality was Roscius himself). "Repeat thou these words to me."

And he shouted across the arena the last exhortation of Epaminondas to the Sacred Battalion.

And Roscius repeated them after him.

Then Sylla said to the other (who was none other than the impostor) :

"Repeat thou these words after me ;" and the impostor did so, and in such a fine and fiery manner that the people shouted with the wonder of it.

"It is all plain," said the dictator. "Thou art Roscius," and he pointed to the impostor ; and "Thou art the impostor," and he pointed to Roscius. And the people shouted approbation at the dictator's wisdom, and the dictator cried to the lictors, "Crown him with ivy," and he pointed to the impostor. "And as for that fellow, give him a hundred lashes for presuming to usurp the place of Roscius," and he pointed to Roscius.

Now the impostor felt sore at heart and his soul smote him when he saw the great Roscius led off to be castigated for being himself, even while the lictors were placing the victor's sprigs upon his forehead and the saffron-clad maidens strewed the Olympic roses at his feet. He saw the castigator raise his whip to strike, but before it fell



JOHN F. WARD.

he had bounded across and torn it from the lictor's grasp. Then he sped all the way over the arena to where the purple robes of Sylla swept the dust, and said to Sylla:

"I am the impostor, Sylla, and the other is Roscius."

And he tore from his brows the sprays of green and threw them at Roscius's feet, and placing the thong again in the lictor's hand, laid bare his shoulders.

* * * * *

There followed great murmurs of stricken wonder from the people but none shouted for condemnation—nay, many women clad in gayest colors leaned far over past their neighbors to look at the man, and some said "Brave fellow," and others "Yea, he is not Roscius but is again as comely;" and others again held their breath and looked at the dictator, wondering how dear the bold impudence of the man would cost.

And Sylla said, quietly:

"If thou art not Roscius, who then art thou?"

The impostor said:

"I am but a poor unknown speaker of lines, my lord. I have travelled in the smaller places and journeyed into a new town each day. And I have suffered hardships, my lord. Wherever I appeared, the people scoffed at me because I was not Roscius; and some days, oh, master, I went without food because my name was not that of Roscius, and the scribes adjudged me wrongly because my name was not that of Roscius."

"And above all, my lord, I am the man whom thou didst scourge from thy presence this day six months ago."

A deep flush overspread the face of Sylla. He leaned far over the rail and gave into the impostor's hands his own signet ring which would open to him the house of every Roman in the land.

And the people shouted praises to Sylla for the act.

* * * * *

Upon this occasion Sylla and Cæsar agreed for the first and only time upon anything in the whole course of their lives. For Cæsar said:

"This is a very strange world, is it not, Sylla?"

And Sylla said "Yes," thereto.

Then Sylla said:

"This is not the only time that men have judged by names."

And Cæsar said "No," thereto.

But all this happened in the olden times—long ago—when the world was young, so it might possibly not interest you; but somehow—some people persist in thinking that the world is just the same as it ever was, and the only difference between some and others—to be a mask and a name.

SAMUEL FREEDMAN.

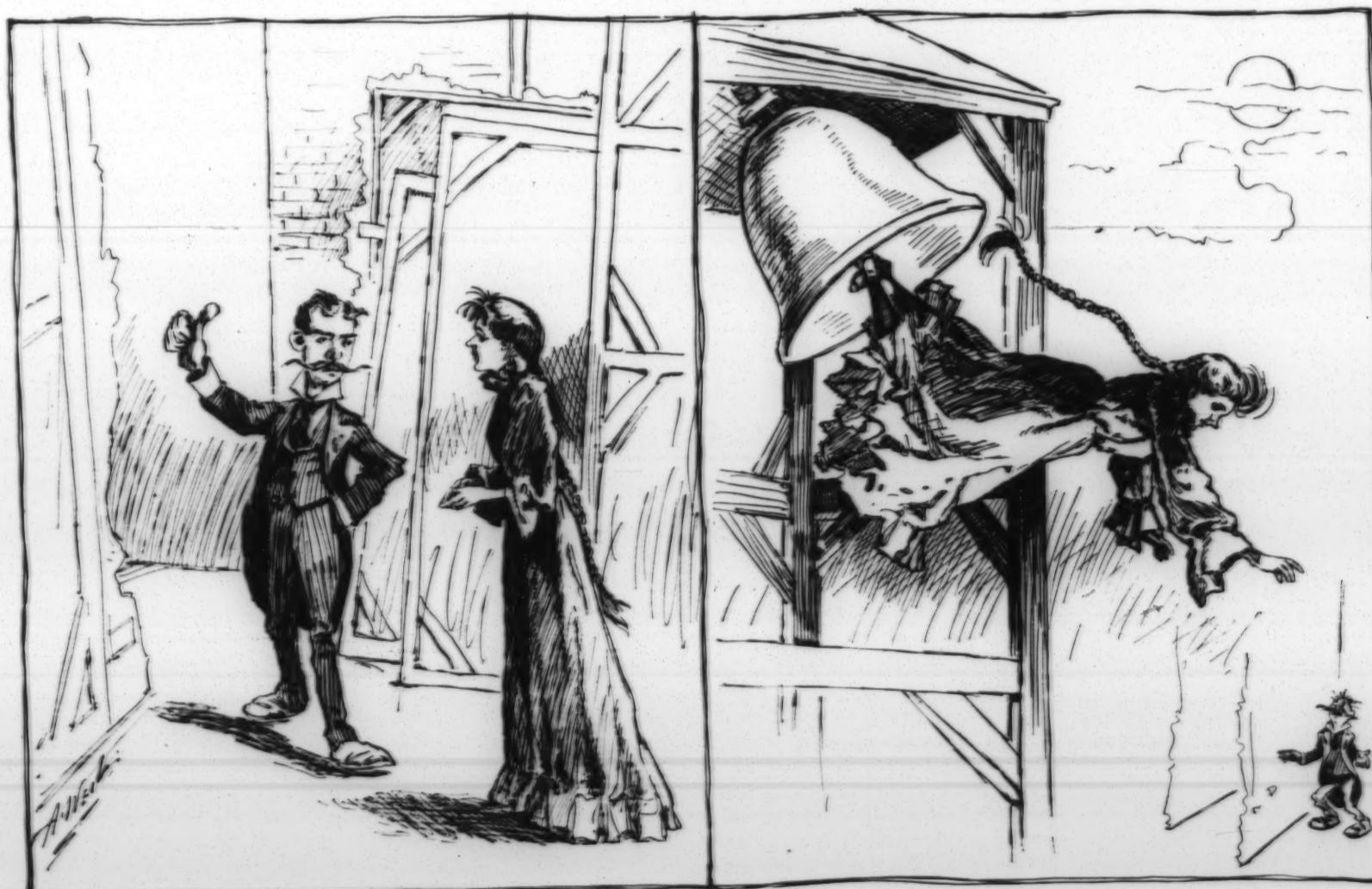
OVERDONE.

LEXINGTON: "And so you don't think Stageleigh's work as the villain is a rare piece of acting?"

McCOMMICK: "No, I don't see how it could be rare after the roasting the press has given it."



JAMES O'NEILL AS HAMLET.



SHE DID IT.

MANAGER SOCKEM: "DON'T FORGET TO WORK UP THE BELLY SCENE—EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THAT."

MISS HALENHARTY: "NEVER FEAR, I'LL KILL THEM!"

MISS HALENHARTY: "I DIDN'T SPEND TEN YEARS IN THE CIRCUS BUSINESS FOR NOTHING!"



MY DEAR CHUM:

This is farewell. Do not let it shock you, but try to look upon it, as I do, as best. You will never know the agony that has brought me to taking this step. I have suffered, Jack, until I can endure no more. To-night the last little straw of hope has been taken from me and I have determined to make an end of it.

It is not necessary to go over all of the details or relate each of the minute circumstances that now arrange themselves so vividly before me and seem linked together in a conspiracy to overwhelm me, but I desire that you should understand me, and that if I have appeared unreasonable, ungenerous, or unkind, what I say now and the knowledge of my anguish may plead with you for my forgiveness. The loss of fortune I do not count as much. That of itself were something easily borne. But it is the loss of an ideal, the hopelessness of a love upon which I had staked all, the added despair of a fruitless ambition and the gradual estrangement of your long friendship

which have driven me to the verge of insanity, and I confess that my nature is too weak to contend longer against such adversities. But I would not have you blame Valerie or think that I chide you. You have acted as you thought my friend should act. What you did was, I know, prompted only by your love for me, and, as for her, though she is lost to me, I have nothing but that reverential passion—you may call it madness—that I have always had. I want you to remember this always.

To-night I have been thinking of Paris, Jack, when you and I were there together. I was thinking of that night at the Opera when you had left me and I had gone out on the balcony in the warm summer night to watch the lights of the cabs crawling up and down the avenue like a swarm of uncertain fire-flies. You know how I loved that scene—

was it fatality? I could see it all again, Jack, and I could hear her voice just behind me as I heard its music for the first time that night that now seems so unutterably long ago. And again as then I turned and our eyes met, my heart filled in an instant with high hopes and my soul trembling with an ecstasy I had read of but never dreamed to experience. Just that one swift glance, but I knew that I would not be forgotten.

You remember how I waited for her on the steps and my chagrin when I lost her in the crowd. You lent yourself to the game willingly then; you thought it a mere romance, a meaningless escapade. You could not guess until afterward the emotion, the lasting and paramount desire, that had been so suddenly bred in me. Was it unreal, was it fancied, think you? Can you not recall my wretched restlessness as we went from city to city and my disappointment that I did not find her there? And at last when I saw her in the hotel at Venice, and spoke to her, and she answered as one who had expected me while you stood by in wonder? Are such things mere imagination or fantasies of a controllable desire? Are they not, rather, the evidences of those exterior forces which unquestionably influence and draw us away and beyond ourselves? Even now in the face of all that it has cost me and in the knowledge of what I am about to do I declare to you that the happiest memories I still cherish are of those brief hours of day-dreaming in Venice when Valerie and I built futures on our hopes and gave to each other those deep vows that either make or unmake a soul. I tell you these things, Jack, that you may see how absolutely impossible it was from the first that I should relinquish her. I had met what I believe a man seldom meets—his ideal.

You know how a wandering illness had already consumed my slender patrimony. Even then, when poverty put her from me for a time, what I most regretted was that my vagabond life had made me unworthy of her. I was mad enough then, when I had nothing else, to offer what was already hers, my heart. That she, less blind to circumstance than I, pointed out the impossibility of our immediate union was but right. It was, as she said, for the present hopeless. I could see that, unreasonable as I was, but you, who knew only the result, laughed at me for having been a dupe, and declared that she cared for the money I was supposed to have and not for me. That I spoke angrily, forgive me. It was all that I could do in her name. That I forbade you to mention her again was best, Jack. You can realize that now. It was not churlishness; you did not know her story. It was a miserable, pitiful affair. I tell it to you now so that when you write to her of me you will be moved by the pity of it and forbear to chide.

The old man, Mr. Elverson, with whom she was travelling, was not her uncle, as she called him, but a self-constituted guardian. Her mother had been a danseuse in the chorus. This mother was beautiful and attracted the usual admiration that is bestowed on women in her position. But she held herself above suspicion, and that too though married to a drunken brute who made life a hell for her. The first years of Valerie's existence were passed in a wretchedness so great that even as she told me of it, she shuddered and seemed afraid. She was twelve years old when her father died, and it was then that she knew the first happy day of her whole tragic little life. It was at this time that Mr. Elverson met her mother. He fell in love with her and would have married her, but his family—he is highly connected in England—prevented him. When



they learned of his intention they had him placed in a private asylum, with a jailer to watch over him. He was finally released by feigning to have abandoned his infatuation. He went at once to Paris, where he found Valerie's mother a hopeless invalid. The wrong that his love had caused her had wrecked her health beyond recovery. She was dying they said, when he had come, but his presence cheered her and gave her hope. For the year that she lingered on he did all that was in his power to make her happy. His family had given him a stipulated annual income, barely sufficient for his own wants, and beyond that he could not go. Yet when Valerie's mother died he undertook the care of her child. He placed Valerie in a convent, and when her studies were finished took her with him to the Continent. He had done all this from his slender means out of his love for her unhappy mother. It was a devotion worthy the name of love. He had done all that he could, but even then their lot was not happy; wherever he might go he would meet with some one who knew but half his story—the slandering, gossiping half that mankind so greedily keeps and leaves the other, the true. This gossip of the dead mother would fasten itself upon the daughter and give the scandal-mongers, knowing the lack of relationship between the two, the food they wished. Her protector placed the case fairly before her and bade her decide. Poor, storm-tossed Valerie! even this poor haven was begrimed her. But there was no place else to go; no one upon whom she had any claim. There was no choice but to brave rumor and await her fate.

She told me these things when she told me that she loved me. She told it me of her own free will. I did not ask her, for I, like you, had heard nothing of these slanders. My heart bled in pity, and I would have stopped her in the telling of it, but she must go on to the end. There was this need of it, she said, that if ever she became my wife there would be many ready to prompt distrust, and that now I would know it all in time to go back. Go back! If there had been ten worlds to cry out with open mouths against her I should have acted as I did then. There was no other course possible for me. Her history, what others might say of her, her mother's pitiful story, weighed as nothing against the knowledge that the woman I adored returned my love. Immediate marriage was out of the question. She had nothing but what the small income of her guardian afforded. I was little better than a beggar. She would have bound herself to me by a formal engagement, but I would not let her. I wanted her to feel that she was free. I knew that I had no right to link her fate with my uncertain chances. I forbade her to write to me, even. That is her history, Jack. What followed you know. You know well with what zeal I set to work. You know how I lived; I cursed my spendthrift soul and bridled it. And you remember my wild joy at the first little flutter of success. I heard from her then—the only time—in answer to my letter filled with a fool's hopefulness. She replied that then or after I would find her ready. But it was only a dreamer's folly. I had mistaken for success the shadow of it. The tide turned in the other direction, and my misery, the more poignant that I had believed my hopes near realization, grew with every dismal day that seemed to put her farther and farther from me. I wrote to her confessing my defeat and asking her to forget me. It was about this time that Valerie's guardian died and she went upon the stage. With her first success you can remember the half-veiled slurs that went the rounds. You sneered, Jack; Heaven forgive you! You did not understand. But I knowing her poor history saw what they meant. It was the old world flinging some of its filth at purity. They are quiescent enough now that she has become great; they discovered that they could not smirch her with their lies and are willing now to follow fawning. She took to the stage because it was her only resource. She had thought to depend on me, I suppose, and I had proved a failure. I have not heard from her since she started the struggle for herself, nor have I reason to complain. She did as I had asked her. No, I have proved incapable, unworthy—that is all there is to it. Even she cannot heap any greater blame upon me than I do upon myself. I am at the end of the lane now, there is no other turning. All my worthless life I have done nothing. If my pen and brains cannot gain me a place in the world nothing can, and I ought in justice to step down and out. I have more education than most men; that is my sole plea, and it has enabled me to accomplish nothing. No, Jack, I have thought the matter out from every standpoint and it is simply and absolutely hopeless. There is not a single glimmer of encouragement left.

And with all this come thoughts of Valerie that drive me beyond myself. Why has she not disregarded my fool's pride and written? Perhaps she too has abandoned me, like all else. God grant that she has, but the thought kills me. With her success she has the choosing of many, and the idea that some one, worthier than I, has my place has tortured me until I can stand no more. I can think of nothing but the worst. The little straw to which I have clung has been the story that I sent in competition for the Authors' Prize. Slight as the chance was it is that which has kept me from taking this step before. This afternoon I met Hamilton, one of the judges, and he told me that the decision had been made and that it had gone to someone nobody had ever heard of before. He laughed at me, and when I reached my room the tension broke.

This is the end. I cannot even write to her. When you write speak kindly of me, Jack. Tell her I died loving her. And forgive me if I have seemed harsh. You will



ANNE SUTHERLAND.

understand it all now. Good-by. God bless you. Keep the matter as quiet as you can. I have no one you need write to. Don't tell the newspaper boys. Or, if you must, ask them for old friendship's sake to deal gently. I won't let them know about her. Heaven keep you, my chum. Remember me. Perhaps we shall meet again. Good-by, good-by.

MERRILL MCNEIL.

* * * * *

The door of the room opens softly and a young man enters, his face beaming with a suppressed joy. He sees the figure of his friend seated at the table, his head resting heavily upon the folded arms and in one hand a pen, held from falling by the open inkstand. The visitor makes a gesture of silence to some one outside the door, then approaches the recumbent figure cautiously.

"Poor old devil, he's been pretty hard hit lately," he muses half aloud; then placing his hand on the other's shoulder, he calls, "Mac! Mac!" loudly. The man at the table leaps to his feet with a cry and gazes about him bewilderedly.

"Look!" cries his friend, thrusting forth a paper. "You've won the prize, old man; and, listen, Howe, the critic, says, 'A Lost Illusion' is a work of genius. With one stroke it places a new name in the foremost—"

"Jack, is it you—is it you?" the man gasps, passing his hand stupidly over his eyes and staggering toward his friend. "Is it really you, Jack?"

"Why, of course it is, old fellow. What's the matter with you? Can't you believe it? Is it too good to be true? Well, here's the best of it, Mac; Valerie's in town. She got in to-day from London and she wants to see you. I hope you'll forgive me for what I said. I didn't know, and besides I was a—"

"My letter—where's my letter? What has become of it?" cries McNeil, suddenly springing toward the table. He picks up an open sheet of paper and stares at it, dazed and uncomprehending.

It is blank.

"Please, may I come in?" pleads a voice at the door. McNeil has his eyes still fastened upon the piece of paper in his hand when a young woman enters.

"Why, Merrill, aren't you glad to see me?" she says, looking to where he stands. Again McNeil closes his eyes and presses his hand hard against the eyeballs. Then he



THE WHITNEY OPERA COMPANY IN "BRIAN BORU."

walks unsteadily toward the girl, stretching his hand before him gropingly, as if he fears to find a phantom.

"Val, dear Val, is it really you?" She takes the outstretched hand.

"Yes, I came because—she stops and smiles, "because I couldn't wait any longer, Merrill. I met Mr. Rudd and—why, what is it, Merrill?" Tears are streaming down his face; consciousness has come back to him at last.

"Oh! nothing," he says, brushing the tears back. "I've just had such a horrible—he looks at the blank page, still doubtfully—"horrible dream. I dreamed I had cut with you and Jack," he shudders and draws her closer to him; "and—and oh, Val, it was awful!" he sobs, smiling down into her wondering eyes.

WM. RICHARD HEREFORD.

A FEW HEAD-NOTES.

"**A**LL the world's a stage," but there are different opinions as to the best way of reaching the "flies."

Nature requires such a large mirror that few are able to hold it up properly.

The more you know the more you know you don't know.

If you have the reputation of being an early riser you may sleep all day.

Do not worship too fervently at the shrine of your own abilities lest you become lonesome in a congregation of one.

The most erudite and experienced man will know more to-morrow than he does to-day.

The longest head has the shortest tongue; but the bell that's cracked is never rung!

Small words are the more effective, as a pinch is keener than a squeeze.

"Ignorance is bliss," as was candle-light before gaslight was known: Not forgetting the X rays.

The brain is the parliament of the soul, which is the government of the body.

When temper mounts the throne judgment suffers banishment.

Coolness is to judgment what judgment is to progress.

Strong drink is an anarchist to mental government.

That which we wish for most when gained becomes an index finger that points to something more, the desire for which continues our discontent.

As a rule the present has to become a past before its value is realized.

Often a weak man can give strong counsel, and vice versa.

What is a sage? A fool that is aware of the fact. What is a fool? A sage that isn't.

JOHN D. GILBERT.

AN ACTOR'S REVERIE.



LONDON, 1830.

On bread and cheese he dines to-night
At Burton's Inn—a meagre bite;
But fancy makes the smoke-stained walls
Expand to lofty London halls.
He treads in pride the mimic stage.
In love and hate; in joy and rage;

He hears the music and the calls,
The plaudits from the pit and stalls;
With smiling eyes he looks where Fame
Waits with a laurel and a name,—
For Youth and Hope make fancy bright,
On bread and cheese he dines to-night!



STUDIES BY DOROTHY USSER.

"His First Show."

OF THE FUTILITY OF PHILOSOPHY.

A VERY clever, highly intellectual man, after varied but exciting sentimental experiences, resolved to renounce all the temptations of new friendships and affections and devote the rest of life to a contemplative study of the joys and the sorrows the follies, and the weaknesses of humanity.

He thought that he had reached that comfortable phase of life in which the part of a spectator seems more satisfactory than the part of an actor. But though his nature was self-restrained, concentrated even, his mind analytical, his feeling more emotional than sentimental, he did not escape the lot apportioned to human beings—that of making a complete, absolute, and undeniable fool of himself. He believed that he was the victim of a great passion (such an idea often comes to men at forty). His philosophy deserted him; his analytical mind refused to analyze; his self-restraint left him in the lurch, and his painfully and slowly acquired skepticism regarding humanity at large, and women in particular, forsook him. He endowed his goddess with all the virtues, talents, and beauty she did not possess, and he dreamed happily over the sublime future in store for them.

From these blissful reveries he was roused one day by the announcement that his idol had run away with somebody—a fellow no one knew. Even then his philosophy did not come to his aid, and his sense of mortification was painfully enhanced by the conviction that had he declared himself she would not have wrecked her whole future. And when, later in life, addicted more and more to solemn introspections upon the grim ironies of Fate, his illusions regarding the fair one were not shaken by her conduct, which even the most lenient could neither excuse nor explain. He still firmly believed that she had been, or would have been, or could have been, everything that was most admirable in woman.

As age began to make itself felt, the philosophy which he cherished so in the past seemed to him more of a folly than his folly had been, and he died with the belief that it is better to give than to receive; that false hopes are better than no hopes; that wrong faith is better than no faith.

In his will he remembered her—the woman who had destroyed his faith, yet gave him new faith; who crushed his philosophy and gave him instead—illusions, life's greatest gift.

ALICE KAUSER.

DEEP SEATED.

"I HAVE been trying to convince Oppenheimer that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays."

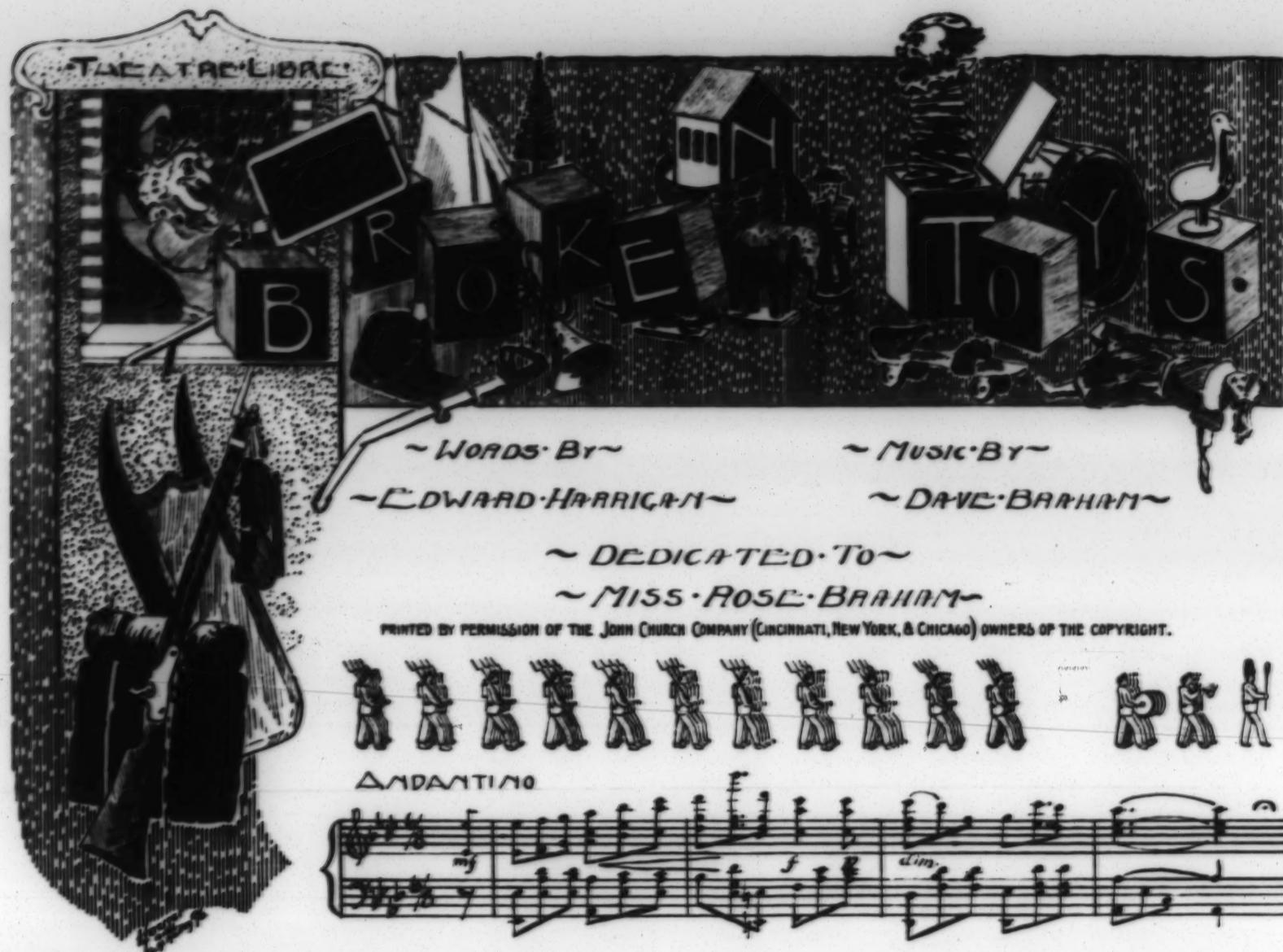
"And you weren't successful?"

"No; he seems to have a prejudice against Bacon."

CURED.

FIRST ACTOR: "I'm glad to say I've cured myself of that vile smoking habit."

SECOND ACTOR: "Then we can now regard you as a smoke-cured ham."



~ WORDS BY ~
~ EDWARD HARRIGAN ~

~ MUSIC BY ~
~ DAVE BRAHAM ~

~ DEDICATED TO ~
~ MISS ROSE BRAHAM ~

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'Twas
Last Christ-mas and grand-pa sat in his old chair ob serv-ing his grand-child al play-The
night as you slept my sweet ba-by so fair while dream-ing of dear Christ-mas day- You

night and the morn-ing of life was seen there to-gether the gold and the grey ~ His
mur-mered the name of old Dan-ta Claus there then si-lent-ly I stole a-way ~ You

mf. Thoughts they were cast far open-ed your eyes this down through the past So bur-den-ed with sorrows & joys The
m. agitato m. joys Oh

lit-tle child's tears they brought back his lost years She wept o'er her poor broken Toys ~ The
come to me darling and be of good cheer don't weep o'er your poor broken Toys ~ The



3.

As thoughts as he gazed at the sweet little child,
So sad on this bright Christmas day.
The tear is the suitor so gentle and mild,
Of laughter so hearty and gay.
They will never part, both spring from the heart,
They're lovers in sorrows and joys.
The grave's a relief from this life oh so brief,
That's burdened with poor broken toys.

4.

The flowers that bloom in the light of the Sun,
Bedecking old nature's green brest,
Sweet gems of the maker whose work's never done,
E'en after we're all laid at rest.
Such beautiful things to mankind he brings,
All pointing to future great joys,
With faith in the Lord, we shall reap our reward,
If our hopes are but poor broken toys.

THE GHOST AT CHUGLEY'S.

A BLIZZARD.

A cheerless and storm-foreboding a Christmas Eve as anybody might wish to shelter from.

A pair of Agency horses drawing two men on a heavy sled have pulled wearily and slowly up Benteen's Hill and stalled hopelessly near the top, unable to drag their load farther through the soggy snow which is above their knees. A sage-brush prairie lies on two sides, over which a fierce, sleeteting blizzard is driving savagely at the rate of forty miles an hour, and this at four o'clock in the leaden grayness of a fast fading Oregon daylight.

"The jig's up, Major!" the driver cries as he throws his reins over the panting horses and jumps into the snow. "We'll hev to roost here or strike for Chugley's."

The man addressed as Major asks through the thick folds of his face mufflings, "How far?"

"Mile'n a quarter, mebbe. Nobody's livin' thar, but that's good liver if we kin make it. A man wor killed thar."

"Place haunted, eh?" the Major asks.

"Dunno, but folks hereabouts don't worry much ter monkey round thar, all the same."

"One ghost at Chugley's is better than two here in this blizzard, Hank; so we'll face the spook as the least of the two evils."

"Lie out quick then; we ain't got any too much time to fool with."

The horses are unhitched, the sled turned upside down, the Major—a tall man of about sixty—is made to mount Blooche, an old Indian campaigner, while Punch, packed with movables, pricks up his ears, whinnies, and starts off with a lead that pulls Hank Stigers, a young giant from Missouri, nearly off his feet.

"Durn my skin, if that ar cayuse don't know whar he's a-goin' to," Hank shouts to his companion. "He's Injun all over."

And so they move on slowly, Punch never deviating from an arrow's line to a clump of willows in the Creek bottom. And in the intervals of weird, mad roar and shriek and howl of hurricane, blinding sleet beat, and deadening chill, Hank finds time between bursts of rude song and admonitions to Blooche to "Git out of that, you!" to call out in his cheery confidence-giving tones, "Hold yerself together, Major. We'll make Chugley's or bust."

To all things there comes an end. As the day dies out in its wretchedness of storm beat, Hank halts in the loneliest, narrowest bend of the wilderness of lane known as Stinking Water Canyon, giving an exultant Indian whoop loud enough to wake the dead Piutes in their old hunting-grounds; and, indeed, so it might, if they were not such sound sleepers.

A rough boarded wickup, roofed with willows, prairie-grass, and mud, built under an overhanging rock in a canyon scarcely a hundred yards wide, with high perpendicular bluffs on either side, through which runs tortuously the creek known euphoniously as Stinking Water, meshed thickly with brush and willows; the home of the beaver and the haunt of the coyote; an ideal alleyway of Nature in its wildest garb, into which a man at desperate odds with the world might crawl and die without one poor regret at leaving it.

That is Chugley's!

Having taken proprietary possession of Chugley's, Hank is worth looking at as he bustles about—a gigantic young person of intense general utility and unbounded resources. There never was such a wonderful young giant; but he is from Missouri, and, as everybody knows, Missouri is hard to beat when you come to giants.

To pile up a blazing fire, to unpack and feed the horses, to lay out their scanty supply of supper, to dive into mysterious recesses and emerge triumphantly with arms full of the Chugley crockery, to shout cowboy songs, to whistle cowboy tunes and fire off cowboy jokes for the Major to laugh at—all this with the magic of a trick pantomime, so quickly is the tomb-like loneliness of deserted Chugley's made to glow with the fireside welcome of a far Western home in the wilderness.

As the Major draws in the grateful warmth to his chilled body, he finds time to look about him. On the walls are some cheap chromos: a dead Cesar, one of Landseer's deer, a pencil copy of the "Laocoön," and the "Madonna and Child" are among them. Books, too. What? does the ghost who hangs up the "Madonna and Child" and the "Laocoön" find inclination to read? If the Major was surprised

before, he falls headlong into a fog-bank of astonishment now. Froissart, Plutarch's "Lives," Longfellow, the "Iliad," Shakespeare well thumbed, and a dozen or so of playbooks. No name of ownership on any one.

A trapper of Stinking Water Canyon fighting with old blind Homer the mythical heroics of bulky Achilles and the Olympian gods!

Absorbed in thought of this strangeness, the Major sits by the fire staring vacantly at the million sparks flying upward. The reverie carries him far from the trapper's cabin, unfolding as it seems a page of life not pleasant to remember. For all this, the red glow of the blazing wood plays cheerfully over all there, but mostly so over the Major as he sits with his hands folded over his eyes, looking back with saddened thought on a blurred page of the past that, do what he may, he cannot blot out nor turn down.

"Wake snakes!" Hank cries; "Muck-a-muck's ready."

As the old man rises slowly, Hank could swear that he sees something glistening inside his spectacles.

When the meal has been disposed of, the Major suggests that they take a look at the night outside. The blizzard has worn itself out and the sleet has stopped flying.



PAPINTA.



MAY VOKES.

"It'll be as bright as a dollar afore sun-up," Hank says, looking upward with his weather eye. "The wind's chopped round."

Pipes are lighted, the Major sitting thoughtful in the chimney corner, while the Missourian sprawls his huge length on his blanket on the rude boarded floor—a young giant in repose, framed in gray clouds of tobacco-smoke floating in an aureole of fireside brightness.

HANK TELLS OF WHAT HE HEARN TELL.

"But what about the ghost, Hank?"

"I don't know nothin', Major, 'ceptin' what I hearn tell. It ain't sich an all-fired good ghost story, nuther."

"Perhaps the ghost might like to hear it."

"Listeners don't never hear no good of themselves, they say. This yeer one won't, that's dead mortal certain."

"Let us fill our pipes, Hank, and start fair. Now, then, bring on your ghost. I am curious."

"Well, then, Major, the first as wor knowed of Chugley in this section, he puts up this yeer shack and sets in trappin'. It wor allowed he war a Yank. After a while he war missing, an' then he comes back an' that war a gal along."

"His wife?"

"Twarn't nobody's call to ask. A tot of a thing, they sed as seen her, no bigger'n a minnit; skeery at strangers as a prairie dog, an' just as pritty as a box of peaches. That's how folks pictur Mary Chugley. Well, soon that come along a little un' an' it died."

"Poor little mother!"

"Yes, it went mighty hard with both of 'em, an' Chugley buried it out by them that rocks yender, and kivered the grave with bowlders, so's the durned coyotes shouldn't get at it. It a'most killed the gal, an' it got talked round that Dan Chugley would soon hev to cache his mite of a wife under them big bowlders alongside the child. But he didn't! She pulled through." Hank pauses here to take a good long inquiring stare at the fire and continues, "I kinder guess the great Master took pity on her, 'cos she was such a tot of a thing, eh, Major?"

"For His own good reason, Hank."

"Then that chanced along a ornary, low-down cuss, a-callin' hisself Smith; a squaw man from the Vallerstun, some of 'em sed, an' he helped Chugley trap. Well, the Boise stage was held up, an' then the Baker stage war corralled for a big stake, an' most everybody war suspishioned. Well, what does that ar ornary, low-down cuss, Smith, do, but turn sneak, and tells whar they'll find the empty Adams box an' loose papers, an' that Chugley was the man as did it. Down comes the sheriff, an' sure enuff, he finds the box an' things cached just as that wolf sed."

"I'll not believe it," the Major broke out hotly. "The idea of a man who reads the 'Iliad,' and has graced his rude home with Raphael's 'Madonna and Child,' being a common stage-robber! It was not to be thought of for a moment. The lying scoundrel! Go on, Hank."

"Well, some tuk stock in the cuss, Smith, an' more didn't; but anyhow, that

wus the Adams box, you couldn't rub that out; an' everybody felt worried about the gal, for yer see, Major, that wor an' app'intment for another little un."

"Poor woman!"

"Yes, it war rough all round, an' when they tuk her man off, she swonned dead away; an' when she comed to—"Hank stared at the fire, repeating slowly and reverently—"an' when she comed to, that ar app'intment hed bin key'."

"Dead?" the Major asks in a whisper.

"People allowed as it better hed bin. Then she pulled up stakes an' went to whar he was."

"How did the trial result?"

"Ten year."

"Ten years! And the man innocent? Had he no witnesses?"

"One, only one—the little wife. She wus with Chugley all them days, she sed, when them stages wor stopped, but the lawyers allowed as she couldn't speak no how, 'cos she wus Chugley's wife. Then she bruk away through that crowd clar to the judge, a-prayin' him an' the jury on her knees, for the good Lord's sake, not to let them swar away his life, but to let her clar him, 'cos she knowed he war innocent; and they must hear her. She warn't Dan Chugley's wife, she sed. Indeed, an' indeed, she warn't—she war only his child's mother. An' then she fell forrad an' that war a yell in cote."

Hank has to sit bolt upright this time to stare at the fire, and the Major tries to hide himself behind a red silk handkerchief.

"Then Chugley, he puts in his say. 'Don't believe her, yer Honor,' he says; 'she is my wife, my lawful, churched wife.' An' then he holds his arms out an' calls 'Mary!' an' she runs to him with that ar new babbly, an' she puts the kid in his arms, an' her arms round Chugley, an' Chugley, he kisses her an' looks as proud of her as ef she'd be a bin a queen on a throne."

"A throne be —— blest, Hank! She is a queen—an empress among the noblest."

"Well, that wus a hoorayin' an' a screechin' in that cote, and the judge, he didn't look to stop it, for folks knowed as one o' em hed bin lyin'; the little wife to save Chugley, or Chugley to save her an' the child from shame afore the world."

"The lie was white, Hank, whichever told it."

"Yes, I reckon it won't count much agin either of 'em up thar, Major. But anyhow, they giv' him ten year, an' it wus a lettin' him down easy, the judge sed. Yer see, the Adams people hed lost consid'able by the holdups, and they had to put the screws down on the first man nipped. It war just Chugley's luck. But that's wuss a comin', Major."

"Worse? Impossible, Hank, impossible!"

"When Chugley went up to the pen, the little wife comes back to sell what little truck they hed, and she finds that ornary, low-down cuss, Smith, a squattin' right here an' a-lettin' on to own the hull outfit. Well, that same day a little woman with a child in her arms staggers into Reeves's an hour by sun, an' allows ef they've a mind to send somebody up to Chugley's, they'll find a dead man thar. 'He took a holt of me,' she says, 'an' not a livin' soul nigher than yeer, ten miles away, as I knowed of;'



WALTER PERKINS.



AT HOME.



HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

AS FALSTAFF.

an' I felt his hot, tiger breath in my face'—them's her words, Major—'his hot, tiger breath, an' thar war his knife in his belt, an' my hand felt it, as God is my judge, without my seein' of it, an' then when he put his arm round me,' she says, 'then I didn't know no more, till I seed him a-lyin' on the ground a-beggin' of me for water, water, 'cos he was dyin'.'

"Brave girl! Oh, brave little wife!"

The Major glares at the ground as if that ornary cuss, Smith, were lying there, where Mary Chugley had stabbed him down to save her honor and her life.

"Did the villain die?"

"When the justis come, there warn't no Smith. It wor allowed he'd dragged hisself up among the rocks yender, an' the coyotes hed got him. Them cusses kin smell carryun a mile off."

The young giant spits savagely at the fire, as if to cleanse his mouth of Smith and his low-down cussedness from that time on for evermore.

"She never set foot here agin. She allowed the house was harnted with bad luck to her and hern."

"Where is she now?"

"Up in Portland, an' the Guv'nor swars ef he don't pardon Chugley mighty soon, he'll hev to give up his place or go plum crazy. She's harntin' his life out fer a pardon."

"I was never so interested in any story of suffering and wrong," the Major says, as he winds his watch. "I declare it's nearly twelve."

They look out. The heavens are glittering with myriads of stars, and the moon in the fulness of its glory is flooding the canyon in wondrous depths of blue. The snow, already firm under foot, crunches with a pleasant crispness and sparkles under heaven's lamps with the lustre of untold diamonds.

"Hank, what do you think the little wife is doing at this moment?"

"Dreaming of Chugley."

"Yes, for dreamland is heaven's rest for the sorrowing and poor. I wonder what dreamland has in store for me? Do you know, Hank, I shouldn't be surprised if I were to dream about the poor little wife. Good-night!"

As the Major turns into one of the two bunks, Hank throws on a couple of jumper knees, takes a mighty "night-cap" befitting a giant, from a surreptitious black bottle drawn from his buffalo robe, hangs a blanket before the old man's bunk that the firelight may not play on the sleeper's eyes, and then rolls himself in his blanket, covering his head and with his feet bared to the scorching heat.

The moon and the stars are going out to other worlds, to welcome with all their glory Christ's day of tidings of love and great joy, and when the sun rises no man can know what the blessed will bring to him of joy or sorrow.

GHOSTS.

Darkness is still on the canyon, as Hank Stigers turns heavily, it having come to him hazily that a fresh chunk on the fire might add to the comfort of Chugley's

boarders. What he sees when he opens his eyes slowly causes him to open them wider in surprise, and keep them open.

Hank has never had a speaking acquaintance with ghosts, but he has known men who would think no more of meeting ghosts than of eating four square meals a day; and then of others who, having inaugurated cemeteries of their own, had also generously furnished the ghosts to start them in business.

A ghost is sitting in the rocker by the fire, in a free-and-easy, meditative way, but not at all like a ghost with a grievance; an article which ghosts generally carry about with them as stock in trade. The ghost of that low-down cuss, Smith, popularly supposed to be loafing about Chugley's, comes to him quickly as a thought, but it is as quickly rejected. This ghost looks pale, as pre-eminently proper in an orthodox ghost, but he is not at all low-down looking, and that is directly opposed to any possible affinity with Smith.

About thirty, six feet high, lithe and muscular, with fair hair cut short almost to a crop, blue eyes, gentle of bearing in his repose, but with an expression at times, as Hank notices, that might cause most men to hesitate before rashly quarrelling with the owner.

The ghost rises leisurely, goes to the table, and seeing Hank's bottle, pours sparingly from it into a tea-cup. This fleshly performance so commends itself to the approval of the young giant from Missouri that he immediately says, in a low tone:

"Drink hearty, pard. How?"

The ghost turns and smiles pleasantly, and says "How!" too. "Sorry to have disturbed you," and drinks.

"Ain't disturbed me none, but ef it arn't puttin' you out o' the way much, I'll jine you. Pass the pizen." Hank has given up the idea of his visitor being a ghost by this time. "Talk a little lower, pard," Hank says admonishingly, "thar's an old gentleman in that thar bunk, an' he wants all the sleep he can get."

"Certainly! Of course!"

"When did you git in?" Hank asks.

"Half an hour ago. How did you find things? In fairly good order?"

"Jist about as yer sees 'em."

The big Missourian rather wonders at the inquiry, and wonders more as the stranger takes an old German pipe from a drawer, fills it, lights it, and sits with the old free-and-easy swing of the leg over the arm of the chair to smoke in restfulness and peace.

"Yer seems to know the ropes," Hank remarks. "Make yerself at home, don't yer?"

"Generally do when I'm there."

The young giant's eyes fly open with a snap, wider than ever, as he sits up and leans forward. "Stranger, my name's Stigers; what's yours?"

"Chugley!"

If any young giant from anywhere was ever lifted clean out of his boots, profanely so to speak of a giant, it is this one. Brought face to face with Smith's ghost would not have astonished Hank half as much.

"Say it agin."

Chugley points warningly toward the bunk.
 "Bruk out?" in a confidence whisper.
 "No!" Chugley smiles.
 "Pardoned, then?"
 "Not pardoned!"
 "Well, how in thunderation did yer git yer?"
 "Discharged! Innocent!"
 Hank springs to his feet, gripping the other man's hand.
 "By Christopher! I knowed it in my bones. And the little wife, and the kid?" Chugley's hand closed strongly on the other's grip for grip.
 "That ornary, low-down cuss, Smith?"
 "Hush! Leave the dead alone. The devil's got his own."
 "Thar's a man in thar," Hank says, pointing to the Major's bunk, "as is dead gone on yer an' the wife, and—well, when he knows as yer out, there won't be no holdin' of him."
 "Do I know him?"
 "No. He's a tenderfoot. Down yer on some special Agency biz."
 "Singular! a stranger interested in me and mine," Chugley muses.
 "Dan Chugley, I'm so durned glad to see yer out." Chugley's finger is lifted warningly as he looks at the bunk. "Well, I can't help it; by Judas! I've got to go out and yell!"

And he does. Yells, because Chugley isn't a ghost, and additionally as a tiger, because that low-down Smith is.

Left to himself Chugley thinks of the stranger so interested in him and his belongings. The man is sleeping. He would like to see what manner of man he looks like.

What is it that sends Chugley staggering back from the bunk in which the old Major is sleeping—staggering back, glaring and ghastly, as if he had come suddenly on a corpse? The ashy gray of the prison is still on his face, and with this new dread upon him, death will not know him more colorless when it strikes him down.

He stands dazed. It may be a resemblance-only. The fire is dying down. He will look again. Yes, it is the man. Changed! Furrows and lines that were not in the face in the past. Looking lingeringly, muttering something that sounds like a prayer, Chugley sweeps his hand quickly across his eyes and goes out, looking backward from the door—looking back, knowing his heart to be full of the old love, full of forgiveness of a by-gone, hasty, cruel wrong.

Near the door he meets the Missourian, who has yelled to his full contentment, and is now bubbling over with a boisterous humor.

"Come with me," Chugley says, hurriedly.
 "What's up, pard? What's yer voice? An' yer trembles as ef ye'd seen Smith's ghost. Hev yer?"

"Come with me."
 With a greater wonderment on him than ever, a wonderment that kills all humor in the man, to say nothing of the giant, Hank finds himself striding quickly up the canyon, gripped fast by the arm by Chugley.

THE LITTLE WIFE.

When the Major wakes, the sun being up, he gets up too. Not hearing anything of Hank inside, he goes outside and shouts. Meeting with no response he goes back and boils some coffee. He becomes aware of the presence of bread, and fried pork, and hard-boiled eggs, and a Winchester rifle, and more blankets and other



LILLIAN LAWRENCE.

things not there last night, all of them springing up, as it were, through a stage-trap in a pantomime.

Stinking Water Canyon is a conundrum. The Major gives it up by wandering off quietly all by himself into another fog of surprise and getting comfortably lost.

When the Major has breakfasted generously on the pork and things that have come up through the trap in the night, still there is no Hank visible. Then he discovers that the horses are absent, too. That solves the conundrum. Punch and Blooche have slipped their halters, broken away and gone back to the Agency, and Hank is out hunting for them. An invaluable giant, that. He will soon be back.

The weather is as bright and health-giving as ever shone from a winter's-day heaven. Such a warmth of sunshine warms the old man's heart, that he declares that he has not felt so light and cheery of spirit, no, not for many a long day. And so he sits by the glow of the log fire, and gives himself pleasantly to the goodly company of Chugley's little library.

Whether it is the effects of the blizzard, or that Plutarch's fine old Romans have staled in their interest, or that the Major has succumbed to the general laziness of Indian land—one or all—he dozes.

* * * * *

"Will you please move a little, sir, that my child may be nearer to the fire?"

The Major starts from his nap to see a young woman standing by him with a child in her arms.

"Bless me! Certainly. A child, too! How very cold you must be."

He presses her down gently in the chair he has vacated. A child's twinkling eyes are peeping out from the blanket at him.

"Have you travelled far?" the Major asks.

"Only from the Agency to-day."

Only twelve miles, over the snow, through the solitude, with the mercury at fifteen below zero—as if a city woman would say, "Only round the corner."

"Are you going much farther?"

"Are we going farther, darling?" kissing the child. "No, sir, we stop here."

"Oh, pardon me!" exclaims the Major, awkwardly. "I thought they called this place Chugley's."

"I am Mary Chugley."

The little wife; the tot no bigger than a minute, with the low whispering voice, and as pretty as a box of peaches—they are all there. The likeness is faithful, the old man thinks as he contemplates mother and child. Out of her senses the little woman knows all this, unseen of him, and slowly he comes out of this new fog of pleasant bewilderment and says:

"And you are the wife of Daniel Chugley?"

"Yes!" with a great flash of pride in her eyes, and a bright flush over her face and neck.

The Major, thinking of the trial, takes her hand and presses it gently.

"I have heard of you."

"Most people have round here, sir."

She is holding the child to the warmth, thawing out such chill as may have crept through the thick wrappings.



HENRY MILLER.

"A noble little fellow—your eyes."

"Oh, no ; he is all father," she says, proudly.

The Major holds out his hands invitingly, but the child hangs back as children will from strangers.

"Would you like to hold him on your knee?" she asks, with an eager look.

"Don't be frightened, darling ; the gentleman loves little children."

"Mine are no longer little, as you may suppose."

"How many in your family?" calmly, as with a woman's gossip.

"There were two." He pauses as his head falls slowly forward and rests as if lovingly on that of the child. "There is but one."

"Dead—the other?"

She goes behind his chair waiting for his answer. It comes slowly, like a wail of despair from a single mourner at a new-made grave. Nothing in the human voice could have sounded more sadly.

"There—is—but—one!"

"I am very sorry to have pained you," she says, going to him quickly and grasping his hand nervously.

"Pride—pride and mad anger! The clash of pride and obstinacy against young manhood. The anger was all mine, all mine, and I drove him from me ; shut my heart against him. The folly of a fool ending in life-long regrets and misery, as it always does and will."

Mary Chugley watches him as he nestles the child's head in the hollow of his shoulder on the heart side, stooping to kiss him, and holding his watch to the boy's listening ear.

"I thought you were near him?" he asks, hesitatingly, after a pause.

"I was," she replies ; "but something has happened."

"If for his good and yours, I shall be very glad."

"Glad for strangers ; why should you be?"

She feels the strong pressure of his hand on her own. In some hands there are hearts ; in most there are only bones—we have all felt the bones. She turns aside to force back the tears that are pressing on her like a flood.

"What is your name, my little man?" The child prattles something unintelligibly. "What does he say? Ah, George! A good old name! I hope he will live to be worthy of his mother, and of his father, too."

"Then you do not believe? You have heard?"

"Believe! Nonsense, my dear. Impossible!"

"Let me thank you for that. May I?"

He looks up inquiringly, as she bends over him and touches his forehead with her lips.

"You are nervous, my child. But no wonder with what you have gone through."

"I have felt such keen misery," she says, "that I am weak. I am not used to hearing kind words, and you have spoken so very kindly."

"And so your name is George, eh?" He tosses the child up to hide the strong feeling welling up in his own eyes. "It is my name, too."

"Yes? It is his father's also."



ALBERT HART.



KYRLE MacCURDY.

"I thought his name was Daniel?"

"George first ; then—" she pauses. "Daniel is assumed."

"George first, then—and Daniel is assumed," he mutters.

He does not look at her, and she stands near him like a marble figure, motionless, waiting for the question which she knows will follow.

"He has a middle name, then—your husband? What is it?"

"Warner."

The same expression as seen on Chugley's face, as he staggered back from the sleeping man behind the blanket. The same look. The same man, but older.

The slight little figure sinks slowly by his knee, never taking her watching, frightened eyes from him, but laying both her hands in his in loving gentleness, even as a suppliant angel might, pleading before the throne.

"Father!"

The old man's head falls slowly forward on her neck, and through the choking sobs he presses her to him; hungry for the love he had lost, and has so strangely found, their hearts rush together flood-full.

A man's face is at the window. The door is opened, but not so quietly that she does not hear his footfall on the threshold. Leading him noiselessly to where the old man is, his head bowed in greater sorrow now for his boy in felon stripes, she lays their hands together and leaves them so—leaves them alone together that none may know their greeting. Never once looking back, the little wife passes out into the glory of the sunshine, her soul filled with an infinite thankfulness and joy.

With reference to that low-down Smith! His bones were not picked by the coyotes, as would have been altogether improper. Perhaps he was even too low down for even the coyotes to care for. Removing to the Yellowstone country when his wound had healed, it occurred that he unfortunately collided with the pistol of an intimate friend, who objected with his methods of arithmetic in the matter of a division of the hold-ups. Smith concluded to make a clean breast of it and confess all about Chugley's arrest and conviction on his lying charges. It was the only clean thing he was ever known to be guilty of in all his wretched life ; and after sending word to Mary Chugley that he did it for her sake, and that he hoped she'd forgive, and that she did just what she should have done to him, the ornary low-down Smith left for parts unknown and the earth was cleaner for his going.

This being duly conveyed to the Governor, Chugley was promptly pardoned and the unseemly ignominy of an official resignation of the gubernatorial chair thereby happily made unnecessary.

It may also be told how Chugley, on striding quickly up the canyon with Hank Stigers, told the young giant as much as was necessary for him to know about the man sleeping behind the blanket ; how they took the horses and upturned the sled, and went back to the Agency for the little wife, as fast as Blooche and Punch could draw them over the hard-packed snow. And it was remarked after, that those cayuses never went better—went, in fact, as if they knew what they were going to the Agency for, and were willing to do their level best, there and back, for everybody concerned—themselves included, of course—as parts of the general happiness.



KATHERINE MAC NEILL.

As all are sitting by the fire at night, all except the young giant from Missouri, who prefers to lie on the ground where there is "more room to reach out," as he says, the Major, with the child sleeping on his heart, is sitting between Chugley and the little wife, each with a hand in his, and the aureole of the firelight, and a great happiness is over all.

"Major," Hank asks, "what's yer private 'pinion 'bout blizzards?"
"Favorable, Hank; for that of yesterday brought me to Chugley's."

"An' as ter ghosts now? How do yer allow fur ghosts?"

Ali laugh heartily at this, for the ghostly story of the blizzards forcing them to shelter at Chugley's has been told. And the little wife says, with a daughter's tenderness, that brings tears of thankfulness again to the Major's eyes—again for times unnumbered:

"There shall no more ghosts enter your life, if you will take into your heart your son's little soubrette wife."

"Ignorance and pride, my dear—ignorance and pride. With you near me—both—and this boy, there will be no room for ghosts."

And as they sit, hand in hand, in the genial glow of the firelight, the moon and the stars come back again to Stinking Water Canyon from other worlds, lighting the grand blue of heaven's canopy with a billion glitterings; a happiness possesses all souls there, undreamed of at Chugley's when the Christ's day dawned.

And the little soubrette wife laid her head upon the old man's knee—she for whom the old Puritan had driven his son from his home and heart—and so with his hand resting gently on her face she falls asleep, while the loving hearts of two men keep watch and ward over her and her child.

ARDEN SMITH.

HARD TO SAY.

McCAUSTIC: "And so you once did the Merchant of Venice?"

RANTER: "I should say so."

McCAUSTIC: "And how many New York merchants have you done?"



THE NIGGER AND THE CATFISH.

A WAY down South in Georgia,
Where the Chattahoochee flows,

And monster catfish flourish,

This ancient legend goes;

That Simon Peter Snowball,

A heavy son of Ham,

Had spied a monster catfish

A-loafing 'round the dam.

So one fine day old Peter

Procured the proper bait,

A long, strong cord, a big steel hook,

And in the evening late

Went down along the water

With purpose firm, and that

Was nothing more nor less

Than to hook that monster cat.

Far out in deepest water

The line he deftly threw,

Down to the muddy bottom

The bait it sank from view,

He meant to take no chances,

For he wanted catfish meat,

So, to make it doubly sure, he tied

The line around his feet,

Then sat down on the sloping bank

Complacently to wait

For the proud and happy moment.

When the catfish found that bait.

The moments passed—perhaps an hour—

Day darkened into night,

When suddenly old Peter got

A most tremendous bite,

A mighty tug that drew the cord

Full tight around his boots,

And down that slippery bank he shot

Like he was "shooting chutes."

Another tug—an awful splash—

Down went old Pete, ker-flup!

And like his Irish prototype,

McGinty, ne'er came up.

* * * * *

Now this point is undecided,

Tho' it caused a lot of figgerin',

If the nigger went a-catfishin',

Or the catfish went a-niggerin'?

SAM C. MILLER.

THE WOMAN, THE SONG, AND THE SINGER.

THE Singer cries, "She loveth me not,
She hateth me not, for that were wrong;
The Song is remembered, the Singer forgot,
There is no sin in loving a Song."

"She loveth me not!" the Singer cries,
She is fair and cruel as Summer sea;
It is death to gaze in her glorious eyes,
Yet a smile from her is a life to me."

When the love rush up from a man's red heart,
Parting his lips in mad refrain,
She murmurs, "Nay, but how kind thou art;
Sing me that dainty song again."

Other men love that sing no songs
And women will listen and love again,
Laughing at lover's and Singer's wrongs,
Jesting at love that talks of pain!"

FRANK BUTLER.



ANNA ROBINSON.

ON AN INCOMING TRAIN.

"**A**LL aboard for New York. First stop, Trenton. This train stops only at Trenton and Market Street, Newark!" Bang!

My compliments to you, Mr. Pullman. This parlor-car is delightful. It absolutely has atmosphere.

What a perfect evening! Air clean, cold, crisp. The sun, which has shone beautifully all the afternoon, has not had power to melt the snow which fell this morning. It will be an ideal Christmas.

How generous of our star and manager to give us the day to ourselves; to be at home with our loved ones, that is, such of us as have loved ones and homes.

How little we really know of each other's true selves. We have been out six weeks, and, excepting the delightful trio down in the corner, I have seen only the shop-side of my companions. Of course, being a mere boy, and only utility, they haven't taken much trouble to cultivate me.

But I like them all, and maybe some day, when I climb a little higher, they'll slap me on the back, and call me "old man," and be chummy with me. The tragedian is very kind to me, though. The tall man is always giving me a bit of advice, and the comedian's little guy is so good-natured, so useful, and free of bitterness, that I really enjoy it. How I should like to invite them to dinner to-morrow! How mother and May would enjoy their bright conversation. And how happy the dear souls would be to see us all devouring that Christmas turkey. It would make them awfully proud to see me chummy with three such splendid fellows; old enough, either of them, to be my father. But I heard them talking last night about the famous feast they would have at "The Players," and I hadn't the courage to ask them. So we three will dine alone. For, really there's no one else I care enough about to ask, except that pale, delicate little woman and her lovely child. They always travel in the coach. I suppose they can't afford the sleepers and parlor cars. I wonder if they have a home, and what it's like. The leading man, I suppose, will go to the Lambs'. He's always talking about it. I know the leading lady expects her husband to meet her. And the soubrette's son will be down from West Point, and she don't look a day over thirty; twenty at night. Well, I hope they'll all find happy welcomes and pass their Christmas merrily. I know I shall. Dear Mother! I can see her now seated in the little front room, and Sister May at her feet. The little house in Fordham is so tidy and neat. There isn't much of it; just room enough for three, but it's home. And mother and May are watching the hands of that little china clock on the mantel. Dear me! how sleepy I am. These big chairs are simply great.

"This way for Cortlandt Street. This way Desbrosses Street!"

The star, Madame Blathenini, the renowned emotional actress, wrapped in her

seal skin ulster, entered her brougham on the Jersey side, accompanied by her husband and maid. They were driven to a palatial up-town hotel, where a magnificent suite of apartments, brilliantly lighted, awaited her. A half-dozen reporters were graciously granted short interviews. For six weeks she has been playing the injured wife. Each night, in the last act, the baby hand of her little child has stolen into her own, and leading her over to where the leading man stands, as the stern father, she has put the mother's in the father's hand, and said: "Mamma, papa, please be good friends again, for baby's sake." And they have, for the first time in months, felt the pressure of each other's hand, they have looked into each other's eyes, wept bitter, penitent tears, fallen into each other's arms, and on the happy dénouement the curtain has fallen. Yet on this beautiful Christmas-eve, the pale, sick mother, with her delicate child, is hurrying to the ferry-boat. "The great emotional artist" brushes by them to enter her carriage, without a thought, without a smile of greeting, with out one word of Christmas cheer. The stern father, in the person of the leading man, nearly knocks them overboard in his eagerness to be first on the ferry-boat. The leading lady is very much occupied with her husband. But the tragedian finds his way through the crowd and takes the little one in his arms, the tall man relieves the mother of one grip, and the comedian brings up the rear with a bundle. On the New York side mother and child, against mild protests, are placed in a carriage, the fare is paid, directions given, and three beautiful boxes, tied with dainty ribbons, are put in the little one's lap, three hats are lifted, and three cheery voices shout "Merry Christmas."

A moment later the little soubrette is nearly smothered in the arms of a strapping six-footer, in a military overcoat. Bless her—dear heart! How happy she looks! And how proud of that great big handsome boy!

"Gentlemen," it was the emotional leading man who spoke; it was the club Christmas dinner, and the E. L. M. was responding to a toast; "Gentlemen, it is on this day, above all others, that our hearts should go out to our fellow-men. To the unfortunate, to the worthy, suffering poor. May we all be able this night to say, 'I have done some good thing during the year now drawing to a close. I have not lived entirely for self. Somebody, somewhere in this broad land, has been made happier by some act of mine.' Gentlemen, fill again."

The poor little tenement (called flat by courtesy) in Harlem, is not by any means the most unhappy spot in New York to-day. There are a half-dozen little brothers and sisters, and "Grandma" takes care of them while mamma and little sister are on the road. And little sister's earnings are the mainstay of the family. One little brother is a hopeless cripple, but he is happy and cheerful to-day, for the curtains have been drawn from the little bedroom door, so that he can see the long table, with the turkey and the celery and the red apples. And his little brothers and sisters keep running in to give him some new treasure.

And little Mammy cried, "Oh, Jimmie, such a lovely dinner! We didn't expect so much, but very early this morning a big box came, and when mamma opened it there was a big turkey, and celery and apples and oranges and cranberries, and plum-pudding, and wine, and oh, I can't think of half the things. And when mamma asked who sent it, the man said, 'A handsome gentleman at the Players', with long white hair.' So I suppose it was Santa Claus." Then they all sit down, and little Jimmie is propped up in bed, and turkey and cranberries and oranges and candies and plum-pudding placed before him, and the curtain left so that he can eat and talk and see everyone at the table. Then grandma says grace, and asks God to bless the good Santa Claus who sent them such a lovely dinner. And then mamma's eyes wander to a picture on the wall over the corner of which is hung a tiny bit of crape. Then a great sob wells up from her heart, and breaks through her lips, and she buries her face in her hands.

"What's the matter, mamma?" asks Willie.

"Sh!" says Allie, the oldest girl, "she's thinking of papa."

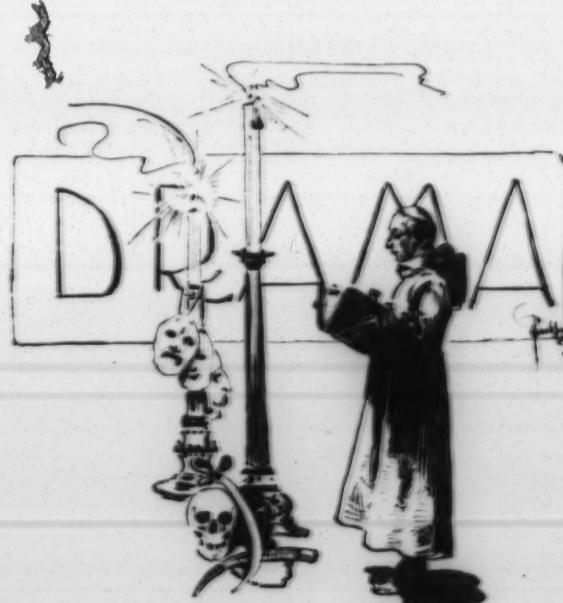
"Gentlemen," said the tragedian, "the dinner is good, the wine perfect, and the cigar delightful. Yet something is wanting."

That something may be found in the little flat in Harlem; or with our young friend and his sweet-faced mother and pretty sister in Fordham. It is the patter of childish feet, the ripple of childish laughter; the gentle, tender presence of wife and mother. It is—the sacred atmosphere of home."

"All out for Jersey City."

Dear me! I must have slept like a log. And what a jolly, jumbled-up sort of a dream I had. I didn't even hear them call Trenton.

MILTON NOBLES.



ART VS. LUCRE.

A TENOR there lived in a Western town
Whose voice was entrancingly sweet;
And he said, "I will study for opera and sing,
And the whole world will lie at my feet!"

So right off to Europe he went, and he stayed,
For full five long wearisome years,
And he studied with ardor, with might and with main,
And came back filled with strange hopes and fears.

He took an engagement in opera at once,
And sang all the best tenor roles,
And he worked like a beaver for all he was worth,
To stir up the dull people's souls.

No matter how super-superbly he sang,
He never could get curtain calls
No sweet-scented notelets e'er came round his way
No girls smiled at him from the stalls.

So he argued the point with himself and his friends,
And finally made up his mind
That the work he was doing was not just the thing,
'Twas too "way way" up and refined.

So he got him a job in a vaudeville house,
And he learned some "popular" songs,
And he made such a hit that his soul filled with joy,
For grand opera no longer he longs.

He sings of the girl who leaves her old home,
And becomes a swift Tenderloin Queen;
While a pal in the gallery helps the thing on
Illustrating the song on a screen

His ballads are gloomy as gloomy can be,
And while he sings everyone cries;
And the house just comes down with the cheers and applause
When everyone in the song dies.

He has had to give up his ideal, of course,
But that fact costs him never a tear,
For though his friends guy him and call him a "mug,
His income's ten thousand a year!

MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN.

VAUDEVILLE COMEDIANS' BEST "GAGS."

(Note. The following question was asked by *The Mirror* of several prominent vaudeville comedians: "During your entire career before the footlights, with what gag or humorous story have you succeeded in raising the loudest laugh, or in bringing the heartiest and most spontaneous applause?" The answers follow.)

A MONG the many successes I have had, I consider the one best and most lasting in its result is the song "The Girl With The Calico Dress," produced many years ago. In this song I give a description of the difference between an "Upper Ten" society ball and an East Side dance at Walhalla Hall. I have repeatedly produced this song, and always with the same success; so I continue to sing it at intervals.

TONY PASTOR.

Our greatest laugh during our "Irish Servant Girls" act occurs during my famous burlesque of Sarah Bernhardt, when I scream, and faint, recovering quickly, and saying, "I thought I saw two dollars!" JAMES RUSSELL (of the Russell Brothers).

My stage career has covered a period of more than eighteen years, and during that time I have told thousands of gags, so it is a hard matter to recall which one made the biggest hit. During the recent political campaign I delivered a Silver and Gold oration, which was always heartily applauded. I cannot recall ever having produced greater merriment than with a little speech of mine in "The Geezer." Charles J. Ross, as Lord Dunraving, asks me: "Was the Emperor Li Hung Chang ever married before?"

I reply, "Before? Yes, before, and before, and many times, and much and

plenty, and yet besides." I got stuck in my lines one night, and improvised these few words, was astonished at the hearty laugh they produced, and have used them ever since.

SAM BERNARD.

My best laugh-provoker is a story about an Irishman and a coon who got into an argument. They decided to fight it out with their fists, and agreed that whoever felt that he was getting the worst of it should shout "Sufficient!"

The fight lasted for three hours, and both men were nearly exhausted, when the Irishman landed a knock-out blow on the coon's jaw. Before he went to sleep, the darky whispered, "Sufficient!"

"Durn it," said the Irishman, "I've been thryin to think o' that word for a half hour!"

Of course the story is brightened up with many explanatory remarks and strung out a little more, but these are the main facts.

HERBERT CATHORN.

During the campaign, while playing in New York, this gag made a tremendous hit: "Did you notice Broadway to-day? All the banners are for McKinley and Hobart."

"Yes, but banners don't vote."

"No, but they tell you which way the wind blows."

ROGERS BROTHERS.

My best laughs always come when I give my music cue: "Waltz me again, Professor!"

IMBO FOX.

I think that the following story depicting an old country gentleman's visit to the theatre has been my best and surest laugh-getter under all circumstances and before all kinds of audiences:

"I asked a feller where I better go to pass away the time. He said, 'They wuz a theaytre right 'round on the next street,' so I went 'round and went in 'bout seven o'clock so's to see it all. Well, when I got in there they had this theaytre strapped up on the wall; kind o' hung up on exhibition. 'Twas a big pictur about forty foot square, all rocks, 'n' mountains, 'n' trees. It hung up there, 'n' folks kept comin' in 'n' settin' down front of it till it got pritty nigh full.

"Well, 'bout eight o'clock they begin to stamp, 'n' cheer, 'n' whistle. I guess they thought 'twas pritty good—I know I did. Then some fiddlers come right out from under the theaytre, 'n' begin to fiddle. I swan, you oughter heerd 'em fiddle! Well, just as quick as they quic' fiddlin', theaytre, or pictur, whatever you call it, the hull bizness, rolled right up out of sight; then a lot of folks come out and begin to galvanted around, and talk about somethin' that didn't concern me—and I come out."

ARTHUR C. SIDMAN.

In one of our sketches I play a bashful young man endeavoring to propose to a very modest girl. I complain that she is too modest, and tell how at a picnic in the woods with a party of other young folks, she tore her hose by contact with the brambles. One of the young ladies offered her a needle and thread to repair it. She refused, used a pin instead, saying needles had eyes. The idea!

DAN KELLY (of Kelly & Grey).

My "Comprenez Pas" story is my best, of course, but as it takes seven minutes to tell it, it would take up too much space to write it. Next to that, the one most in favor with my audiences is this one:—

Casey lives on top of a very steep hill; we were standing near his house last Sunday morning, chatting, when a pedler came up the hill with a basket of fish on his arm. Just as Casey was relating a particularly interesting story, the "man of fish" broke in on him with, "Want any nice cheap fish, Mister?"

Casey looked daggers at the pedler, and said, "No, I don't want none o' your fish on Sunday mornin'. Ye ought to be ashamed o' yerself to be sellin' fish on a Sunday mornin'."

The pedler replied, "Well, thin, you ought to be ashamed of telling fish stories on Sunday mornin'."

"Well," said Casey, "I repeat that I want none o' your fish on Sunday mornin'."

The man started down the hill, and Casey tried to resume the telling of his story, but he could not remember where he had left off. When the man arrived at the bottom of the hill, Casey shouted to him to come back, and when he arrived at the top of the hill again, Casey said to him: "An' Oi don't want any next Sunday mornin' eather!"

GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN.

My best gag goes as follows: I was sitting in a horse-car the other day, and noticed an elderly lady sitting alongside of a big German. The old lady got excited all of a sudden, and calling the conductor, said: "Put this loafer off the car."

The conductor eyed the German, and said, "What's the matter with you?"

He said, "I tondt know, but I dink vun o' my legs vos baralized. I've been pinching it for de last ten minutes, undt I gandt feel any feeling in it!" And the old lady said, "You're mistaken; it's my leg you've been pinching!"

DAN CRIMMINS.



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THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR greets its readers this year, as in the past, a reflex of all that is brightest, best, and most promising in the dramatic profession. It is a literary and artistic feast of plenty served to THE MIRROR's friends by the hands of the most gifted and representative people of the stage. To everyone whose work is with the theatre, from the playwright to the scene-shifter, the holiday MIRROR can be looked upon with a feeling of personal pride, for it represents every branch of stage-arts.

To those who love the drama—who joy in its progress and believe in its immortality in spite of trammels which at times seem to threaten its structure and its life—it means more than a Christmas greeting, for it is a revelation of the genius and the true worth that lurk beneath the actor's personality.

In these modern days—the "apollinaris age" of literature and art—there are times when the most earnest worshippers at Thespis's shrine must tremble for the strength and the truth of the dramatic art. But to the doubter the CHRISTMAS MIRROR brings joyful proof of better things. In its every line of pen and picture it shows the beautiful significance of Max Bachmann's masterly group, modelled for this number, and portrayed in its pages.

The Drama is symbolized by the majestic central figure, stern-faced and grave of mien, looking out into the future with confident eyes. One arm holds the laurel-branch and the masque; the other protects the Recording Angel, who has written on a tablet of stone the names of great playwrights who glorified the ages in which they lived. Coiled helplessly at the feet of The Drama is the hydra of ignorance, vulgarity, imbecility, and obscenity, seeking in vain to impede her progress.

THE MIRROR gives you Christmas greeting in the person of a chic little *dansuse* who makes her courtesy amid a rain of falling blossoms, while Cupids wait upon her and a mischievous monkey twangs the mandolin at her pretty feet. She represents the playtime of the stage, when life moves to music in a world where love and sunshine rule.

Frank Gate's "Dawn" shows the drowsy goddess emerging from the mists, while Cupid wakes her with a kiss.

THE MIRROR's cover this year is a dainty conception of modernized medieval art. It is characterized by a simplicity and delicacy of treatment that will be appreciated by admirers of the new school of illustration.

The literary features of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR are enhanced by two valuable articles which will be of interest to all dramatic students and collectors. "The Personal Recollections of Edwin Booth" contain many hitherto unpublished autograph letters, and relate many interesting facts connected with the life of the great tragedian which have never been generally known until now. The illustrations of this article are rare portraits, which have been kindly lent from Evert Jansen Wendell's wonderful collection.

OUR PICTURES.

MURRAY AND MACK.

Stars may come and go, but Murray and Mack, the Irish comedians, whose pictures, with those of their company, appear in this number, seem, like the brook, to run on forever. A few years ago, Irish farces were almost unknown to the American stage, but since their enormous success in "Irish Neighbors," "Finnigan's Ball," and "Finnigan's Courtship," the woods swarm with Irish comedians and Irish farces. "Finnigan's Courtship," the comedy used this year, is a worthy successor to their former pieces. It has a well-defined plot, is full of new business, with an accompaniment of songs, dances, and costumes. A feature seldom seen with a migratory farce-comedy is a complete equipment of scenery, the action and business of the pieces making it absolutely necessary.

THE WOODWARD-WARREN CO.

The Woodward-Warren Company, whose combination picture appears on another page of this issue, is now making a successful tour of the larger Southern cities, and the entire press unanimously pronounces it an exceptionally strong attraction. The repertoire consists of musical, farce-comedy, and society plays. H. Guy Woodward and his accomplished wife, Bessie Warren, are well known through the South, and have surrounded themselves with the following capable people: Harry C. Arnold, Charles A. McGrath, Harold Holmes, Harry Siggins, Edwin A. Davis, Adrian C. Gregg, Lulu Espy, Gracie Beebe, Bessie Leach; Frank Weinstein, musical director; John S. Sullivan, treasurer. The tour is under the personal direction of H. Guy Woodward, with J. Wylie Guildtouche in advance.

HOGAN'S ALLEY COMPANY.

Elsewhere will be found a full page group of portraits with B. F. Gilmore and John F. Leonard as the central figures. Surrounding Messrs. Gilmore and Leonard are portraits of the various members of the company supporting them in their amusing pro-

duction of "Hogan's Alley." These portraits present excellent likenesses of Dan Gardner, Jack Gardner, Dick Gardner, Thomas Clark, Lulu Leslie, George Kaine, Harry Goodwin, Will J. Hagan, C. W. Meech, Fred Ward, Joseph A. Conlan, Mina Shirley Gilmore, Lillian Shirley, and Hulda Halvers. The group also includes portraits of Eugene Wellington, the manager, and P. A. Paulcraft, the business manager of the company. Gilmore and Leonard have advertised repeatedly that they hold full copyright title and proprietary rights to the production of "Hogan's Alley," and have thus given ample warning to all managers that if they advertise or play any "Hogan's Alley Company" they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

JOSEPH HAWORTH.

In the highest ranks of living American actors the name of Joseph Haworth stands prominent. He has proved himself a player of consummate art in society play, in melodrama, in comedy, or in classical rôles, and his admirers are innumerable who look upon him as the legitimate successor of Edwin Booth. Eminent critics frequently have compared his work with that of Booth, and the discriminating writers of Boston, to whom Mr. Haworth's work is more familiar than to New Yorkers, have pronounced his *Hamlet* the best impersonation of the melancholy Dane since that of Booth. Madame Modjeska has pronounced his *Macbeth* the best she has ever played to, and his characterizations of *Richard III.*, *Rinaldo*, *Richelieu*, *Matthias*, *Orlando*, *Malvolio*, *Romeo*, *Iago*, *Cassius*, *Icilius*, *Claudio* and other parts of like importance have been of the most impressive merit. His work as the *Major* in "Magda," as *Sir Edward* in "Mary Stuart," *Philip Herne*, the Man of the World, *Armand Duval*, *Count Phillippe*, as well as in "Rosedale," and in no end of other rôles has been memorable. This season, Joseph Haworth has played *Ira Beadle* in "Sue" with great success, and he is said to have in contemplation for next season a starring tour. Meanwhile he is under contract with Al. Hayman and Charles Frohman to join Madame Modjeska.

CORSE PAYTON.

Mr. Corse Payton, whose portrait will be found on another page, is a clever comedian, and the manager of a repertoire company that continues to meet with substantial success throughout the country. Although he has been a road star at the head of his own company for the past six years, he is still on the sunny side of thirty, and thus has won prominence as an actor and manager at an unusually early age. His repertoire includes farcical comedy and comedy-drama, and he is supported by a company of competent performers.

THE WHITNEY OPERA COMPANY.

The Whitney Opera Company is an organization of which any manager or country may justly be proud, and Mr. Fred C. Whitney certainly deserves great praise, not only for his selection of the artists, but for his courage and nerve in bringing forward such a large and expensive company in such times as those we have recently passed through. Mr. Whitney's production of "Rob Roy" was acknowledged to be one of the finest ever seen here, and the "Fencing Master," the work which preceded "Rob Roy," was also a remarkably fine one. With such a large and extremely well-balanced cast, space will hardly permit of individual mention, and we can only give the full list here—Amanda Fabris, Grace Golden, Amelia Summerville, Helen Brackett, Louise Mergot, and Annie Cameron. Max Eugene, Bruce Paget, Samuel L. Slade, John C. Slavin, Tom Ricketts, George O'Donnell, Fred M. Marston, Andrew J. Lynam, Fred Summerfield, John Hendricks and Richard Carroll (who retires soon, however, to join his own company, his place being filled by Mr. Jefferson de Angelis). With such an array of artists, it would indeed be a poor opera that would not succeed. But happily in "Brian Boru" Mr. Whitney has a work which is of itself an inspiration to the company. As at present planned, however, the company goes to Brooklyn January 4th, then to the Boston Theatre for three weeks, followed by a short tour of the leading cities only, returning to New York about the middle of April, when Mr. Whitney expects to take the entire company to England and open in London about May 1st.

THE EDWIN GORDON LAWRENCE TOUR.

The starring tour of Edwin Gordon Lawrence in his romantic military drama of Russian life, "For Her Sake," opened auspiciously last month. The star, who is under the management of Charles W. Roberts, has surrounded himself with a company of exceptional ability, including Harry Bernard, John W. Hamilton, Frank Munnell, Charles H. Montgomery, Sam C. Miller, William Horace, John H. Bennett, Fred D. Munroe, Eugene C. Bell, Frank J. Guderian, Ida Desmond, Idal Anderson and Margaret Tennant, whose portraits are to be found in this number of THE MIRROR.

EMILY BANCER.

In this issue of THE MIRROR is a picture of Emily Bancker, one of the most beautiful women on the American stage, and one of the most accomplished artistes in the realm of comedy. She is cultured, refined, arch, engaging, vivacious, and possesses, in addition to many other happy qualities, a delicious sense of humor. Early in her career she did splendid work in the support of the late Rosina Vokes and later at the head of Charles Frohman's principal New York productions. Her first season as a star was in "Gloriana," following which success for two seasons she has been presenting "Our Flat." Miss Bancker this season has made her greatest success in a new comedy written for her by Harry Saint Maur, and entitled "A Divorce Cure," which is from the French.

ANNE SUTHERLAND.

Anne Sutherland has won this season many new admirers by her delightful work as leading lady in the company of Georgia Cayvan. Her impersonation of *Lady Maitland*, the scheming woman of the world in W. R. Walker's play, "Mary Pennington, Spinster," was one of the most enjoyable features of that production, but not more delightful than her charming characterization of *Amanda Jane Thistledown*, the radiant, merry country lass in "Squire Kate," now meeting with such unqualified approval in our larger cities. It is difficult to imagine a daintier, brighter, cleaner bit of life-like delineation than Miss Sutherland's "Mandy," which brightens the entire stage whenever she appears in "Squire Kate," and shines especially in the famous haymaking scene, sweetly redolent of rustic beauty as the new-mown hay itself.

LEE HARRISON.

Lee Harrison, one of the merry fun-makers of "In Gay New York," has been for three seasons with the Canary and Lederer attractions, appearing in "The Passing Show," "The Merry World," and the present production. Before these engagements he made a strong hit as *Bingo* in "A Temperance Town," and the unctuous, honest humor with which his work is pervaded has ever won for him a host of admirers. A portrait of Mr. Harrison is to be found in this number of THE MIRROR.

CAMPBELL GOLLAN.

William Gillette saw Campbell Gollan play the heavy part in "A House of Cards" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last spring and engaged him for "Arvelsford" in "Secret Service," in which character he is shown in the portrait in this issue. Mr. Gollan came from the Aberdeenshire Highlands to this country fourteen years ago, and studied for the stage a year. He commenced his professional work as leading man with C. R. Gardner. Numerous stock engagements followed, with a Canadian and West Indian tour in support of the late E. A. McDowell. While visiting his home, six years ago, he was induced to play *Macari* in a revival of "Called Back," in London, where he remained three years playing in the principal West End houses. He joined Augustin Daly's Company in London, in 1893, appearing in every kind of part from low comedy to leads, and earning by his versatility the full appreciation of Mr. Daly, who sent him with Cora Urquhart Potter to play seconds to Kyrie Bellew and represent Augustin Daly behind the scenes. Next came an engagement with Sydney Rosenfeld's "A House of Cards."

JESSIE MAE HALL.

Shortly before the death of Emma Abbott, while she was in St. Louis, a little girl timidly asked Miss Abbott to hear her sing. The great singer heard not only one song but three, and was so pleased with her little visitor that she gave her a large panel photograph of herself and a twenty-dollar gold piece, both of which are prized treasures to-day. The singer is Jessie Mae Hall, who has been seen with Agnes Huntington in Star's "Barrel of Money" and Pearson's "District Fair," as well as in the high class vaudeville houses, including Pastor's, the Keith circuit, and Proctor's.

PAULI L. TAYLOR.

Pauli L. Taylor is one of the original Taylors, Charles and Pauline, whose fame as mind-readers, hypnotists, mesmerists, and general entertainers is international. She is a true daughter of Gotham, having been born in 1873, in New York City, where her father is a prominent merchant. Miss Taylor is charming, refined, bright, active, and magnetic, petite and trim of figure, a brilliant little entertainer and a pleasing conversationalist. Scores of trophies in her possession bespeak an enviable popularity.

ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

Hardly more than two years ago, Ethel Knight Mollison made her debut on the stage of the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, in Olga Nethersole's company. As ingénue in the support of Olga Nethersole, she successfully toured the country, and the following season played similar rôles in the company of Ada Rehan, to whom she is grateful for invaluable assistance. Last season, Miss Mollison was a member of George Holland's company in Philadelphia, appearing in thirty-two different parts that represented a wide range of character. Miss Mollison is now appearing with the greatest of success in the ingénue rôle of *Rada*, the Eurasian girl, in "The Cherry Pickers."

NESTA NEILSON.

Nesta Neilson, whose portrait appears in this number, made her professional debut as *Annie Grey* in Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell." Just before the death of Lawrence Barrett, she signed a five years' contract with him to play ingénue rôles. Miss Neilson then appeared for season with Lawrence Hanley, and enacted a comedy part with Edwin Thorne in "The Golden Ladder." Later, during the illness of Miss Broughton, in London, she successfully played the part of *Virginia Squeaks* in "The Swiss Express."

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

Mr. Tree has had almost, if not quite, as varied an experience as any English actor who has flourished since the days of the old stock companies, now threatened with extinction in England, which played half a dozen different pieces in the month. His versatility is proverbial, and is evidenced by his *Gringoire* in "The Ballad Monger," *Captain Swift*, *Hamlet*, *Duke of Guisebury* in "The Dancing Girl," *Svenegali*, *Sir Woodbine Grafton*, the selfish old gentleman (one of Mr. Tree's finest comedy parts) in "Peril," and his *Falstaff* and *Holstur* in "Henry IV." During his nine years of management in London he has produced some twenty-five, and revived seven, plays. Mr. Tree is now paying his second visit to America. Mr. Tree returns to London in February to open Her Majesty's Theatre, which will be one of the largest and most luxurious playhouses in London. The arrangement of the auditorium is somewhat similar to that of the Knickerbocker, of New York, where he is now playing.

R. V. FERGUSON AS "BROWN."

The picture of Robert V. Ferguson, the comedian, as *Brown* in Joseph Arthur's latest success, "The Cherry Pickers," suggests a personation that is more fully appreciated from Mr. Ferguson's acting in the part. Mr. Ferguson portrays the violence, braggadocio, and truculence of the character to perfection, but leaves the personation by a natural and unconscious humor, which, aided by a pure cockney dialect, a mobile face that expresses every emotion, a military get up and an English cavalry swagger, elevates the part into a character study of "Tommy Atkins." He made his first appearance during the stock days, under the management of Mr. John W. Albaugh, with whom and since his association he has made his mark in Shakespearian and Dickensian comedy.

FLORRIE WEST.

When Florrie West followed up her extraordinary successes on the vaudeville stages of America and England by accepting an engagement to play the title part in "A Bowery Girl," the jump from vaudeville to a regulation play was hardly an experiment. Miss West previously had won many laurels in more than one play as a clever actress in soubrette rôles as well as an accomplished singer and dancer, and her triumph in "A Bowery Girl," therefore, was regarded as a foregone conclusion.

ROBERT DROUET.

Robert Drouet as a leading member of the stock company of the Girard Avenue Theatre at Philadelphia, this season, has made himself a great popular favorite with the discriminating play-goers of the Quaker City. The exhaustive repertoire of successes presented by this company has offered Mr. Drouet many opportunities to shine in a wide range of parts, and it is speaking mildly to say that he has more than improved every opportunity presented to him. Mr. Drouet is a young actor of unusual promise.

LEOLA MITCHELL.

Leola Mitchell, who is known as "the living doll," has made a great success in vaudeville in a remarkably short time. She is a very pretty girl, and though she is only four feet three-and-a-half inches high, she is as talented and ambitious as a good many performers who are among the six-footers. Miss Mitchell came to New York in August last, and made her first Eastern appearance at the Pleasure Palace, where she made a pronounced hit. Oscar Hammerstein heard of her and put her on at his famous Olympia roof-garden, where for several weeks she sang to large and appre-

ative audiences. She has just finished a tour of the Keith circuit. Her fame has reached South Africa, where she has gone to fill a long engagement in Johannesburg.

VERNER CLARGES.

Verner Clarges is one of the best exponents of the "gentleman of the old school" that is left to the modern stage. The courtly manners of the Sheridan drama set off by the picturesque speech of Shakespeare, and toned by what we call the "good form" of today, are all exemplified in his work. His present part in "The Cherry Pickers," that of a rich merchant in British India, is an excellent illustration of his ability in that direction, and he is much pleased with his engagement, having been under Augustus Pitou's management before. During his long residence in the United States, Mr. Clarges has run the whole gamut of legitimate parts suited to his personality. His *Polonius*, with Robert Mantell, is well remembered for its finish and quaint fidelity. His *Sir Anthony Absolute and Old Dowton*, in "The Road to Ruin," with Mrs. John Drew, are characters in which he is particularly happy. The same may be said of his *Sir Oliver Surface*. *Adam* is one of his favorite characters. He played it many times to Rose Coghlan's *Rosalind*. While in her company he also achieved success as *Max Harbaway*, and in her production of "Jocelyn." For several seasons Mr. Clarges was in the Potter-Bellew company. He played *Old Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer," *Michael* in "Therese Raquin," the father in "Charlotte Corday," and, as if to prove his versatility, that polished French gentleman, the *Marquis de Rivervilles*, in "Francillon." A part in which he did effective work was *Duval Père*, to the *Camille* of Clara Morris. In the stock company at Montreal, of which he was a member for two summers, he became a great favorite in such characters as *Colonel Lockyer*, in "The Magistrate," and *Archdeacon Jelliffe* in Arthur Law's "Dick Venables." Mr. Clarges was the first to give an imitation in this country of Henry Irving as *Matthias*, in "The Bells."

VALERIE BERGERE.

Valerie Bergeré, whose latest photograph is reproduced on another page, is playing her second season as *Marie Vernet*, the French adventures, in "On the Mississippi." Her continued success is attested by many complimentary notices such as the following from the critic of the St. Louis *Republic*: "Valerie Bergeré so far outshines her colleagues in 'On the Mississippi' that all other impressions of the performance are submerged in her striking personality. She plays the part of an Arcadian, and her dialect is not assumed, for she is an Alsatian with only a few years' experience on the English-speaking stage."

CHARLES W. TERRISS.

Beginning his stage career at Chicago in 1886, Charles W. Terriss earned his first professional dollar with Augustin Daly's company at Hooley's Theatre in "The Taming of the Shrew." He has since successfully appeared with Frank Mayo, John Dillon, J. S. Murphy, Charles Parsloe, Patrick Nelson, Hopkins' Chicago Stock Company, Lincoln J. Carter, "The Galley Slave," and a half-dozen well-known repertoire combinations.

TUNIS F. DEAN.

Tunis F. Dean, business manager for Nixon and Zimmerman's New Academy of Music, Baltimore, although only thirty years of age, has had a long experience in his profession. A native of Indianapolis, he is a protégé of Hon. William E. English, at whose Opera House he served an apprenticeship. Afterward, while engaged in an Indianapolis bank, he was secured by the late Patrick Harris to manage his Baltimore house. Mr. Dean's advance in the Monumental City during the past twelve years has been rapid, and from a partnership with Mr. Harris he was taken by Nixon and Zimmerman to direct the Academy of Music, now one of the handsomest houses in the country.

JOHN F. WARD.

When John F. Ward appeared last season in Detroit with the Potter-Bellew company, George P. Goodale wrote in the *Free Press* of his performance in "She Stoops to Conquer": "He earned many of the evening's best honors by a well studied and rightly played *Tony Lumpkin*. This actor goes about his task of doing comic things in the proper spirit of gravity, and in a hundred to one funnier than the alleged comedian who is burdened with the pains he takes to assure us that he is funny." Mr. Ward was for three seasons a prominent member of the Potter-Bellew company, under Augustin Daly's management, originating the parts of *Grimes* in "Therese Raquin," *Potin* in "Charlotte Corday," and *Celestin* in "Francillon." Previous to the engagement just mentioned, Mr. Ward starred in Sidney Rosenfeld's play, "Doctor Clyde," and one of his most notable performances was as *Peter* in the memorable production of "Romeo and Juliet," with the seven great *Juliets*, including Adelaide Neilson, Fanny Davenport, and Marie Wainwright.

JAMES O'NEILL.

In this number of THE MIRROR is presented a picture of James O'Neill in the character of *Hamlet*, a part which Mr. O'Neill has again assumed after an interval of twenty years. His impersonation of the melancholy Dane has met with universal critical recognition from those who know. Mr. O'Neill first played *Hamlet* while leading man with Edwin Booth, the great Booth surmounting the Saturday night performance to Mr. O'Neill.

DOROTHY USNER.

An actress will often sacrifice, or imagine that she will sacrifice, her appearance to the necessities of a gamin part, but there will remain a trace of feminine coquetry that deprives the work of real value. This is a mistake that Dorothy Usner has avoided. Her *Buttons*, in "Gentleman Joe," last season, suggested no other than a mischievous, troublesome boy, who should have been deprived of his job and uniform for smoking cigarettes in business hours. *Buttons'* first smoke is the subject of the portraits reproduced in this number, which tell well the tale of youthful courage and "Lady Nicotine." It is difficult to appreciate the grace and truth of Miss Usner's convincing ingenue work, abundantly displayed in the rendition of *Emily*, in "In Mizzouri," with Nat. Goodwin, and in other leading organizations.

PAPINTA.

Papinta's great success during her run at Hammerstein's Olympia, for thirty-six weeks, is enough to assure the public that she stands alone on the American stage in her particular art. Papinta is the originator of the Myriad Dance, which is patented, and the apparatus is the most expensive and perfect ever set on the stage for such a purpose, having been designed expressly for her by her manager and electrician, W. J. Holpin. Papinta has beauty, youth, grace, and shapeliness, and her long runs in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and other leading cities in the United States, as well as four months in one theatre in Havana, Cuba, have never been outdone by a drawing card.

MAY VOKES.

May Vokes, whose picture appears elsewhere, has made one of the most pronounced successes of the season as the German maid in "My Friend from India," now playing to crowded houses at Hoyt's Theatre. This is Miss Vokes's first appearance in New York, and her success has been so great that she is likely to become a conspicuous and permanent figure in New York productions. Miss Vokes is a graduate of the Chicago Conservatory. While there she developed remarkable grace and originality as a dancer. She attracted the attention of Kate Castleton, who secured her for her company. She next joined Margaret Mather, and played difficult parts with much success. During the past season she headed her own company, presenting high-class comedies. She made a pronounced hit as *Kosa* in "The Arabian Nights." She was especially chosen for the part she plays in "My Friend from India."

WALTER E. PERKINS.

Walter E. Perkins, an excellent photograph of whom, in the title rôle of "My Friend from India," is reproduced in this issue of THE MIRROR, has won no inconsiderable fame this season by his original and unique interpretation of a character entirely new to the stage. His work is marked by a quaint and unconscious humor that few comedians possess, and it has earned for him unusual and unstinted praise from both press and public. *A Kona Shower* is a role that is totally unlike most of those presented in comedy.

LILLIAN LAWRENCE.

Few young actresses now on our stage have distinguished themselves by a display of ambition and conscientiousness such as has been shown by Lillian Lawrence, whose portrait, on another page, is indeed a thing of beauty. Miss Lawrence is a graduate of the severe training school of the Pacific Coast stock companies, and her success since she has come into the Eastern country has been as unique and remarkable as it has been thoroughly well-merited. In such plays as "New Blood," "Men and Women," "Lady Gladys," "A Bachelor's Baby," and "The Great Diamond Robbery," her performances were unanimously commended as of the highest order of excellence. This season Miss Lawrence is a member of the Girard Avenue Theatre Stock Company of Philadelphia.

HENRY MILLER.

Of Henry Miller's work in his latest part, that of the operawriting hero in Clarke and Klein's "Heartsease," one Chicago critic said: "Nothing comes to aid him in the part and much to hinder his success, but he really does a capital bit of romantic acting, and in the Covent Garden scene brought himself to the throne-steps of an ovation. The first act of the play is the merest sketch, but Mr. Miller makes it his metier to enlist the sympathies of his audience and never loses his hold upon those fluttering ribbons of attentive interest to the end." Another wrote of the strong scene that "he carried it with rare fidelity and swept it to a climax with a force and sureness that worthily won call after call."

ALBERT HART.

Albert Hart is now in his third successful season as *Wang*, in the opera of that name. Mr. Hart's hit in the part of the Regent of Siam is remarkable, considering that he followed in the part two of the most popular comedians in America. Mr. Hart has been highly praised by critics all over the country for his acting and singing. As a singer he is conceded to be far superior to his predecessors. Mr. Hart was for over seven years a member of the original Clipper Quartette. He played with Nat Goodwin in "Little Jack Sheppard," after which he spent two seasons with Thatcher, Primrose and West. The next four seasons he spent with "The Dazzler" and "A Straight Tip." When D. W. Truss made him an offer to play *Wang*, he decided to accept it, although he had never tried opera. His success was pronounced.

KYRLE MAC CURDY.

Kyrie MacCurdy, who has been most successful in leading juvenile business, has had a thorough stock training with the Chenie Opera House Stock Company at Sacramento for two seasons, and with Cordray's Stock Company at Portland, Ore. Coming East last season he was engaged for a brief tour with "The Burglar," remaining, however, to play with great success throughout the season. This year Mr. MacCurdy is seen in leading business in the support of a well-known soubrette star.

KATHERINE MACNEILL.

Katherine MacNeill is too well known as one of the leading contraltos of the profession to require introduction to our readers. She possesses a rich contralto voice of surprising flexibility and compass, and has sung in London and Paris with results as gratifying as in the large American cities. She has great dramatic ability and has recently displayed unusual power as a comedienne. During the year of 1896 she has been the contralto of the famous Innes Band, and last summer replaced Helen von Doenhoff in David Henderson's Opera Comique Company at the Schiller Theatre, Chicago, where she played for eleven weeks, going to Denver and returning with the company. Miss MacNeill has been secured by Charles L. Young, for a special engagement with his company at Winnipeg. Miss MacNeill has sung with many prominent organizations in grand opera as well as opera comique.

ANNA ROBINSON.

Anna Robinson, whose delightful work in the companies of Charles Frohman, Hoyt and McKee, and William H. Crane, is most pleasantly remembered, is now in New York devoting her leisure to the study of singing, under the instruction of Mrs. Skinner, with a view to appearances in comic opera during the season. Miss Robinson is much pleased with the rapid advancement which she is making in this new accomplishment, and entertains high hopes for a future even more successful than her past work. Her great hit last season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as one of the twins in William H. Crane's production of "The Governor of Kentucky" is fresh in the minds of New York's playgoers.

CHARLES E. BLANEY'S PLAYS.

Charles E. Blaney, author of numerous farce-comedy successes, well known to the theatre-going public, was born in Columbus, O., in 1868. After a few years of schooling, Mr. Blaney, at the age of eighteen, opened a ticket broker's office in Columbus, and was very successful for several years, being pointed out by the older heads as one of the city's coming business men. Soon, however, theatricals began to interest young Blaney, and taking his little ticket office as the scene of action, he turned out his first success, "A Railroad Ticket." In this the author showed a decided capacity for portraying scenes and characters from every day life in a manner highly satisfactory to the public. "A Baggage Check," his second attempt at play-writing, was not so successful, probably because it was not produced by the author, and possibly because it was a sort of "hoodoo." From the time of its first production until it came back into the hands of the author, deaths and accidents seemed to follow in its wake. Thousands of dollars were

lost, and no less than nine deaths and many accidents can be traced to this unlucky attraction. Fearing that such an unfortunate attraction would affect future productions, the young author went bravely to work and literally forced the public to accept the play, and to-day it is one of the best of its kind on the road, and was one of the biggest winners last season. After writing "A Run on the Bank," in which Ward and Vokes made their success as stars, he produced "A Boy Wanted," with his brother, Harry Clay Blaney, as "the boy." This attraction has broken records all over the country, and although a new show, has already cleared \$20,000 within its season only half over. "The Electrician," Mr. Blaney's new comedy-drama, will soon be produced at a Broadway theatre, when some startling effects will be shown, beside some of the most elaborate scenery ever put into a single production. The author deals with accident insurance, electricity, and the gold mines of Cripple Creek. After the production of this play and that of his new musical comedy, "A Hired Girl," Mr. Blaney will, in connection with Manager W. F. Crowley, give his attention to the production of other people's ideas and stop writing himself.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S ENTERPRISES.

Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Company will open its fifth season at its new New York house on December 28th, with the romantic drama "Under the Red Robe" as the first play. The list of companies under Mr. Frohman's management this season is larger and better than ever. It includes John Hart with a repertoire consisting of "Caste," "School," and "The Hobby Horse;" Albert Chevalier and company; Gillette's "Secret Service;" "Two Little Vagrants," seen with a cast which includes Annie Russell and Joseph Haworth; Gillette's "Too Much Johnson;" John Drew and "Rosemary;" "A Night Out," from the Vaudeville Theatre, London; Beresford Tree and company, "The Sign of the Cross;" Richard Mansfield, "The Gay Parisians," "The Thoroughbred," and "The Foundling."

WILLIAM A. BRADY'S ENTERPRISES.

William A. Brady is as busy as ever this season. His numerous companies are making profitable tours of the country, and prosperity is once more his portion. His two new productions, "Under the Polar Star," and "Roaring Dick and Co.," with Maurice Barrymore, are assured successes. His other enterprises are James J. Corbett in "A Naval Cadet," "Trilby" (by special arrangement with A. M. Palmer), "Humanity," and Sutton Vane's "Cotton King." Mr. Brady has three new productions under way, "The Kaleidoscope of Gotham," a dramatization of Edward W. Townsend's book, "A Daughter of the Tenebrous," "Annie Laurie," "A New England Idyl," by Lottie Blair Parker, and a new drama of New York life by Colonel Alfriend and A. C. Wheeler. Mr. Brady has also carried on the negotiations for the production of "My Friend from India" in Europe.

JACOB LITTS' ENTERPRISES.

Jacob Litts' many enterprises, with general offices in the Knickerbocker Theatre building, New York, comprise three theatres—Bijou Opera House, Minneapolis; Grand Opera House, St. Paul, and Bijou Opera House, Milwaukee; six touring attractions—"In Old Kentucky," "The Woman in Black," "The Last Stroke," "The War of Wealth," "A Genuine Gentleman," and "Shanty No. 2;" and three new productions—"Shall We Forgive Her?" "The Showman's Daughter," and a new play by Clay M. Greene, yet unnamed, introducing novel cycle features.

DAVID BELASCO'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

David Belasco has announced for the season of 1897-98 another tour of his most successful play, "The Heart of Maryland," to be again presented by Mrs. Leslie Carter and the original metropolitan cast, as well as the first production of "Polly's Jack," a new farcical comedy by Marguerite Merington.

DANIEL FROHMAN'S ATTRACTIONS.

Manager Daniel Frohman is presenting this season the following most excellent attractions: "The Prisoner of Zenda," now touring the principal cities; E. H. Sothern in his great success, "An Enemy to the King;" Olga Nethersole in her repertoire—managed by Daniel and Charles Frohman; and the Lyceum Company, now in the tenth season at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

HOPPER IN "EL CAPITAN."

De Wolf Hopper has found the greatest success of his remarkably successful career in the brilliant musical sensation, "El Capitan," the melodies for which were composed by John Philip Sousa, and the book written by Charles Klein. The season has been a succession of ovations, and the criticisms have been unanimously enthusiastic.

AUGUSTUS PITOU'S ENTERPRISES.

Manager Augustus Pitou, of the Grand Opera House, has in hand a notable quartette of attractions—Chaucey Olcott, the tuneful Irish comedian, whose new play will be seen at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, January 25th; Joseph Arthur's great play, "The Cherry Pickers," which has run so long at the house just named; the revival of Pitou and Jessop's American drama, "The Power of the Press;" and Sardou's great work, "Madame Sans Gêne," with Kathryn Kadder in the title part.

H. C. GOODWIN.

Mr. N. C. Goodwin, who recently returned from his histrionic triumphs in Australia, is drawing crowded houses on his present tour throughout the country. He is supported by Miss Maxine Elliott and a strong company in "An American Citizen," a new play by Madeline Lucette Ryley, "The Rivals," and other plays.

ANDREW MACK'S SUCCESS.

The singing comedian, Andrew Mack, has come to be an established favorite in his picturesque portrayal of Irish character. The beautiful play, "Myles Aroon," in which Mr. Mack is starring under the management of D. W. Truss & Co., continues to prove one of the strongest drawing attractions on the road. Pathos and comicality are deftly blended in "Myles Aroon."

GUS HILL'S ATTRACTIONS.

Gus Hill's list of attractions now include "McFadden's Row of Flats," "New York Stars," "Forbidden Fruit," "Vanity Fair," "Stolen Sweets," and the old reliable "Gus Hill's Novelties." They all possess the necessary qualities for drawing and pleasing large audiences, and under the capable management of Mr. Hill, will be an important factor during the present season in contributing to the entertainment of the American public.

THE LEES, HYPNOTISTS.

In their extraordinary exhibitions of hypnotic power, the Lees continue to mystify large numbers of people in every city they visit. They play in only first-class theatres, and the first-class audiences attracted enjoy a first-class entertainment.

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"For two hours The Sages kept an enormous audience in a constant state of uproar at the Park Theatre last night."
—PHILADELPHIA RECORD, Sept. 1, 1896.

"Their success with an audience that packed the theatre was instantaneous."
—PHILADELPHIA PRESS, Sept. 1, 1896.

"The Sages, after giving nearly thirty performances here, are still playing to one of the largest crowds of the season, standing-room only being the sign last night."
—PITTSBURG PRESS, March 17, 1896.

"Packed like sardines in a box conveys the idea of the condition of the Academy of Music last evening for the third performance of The Sages."
—READING, PA., HERALD, May 7, 1896.

"Never before in the history of the New Academy of Music has such a dense throng packed the theatre. Hundreds were turned from the doors last night unable to get even standing-room."
—READING, PA., REVIEW, May 9, 1896.

"Such an audience as gathered in the Fulton Opera House last night to see the third performance of The Sages is seldom seen. The theatre was jammed, every seat and inch of standing-room upstairs and below being occupied. Over 1200 people were in the house and many turned away."
—LAWAESTER, PA., EXAMINER, Sept. 17, 1896.

"A house crowded to the doors greeted the third performance of The Sages last night, and the great audience was kept roaring with laughter for fully an hour and a half."
—SEASIDE, PA., REPUBLICAN, May 21, 1896.

"The Academy of Music was packed to its doors last night to see The Sages."
—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., REVIEW, June 4, 1896.

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THE SAGES.

The Sages are meeting with phenomenal success in their entertainment, "Le Grande Hypnotisme." Everywhere they go the people fill the theatres, to be mystified and amused by the unique performance given by these clever performers. Of course, everything which is successful is imitated, and the Sages have been bothered in this way; but the public, always quick to detect frauds, has given the imitators the cold shoulder, and patronizes the Sages in a most remarkable way.

JAMES H. WALLICK'S ATTRACTIONS.

"When London Sleeps," by Charles Durrell, which is under the management of James H. Wallick, has repeated its English success in America, and the tour has proven so profitable that Mr. Wallick has determined to send out two companies next season, equally well equipped with scenery, and with the best possible cast. Next season he will make elaborate productions of "A Guilty Mother," an adaptation from the French, and "Father Satan," a London success, by Henry F. Spire, which is full of startling sensations.

ROBERT MANTELL.

The present tour of Robert Mantell, the celebrated romantic actor, under the management of M. W. Hanley, is one of the most successful in the experience of Mr. Mantell. The business, since opening in August last, has been the largest that this popular star has done in many years. Mr. Mantell's repertoire includes "Monbar," "The Corsican Brothers," and other plays.

ROLAND REED.

Roland Reed, and an excellent company, which includes Isadore Rush, is at present playing to large and enthusiastic audiences in "The Wrong Mr. Wright." Mr. Reed and Miss Rush are two excellent artists who have long since been numbered among those held in high esteem by the American public.

MURRY AND MURPHY'S COMEDIANS.

In the excellent operatic farce-comedy called "O'Dowd's Neighbors," the two clever comedians, Murry and Murphy, continue to draw large and pleased audiences in every town in which they play. The company is under the competent direction of Jules S. Murry.

ROBERT FULGORAS ENTERPRISES.

One of the busiest men in the theatrical field this season is Mr. Robert Fulgora, whose head-quarters are at 160 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York City. His enterprises consist of "Hopkin's Transoceanic Star Specialty Company," Tom Nawn in "Shanty Town," and "Fulgora's Sharps and Flatt's Minstrels."

OTIS SKINNER.

Otis Skinner is touring under the direction of Joseph Buckley in a repertoire which includes "A Soldier of Fortune," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Lady of Lyons," "Richard III," and "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Skinner's popularity is constantly on the increase.

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NOTES.

Kaier's Grand Opera House, at Mahanoy City, Pa., J. J. Quirk, manager, is an excellent one-night stand for high-class attractions. The theatre is new this year, is built of brick, on ground floor, and seats 1200 persons.

The New York School of Acting, located at 26 East Twenty-third Street, was established in 1884.

Mille. Ani's "Merry Monarchs," giving a high-class bill, comprising comedy, vaudeville, and burlesque, will be a strong card.

The American Hotel, John E. McBride, proprietor, at Eighth Avenue and Forty-first Street, New York, adjoining the American Theatre, is a desirable place for professionals to stop.

Wenger's Theatre, New Orleans, La., is the only vaudeville house in the city and was established in 1881.

William F. Breen, in character-comedy and songs, and Gertrude Calef in character-comedy, rough soubrettes and boy roles, presenting a specialty of recognized strength, will be at liberty after February 1, for first-class vaudeville engagements.

William C. Ott & Co., Beaver Falls, Pa., publish "Blue Eyes," said to be the best waltz song written since "Annie Rooney."

Tony Pastor's Theatre, in East Fourteenth Street, this city, continues its policy of presenting a high order of continuous vaudeville at popular prices, from 12:30 until 11 P.M. The traveling company will visit the leading cities each spring and fall.

Charles A. McGrath in leads and heavies, and Harold Holmes in juvenile leads, are meeting with great success in the Woodward-Warren Company.

Frank E. Aiken, who plays a prominent rôle in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," is an excellent actor of the old school who, having kept pace with the new school, is always in demand for important productions.

Anyone desirous of leasing a theatre to a responsible travelling manager of sixteen years' experience should address Responsible, care of THE MIRROR.

C. F. Lorraine and wife, now touring with Gus Heege's "Yenuine Gentleman," are making big hits.

Emma R. Steiner appears to be rapidly gaining recognition as America's leading woman orchestral director and composer.

Ashley Miller is at present doing excellent work with the "A Bowery Girl" Company.

The many letters of congratulation received by Miller, the costumer, of Philadelphia, is pretty good evidence that his work gives satisfaction.

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Jennie Christie, White Slave Co., Season 1896-97. *

Paul Gilmore has made a strong impression by his sterling performances with Chauncey Olcott's company in the character of Dan Crogan in "The Minstrel of Clare."

Ferris's Comedians, featuring dainty Grace Hayward, are in their sixth season, and claim an unbroken success, financially and otherwise. They present musical farce-comedies only, giving their numerous specialties particular attention.

Lorraine Hollis, whose work in the rôle of *Forget-me-not* last season was praised by the best critics in the country, is at present doing equally well and adding to her artistic reputation in the part of *Marina* in "Mr. Barnes of New York."

The popularity which Evans's India Pale Ale enjoys among professionals is remarkable. A case of this delicious beverage should make an excellent Christmas gift.

Charles A. Gardner, known to fame as the "Sweet Singer," announces a grand revival of "Karl Pedler," with fine costumes, scenic effects, and elaborate pictorial printing of a superior order.

Arthur Dunn, the laugh-provoking comedian, with comic up-to-date specialties, is at liberty for the rest of the season.

Any manager who desires to employ a wide-awake press agent for the rest of the season would do well to communicate with E. W. V., care DRAMATIC MIRROR.

Strong attractions are wanted at the New Theatre Saratoga, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The theatre is leased and managed by the Sherlock Sisters.

This is the second successful starring season of Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal. They are presenting "For Fair Virginia" and "Out Yonder," both plays being from the pen of Mr. Whytal. They carry special scenery.

Hart Conway's Chicago School of Acting is meeting with more success than ever this year. The full course is now in session. Private instruction is given all the year round, and pupils can enter the school at any time.

Georgia Doret Kenyon is at liberty for American or English productions either in drama or opera.

Mme. Vance has established a reputation as a thoroughly satisfactory, artistic, and up-to-date dressmaker.

The Bank of New Amsterdam, which is located in the Metropolitan Opera House Building, is one of the soundest financial institutions in the country. It has a capital of \$250,000 and a surplus of \$200,000. Among the officers and directors are such well-known men as Frank Tifford, R. R. Moore, G. J. Baumann, Thomas C. Acton, S. D. Babcock, John S. Barnes, Robert Gooley, Richard A. McCurdy, Elihu Root, Louis Stern, and others.

Edward O'Connor is a comedian who understands how to portray the Irish character in a delightful, true-to-life manner. He is at present with A. Q. Scammon's "Side-Track" Company.

Gusie Johnstone is starring successfully in "Our Dorothy."

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